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OVER THE BRIDGE

THE NEW WORLD READERS

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THE NEW WORLD READERS

Editor-in-Chief—LORNE PIERCE
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Over the Bridge

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Under the North Star

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My World and I

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THE NEW WORLD READERS

Over the Bridge

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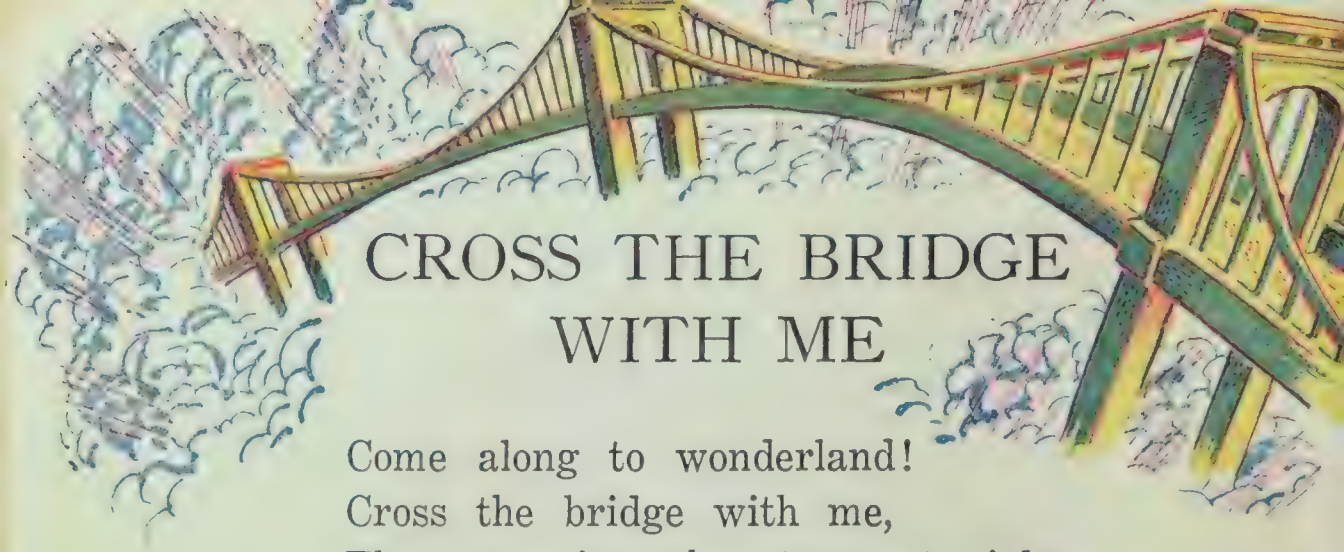
John Murray Gibbon
Sir Charles G. D. Roberts
Marion I. Hood
Dorothy Herriman
Mary E. McCullough
Elizabeth Harrison
Sally Creighton
Bliss Carman

PART ONE

Bridges in Storyland



CROSS THE BRIDGE WITH ME

Come along to wonderland!
Cross the bridge with me,
There to view the strangest sights
Ever you did see.

Come along to out-of-doors!
Cross the bridge with me.
See lovely woodland flowers;
Greet friends of field and tree.

Come along to other lands!
Cross the bridge with me,
There to meet the girls and boys
Who live beyond the sea.

These many wondrous bridges
Are not of steel or stone,
But books, all sorts and sizes,
In a printer's garden grown!

MARION I. HOOD

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

I. The Castle in the Forest

Long, long ago, in a dark forest there lived many huge and wicked giants who frightened people for miles around. At the edge of this forest there was a fine castle with many towers and a high gateway.

The king of the country thought it wise to keep a band of knights in this castle. These brave knights were to help travellers going through the

forest, and to fight the giants whenever they could.

Each knight was dressed in armour and carried a strong spear. On his helmet a bright red plume waved. This plume was the sign that help was near to all who needed it.

The most interesting part of the knight's armour was his silver shield. At first it seemed clouded by a mist. As each knight did kind and brave deeds, his shield became brighter and brighter, until it looked as if the sun were shining on it. Sometimes a knight was too lazy to help any traveller or too cowardly to fight the giants. Then his shield would become clouded as it was at the beginning. When a knight did a very hard task well or won a very hard battle against a giant, a very wonderful thing happened to his shield. Shining in the centre of it was a beautiful golden star! Usually only the old knights had these beautiful stars. At this time the lord of the castle was the only one who carried a shield on which shone a golden star.

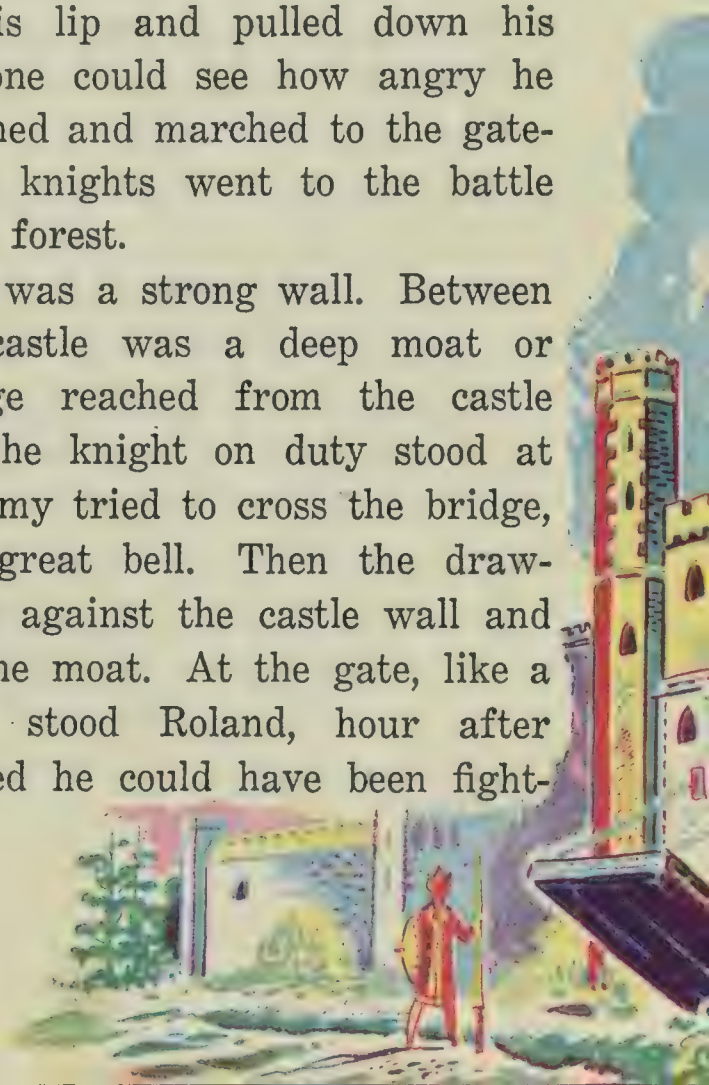
There came a time when the worst of the giants gathered in the forest. They were making plans for a battle against the knights. Great was the stir in the castle! All the knights hoped that this time they would earn a golden star.

Since the youngest knight, Sir Roland, had shown courage many times, his shield was becoming quite bright. How he hoped he would be able to do some very brave deed in this battle! This was the greatest chance of his life. Much to his sorrow, the lord of the castle gave Roland these orders as some knights started off to battle.

"Sir Roland, you are the youngest knight. I am asking you to guard the gateway to the castle. Let no one cross the drawbridge into the castle before I return."

Sir Roland bit his lip and pulled down his helmet so that no one could see how angry he was. Quietly he turned and marched to the gateway. All the other knights went to the battle in the heart of the forest.

Around the castle was a strong wall. Between the wall and the castle was a deep moat or ditch. A drawbridge reached from the castle gate to the wall. The knight on duty stood at the gate. If any enemy tried to cross the bridge, the knight rang a great bell. Then the drawbridge was lifted up against the castle wall and no one could cross the moat. At the gate, like a common doorkeeper, stood Roland, hour after hour. How he wished he could have been fighting in the battle!



II. Sir Roland on Guard

After a time Sir Roland saw one of the knights limping down the path towards the bridge. Sir Roland went to meet him. "I am wounded," the knight said. "Let me stay and guard the castle while you fight in my place. You are needed at the battle." Sir Roland, with joy, almost agreed, and then he remembered his orders.

"My duty is here where my lord has placed me," he said. "Your place is at the battle. A brave knight does not return until the end of the battle." Much ashamed, the cowardly knight returned to the forest.

For another hour Sir Roland kept guard. Then he saw an old woman coming towards the bridge. "I am hungry," she called. "Please let me come in for some food."

"No," said Sir Roland, "but I shall send a parcel of food to you."

While she was waiting for the parcel, she told Sir Roland she had seen the fighting.

"How goes the battle?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights," said the old woman. "It seems strange that all a strong knight like you can do is to guard this bridge. Why don't you go to the battle?"

"I would like to go but I have to obey my master's orders," said Sir Roland.

"A fresh knight like you would help a great deal," she said. "The giants have never fought so well. I suppose you are afraid and you think it is much safer at home." Then she laughed aloud. Sir Roland was very angry. He gave her the food quickly and shut the gate so that he could not hear her any longer.

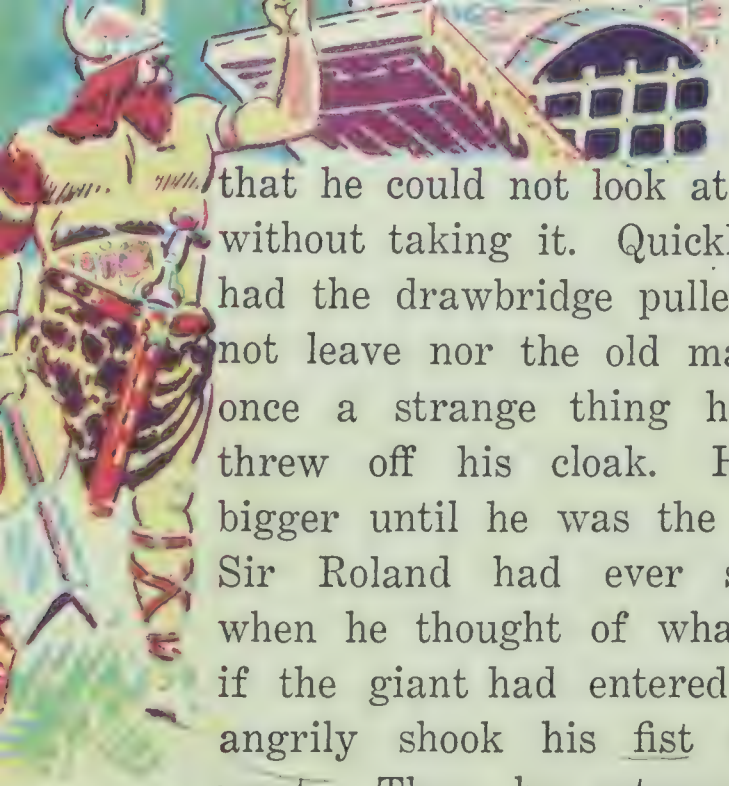
Soon afterwards Sir Roland heard a man calling his name. He opened the gate, and at the end of the bridge saw an old man in a long, black coat.

"Why are you calling me?" Roland asked. "Do you not know the castle is closed today?"

"You should not be here," the old man said, "while your lord and his knights are having such a hard battle. See, I have brought you a magic sword." He drew forth from under his cloak a wonderful sword that seemed to flash like diamonds in the sunlight.

"This sword is for you," he said. "Nothing can stand in its way. With it, you can save your lord and all the knights. Take it."

Sir Roland almost reached forth to take the sword. In time he remembered! He was afraid



that he could not look at the sword much longer without taking it. Quickly he rang the bell and had the drawbridge pulled up. Sir Roland could not leave nor the old man enter the castle. At once a strange thing happened. The old man threw off his cloak. He became bigger and bigger until he was the most frightening giant Sir Roland had ever seen. Roland trembled when he thought of what might have happened if the giant had entered the castle. The giant angrily shook his fist at Roland across the moat. Then he returned to the forest. Sir Roland planned not to open the gate again until his lord had returned.

It was not long before Roland heard a bugle, then another, then several. From across the moat he heard shouts of victory. Sir Roland knew the knights had won the battle. He ordered the drawbridge lowered and walked out to meet his friends. Never were these tired but brave men more joyful! Never had they won a greater victory!

III. Sir Roland's Shield

Sir Roland closed the gate and followed them to the great hall in the castle. There sat the lord of the castle on the highest seat. All the

knights were around him. Sir Roland drew near to make his report and hand back the key to the gate. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights shouted, "The shield! The shield! Sir Roland's shield!" Everyone turned to look at Sir Roland. They saw a beautiful golden star in the centre of his shield. Sir Roland knelt before the lord and wondered why they all stared at his armour.

"Speak, Sir Roland," said the lord. "What happened at the castle? Did you fight any giants here today?"

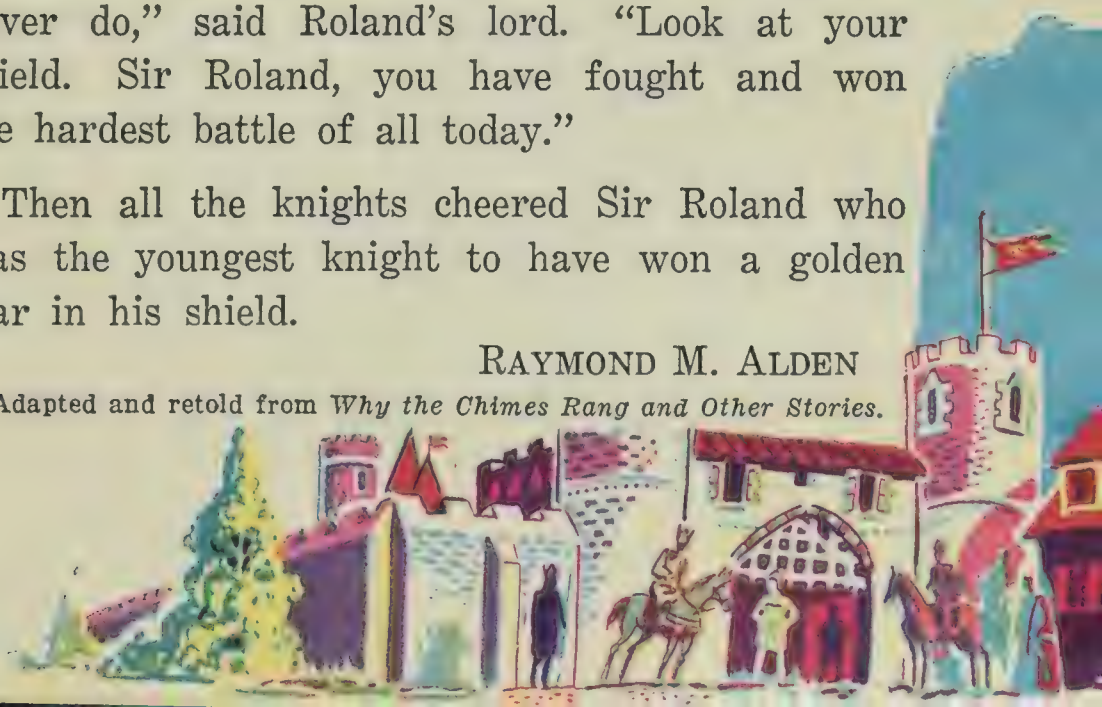
"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant came and he went away quietly." Simply he gave his account of the day. Still the star shone in Sir Roland's shield.

"Men may make a mistake but our shields never do," said Roland's lord. "Look at your shield. Sir Roland, you have fought and won the hardest battle of all today."

Then all the knights cheered Sir Roland who was the youngest knight to have won a golden star in his shield.

RAYMOND M. ALDEN

Adapted and retold from *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories.*



THE SWINGING BRIDGE

I. Marcos Leaves Home

It was early dawn in the little Indian mountain village hidden in the pine trees. Early dawn was creeping into the tiny hut. Marcos turned over on his mat of woven palm. Then he remembered. This was the day he was going to the great city to find work! This was the day he was going to leave his home!

Now the Indian boy rose stiffly, for the night had been cold on the mountain top. He stretched

and stretched his legs and arms until he felt easy again. Then he took his pointed hat and set it over his thick, black hair. He rolled up his sleeping mat and rain cape into a snug bundle and slung them across his back. He folded up his grey blanket and tossed it upon his shoulder. Now he was ready for the trail. Glancing once more at his sleeping parents, he stole out of the door of the hut.

"I shall not waken them," he murmured, "for they are tired out from hoeing the corn field yesterday. They know that I must take the trail very early."

For just one moment Marcos stood before the hut and looked around at the little village he was going to leave. This was his home. Where would he live in the great city? Marcos walked slowly towards the gate in the stone fence around the village. Passing through the gate, he took the trail.

He had never followed this trail very far. What would he find at the end? Two days, three days, maybe, he would be on the trail before he reached it. Down, down, down the trail he trudged under the sprays of pine.

At last he was out of sight of the village. Suddenly he saw the face of an old Indian

looking through the branches of a pine tree. The Indian was crossing the boy's path. Marcos stopped short, and the two stared at each other.

Then the old man asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the great city," said Marcos a little proudly, for this Indian looked as if he had never been to the great city.

The old man shook his head and his hand trembled on his pine stick.

"You will not find the city good, my son," said he. "There are too many people and not enough stars. The air is caught in a jar and will not come out."

Marcos hung his head.

"Why do you go?" asked the old man.

"I am going to find work," said Marcos. "I want to work until I can save enough money to buy my father a pair of oxen. We need oxen to plough the land, to raise corn and to make flour for bread."

"Ah-h-h!" said the old man. "I see. Oxen are good. Oxen are strong. Oxen plough well. Go to the city and earn the money to buy the oxen. After that, come back to your village and help your father plough the corn fields."

"I will come back," said Marcos, "and help

my father plough the fields when the rains wet them. I will come back then."

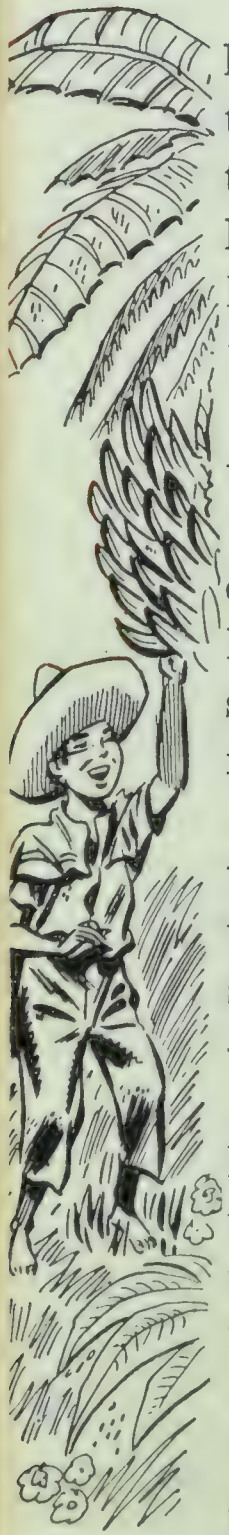
"It is well," said the old man.

Marcos parted with the old man and each went his own way. The old one trudged slowly up a little goat path to milk his goat and the young one trudged quickly down towards the great city. Down, down, down!

II. At the Vine Bridge

Now it was golden afternoon. Warmer and warmer it grew, as the trail wound into a valley. Soon a growl of thunder roared through the silence and soft, splashing raindrops fell.

"The thunder shower!" said Marcos to himself, unrolling his rain cape as he spoke. He shook out the folds and threw the cape around his shoulders. Next he pulled his funny black cap over his eyes and ran into the thickest part of the banana jungle.



He stood under a roof of wide, drooping banana leaves. The rain splashed, the thunder rolled, the lightning wove its shining thread of gold through the trees. As the rain grew to a steady hum, the boy looked up into the tree above him. He spied a cluster of bananas and he reached up and plucked one from the cluster and ate it.

"These bananas will keep me from hunger until nightfall," he murmured to himself.

As he spoke, he felt a warm ray of sunlight on his cheek. He looked up through the banana leaves and saw that the thunderstorm had stopped. It had stopped almost as suddenly as it began.

He rolled up his rain cape, crossed over to the trail, and looked ahead. He ran along the trail, crossed a meadow, and climbed a mountain slope that grew steeper and steeper and steeper —and then—!

He stopped on the mountain and stared. Under his pointed black hat his eyes shone wide. He was staring at a deep canyon that divided this mountain from the mountain beyond. Far down in the canyon between the rocks ran a river that looked like a thread of blue yarn. But that was not all! Hung from mountain side to mountain

side was a swinging bridge of vines. It looked as weak as a spun spider's web, shining in the setting sun.

How could Marcos have forgotten this swinging bridge? Somehow, it had seemed to him more like a dream-bridge than a real bridge. It had never seemed real to him. Yet now he would have to cross it. Slowly he found his way down among the rocks of the bank until he came to the swinging bridge of vines. Right across the canyon the swinging bridge stretched, quiet now that no footstep was upon it.

Marcos remembered a story that his father had told him one day. An old woman was afraid to cross the bridge. One of the men blindfolded her with his red cotton sash, so that she could not see the water below. Thus she crossed easily, but one man walked before her and one behind.

Marcos shut his eyes. He looked back towards the trail over which he had come. Would he have to turn back?

"There is no one to blindfold me with his sash," he thought. "Shall I blindfold myself? That would not be wise, for there is no one to walk before me and no one to walk behind me.

No one! No one!" He thought a long moment. "Shall I go back?"

Marcos didn't know that the old man was looking at him around the shoulder of another peak. The old man had said softly, just as if Marcos were listening to him, "Cross the bridge, my little friend. Many bridges will you find to cross, and you can never go anywhere unless you cross a bridge. Cross the bridge! There will be bridges of work well done. There will be bridges of kind deeds. There will be bridges of doing the right thing. Cross the bridge!"

III. Across the Bridge

At once Marcos laughed aloud and faced the bridge again. "Am I scared of a vine bridge which my father and mother have crossed for many moons? If this vine bridge holds others, it will hold me. How can I reach the great city unless I cross this bridge? It will always stand between me and the great city."

Bravely, then, Marcos set one dusty brown foot on the bridge and clasped the vine rail with one hand. The bridge swayed like a web spun in the wind. He shut his eyes very tightly and then he opened them wide again. He took one step forward and then another, as it swayed

under his feet. Soon he was walking softly and slowly in the very middle of the swaying bridge.

He kept his eyes on the mountain before him. His hands clasped the rail firmly. "I mustn't look down!" he thought, but it seemed as if he must look down. A voice in the river seemed to be calling, "Look down! Look down!"

At this Marcos chuckled aloud. "You cannot fool me, old river! I won't look down—but even if I did, you would not make me dizzy! This is the bridge of my people and I am at home on you!"

So Marcos crossed the bridge of vines for the first time. He felt ashamed that he had ever been afraid of such a natural and beautiful thing.

Vines—vines—woven together into such strength! Tiny threads woven into a strong sash as the threads of his cotton sash had been woven!

As he walked up the rocks on the other mountain, Marcos took another banana out of his blouse and set his white teeth into the flesh of it.

"Ha-ha!" he chuckled again. "I have done the hardest thing first. Now things in the great city will not seem so hard."

MELICENT HUMASON LEE

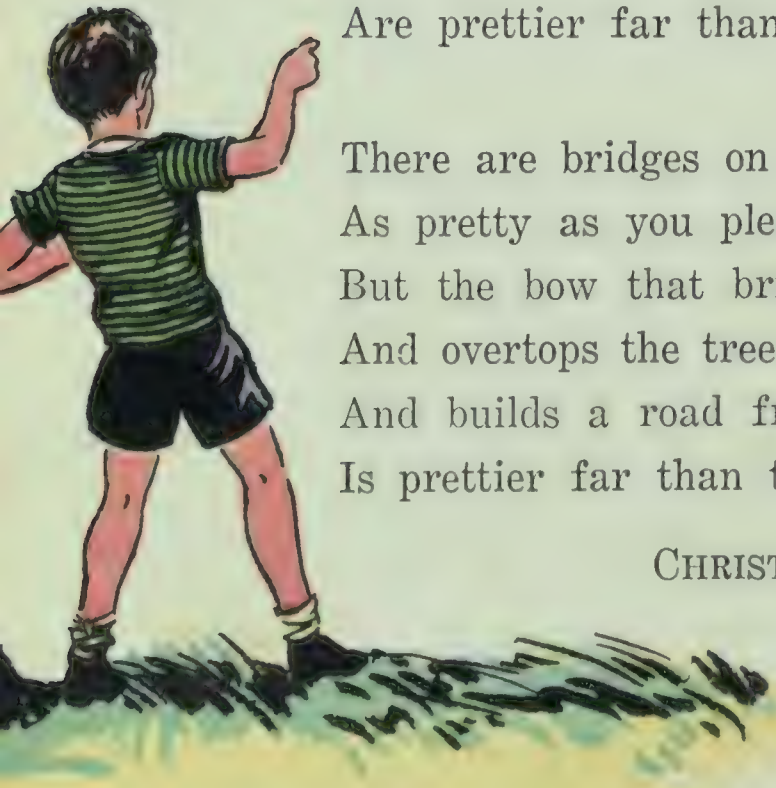
From *Marcos.*

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



THE BRIDGE OF THE MONKEYS

(Dr. Dolittle was a great friend to animals and loved them so much that he became an animal doctor. He learned their language and could talk to all animals and understand them. Chee-Chee, the monkey, told Dr. Dolittle that there was a terrible sickness among the monkeys in Africa and that they were dying by hundreds. He begged him to go to Africa to heal them. Dr. Dolittle was willing and after many weeks reached the Land of the Monkeys.)

ONE DAY Chee-Chee climbed up a high rock and looked out over the tree-tops. And when he came down he said they were now quite close to the Land of the Monkeys and would soon be there.

And that same evening, sure enough, they saw Chee-Chee's cousin and a lot of other monkeys, who had not yet got sick, sitting in the trees by the edge of a swamp, looking and waiting for them. And when they saw the famous doctor really come, these monkeys made a tremendous noise, cheering and waving leaves and swinging out of the branches to greet him.

They wanted to carry his bag and his trunk and everything he had—and one of the bigger

ones even carried Gub-Gub, the pig, who had got tired again. Then two of them rushed on in front to tell the sick monkeys that the great doctor had come at last.

But the King's men, who were still following, had heard the noise of the monkeys cheering; and they at last knew where the Doctor was, and hastened to catch him.

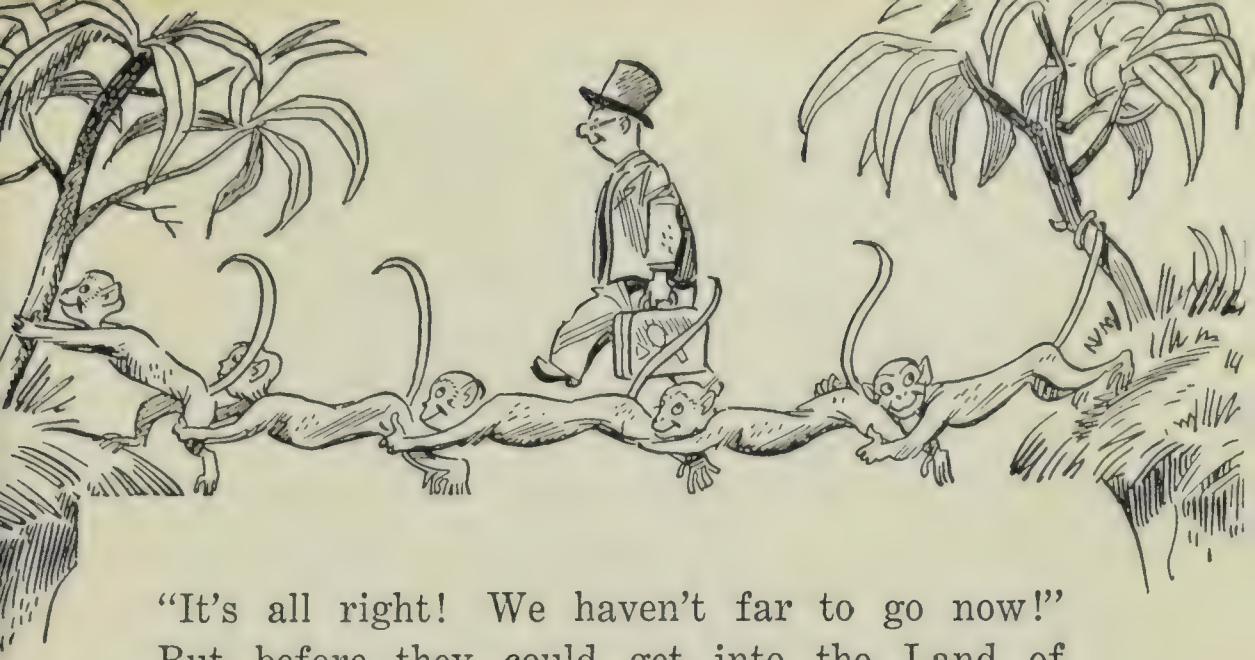
The big monkey carrying Gub-Gub was coming along behind slowly and he saw the Captain of the army sneaking through the trees. So he hurried after the Doctor and told him to run.

Then they all ran harder than they had ever run in their lives; and the King's men, coming after them, began to run too; and the Captain ran hardest of all.

Then the Doctor tripped over his medicine-bag and fell down in the mud, and the Captain thought he would surely catch him this time.

But the Captain had very long ears—though his hair was very short. And as he sprang forward to take hold of the Doctor, one of his ears caught fast in a tree; and the rest of the army had to stop and help him.

By this time the Doctor had picked himself up, and on they went again, running and running. And Chee-Chee shouted:



"It's all right! We haven't far to go now!"

But before they could get into the Land of the Monkeys, they came to a steep cliff with a river flowing below. This was the end of the Kingdom of Jolliginki; and the Land of the Monkeys was on the other side—across the river.

And Jip, the dog, looked down over the edge of the steep, steep cliff and said:

"Golly! How are we ever going to get across?"

"Oh, dear!" said Gub-Gub. "The King's men are quite close now. Look at them! I am afraid we are going to be taken back to prison again." And he began to weep.

But the big monkey who was carrying the pig dropped him on the ground and cried out to the other monkeys:

"Boys—a bridge! Quick! Make a bridge! We've only a minute to do it. They've got the

Captain loose, and he's coming on like a deer. Get lively! A bridge! A bridge!"

The Doctor began to wonder what they were going to make a bridge out of, and he gazed around to see if they had any boards hidden any place.

But when he looked back at the cliff, there, hanging across the river, was a bridge all ready for him—made of living monkeys! For while his back was turned, the monkeys—quick as a flash—had made themselves into a bridge, just by holding hands and feet.

And the big one shouted to the Doctor, "Walk over! Walk over—all of you—hurry!"

Gub-Gub was a bit scared, walking on such a narrow bridge at that dizzy height above the river. But he got over all right; and so did all of them.

John Dolittle was the last to cross. And just as he was getting to the other side, the King's men came rushing up to the edge of the cliff.

Then they shook their fists and yelled with rage. For they saw they were too late. The Doctor and all his animals were safe in the Land of the Monkeys and the bridge was pulled across to the other side.

Then Chee-Chee turned to the Doctor and said:

"Many great explorers and grey-bearded naturalists have lain long weeks hidden in the jungle waiting to see the monkeys do that trick. But we never let a white man get a glimpse of it before. You are the first to see the famous 'Bridge of Apes.'"

And the Doctor felt very pleased.

HUGH LOFTING
From *The Story of Dr. Dolittle.*

THE WISE WOMAN OF GOTHAM

BIDDY, *an old woman of Gotham*
WILLIAM
HODGE
A SOLDIER
A YOUNG WOMAN
A SHORT HUSBAND
KING JOHN
HIS TALL WIFE
AN OLD MAN
VARIOUS MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

SCENE I

TIME (*one morning*).

PLACE (*a green patch of ground near the river*).

[*Enter William and Hodge, two sturdy fellows from Gotham. They carry axes across their shoulders.*

WILLIAM: Well, that's a good job done.

HODGE: Ay.

WILLIAM: Nobody can cross the river now.

HODGE: No.

WILLIAM: Won't the King be angry?

[*He slaps Hodge on the back and laughs heartily.*

HODGE (*stumbling and almost falling over*): Ay.

WILLIAM: I should like to see his face when he finds the old bridge is down.

HODGE: Ay.

WILLIAM: Is that all you can say?

HODGE: No. I want my dinner.

WILLIAM: So do I. Biddy ought to be here by now. Do you remember how the King and his soldiers ate us out of house and home last year?

HODGE: Ay. I had no meat for three days.

WILLIAM: He won't do it this time. We've stopped him. (*He slaps Hodge on the shoulder again.*) Ha, ha! He can't get into Gotham now!

HODGE: And we can't get out.

WILLIAM: Who wants to get out? Gotham's good enough for me. (*Looks to the left.*) There's Biddy at last.

HODGE (*rubbing his stomach*): Ah, I do like eating.

WILLIAM: Let us sit down.

[*Enter Biddy Martin carrying two basins tied up in cloths, one red and one blue.*

BIDDY: What a long way to come! Oh dear, my poor old bones!

WILLIAM: Never mind your bones, Biddy, what's for dinner?

HODGE: Ay, what is it?

BIDDY: Wait and see.

[*She sits down very slowly by the bank. The two men get up and come towards her.*

WILLIAM: Quick, woman, which is mine?

BIDDY: Oh, my poor feet!

HODGE: Mine's the red one.

BIDDY: Ay, to match your nose. Take it, greedy.

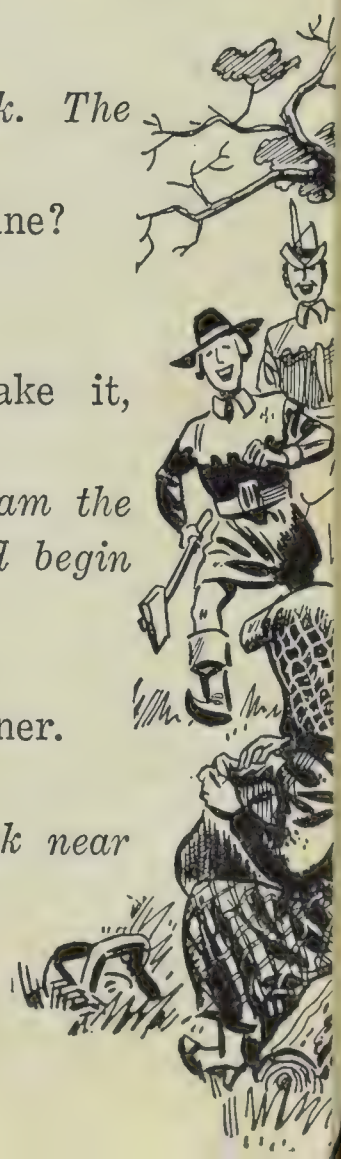
[*Hodge takes the red bundle, and William the blue, and both return to their places and begin to untie the cloths.*

WILLIAM: The bridge is down, Biddy.

BIDDY: Good, you've earned your dinner.

HODGE: Nobody can get across now.

SOLDIER (*putting his head over the bank near Biddy*): Hi! you!



HODGE (*who has just taken a big mouthful*): G-r-r!

[*He runs off followed by William. In their haste they both leave their axes and dinners behind.*

BIDDY: What do *you* want? Who are you?

SOLDIER: I'm one of the King's men. Who has cut the bridge down? Here I've had to swim across the river and get wet through. Somebody's going to pay for this!

BIDDY: Well, it won't be Old Biddy. I didn't cut the old bridge down.

SOLDIER: Perhaps not, but you'll pay all the same. The King swears he 'll get into Gotham before the week's out and have all your noses.

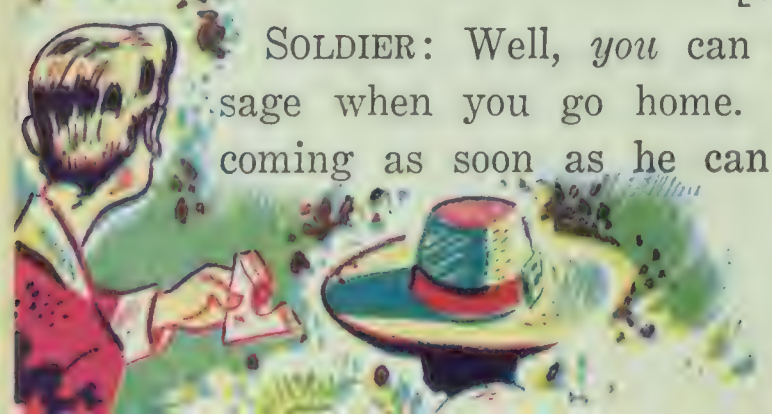
BIDDY: Mercy me, where shall we be without noses?

SOLDIER: I don't know and I don't care. What are your noses to me? Here I've had to swim across your wretched river and bring a message to— Where *is* this Gotham?

BIDDY: Two miles away. Over there.

[*She points to the left.*

SOLDIER: Well, *you* can take the King's message when you go home. Don't forget. He is coming as soon as he can build a new bridge,



and has sworn to have the nose of every man, woman, and child in Gotham. Tell them that.

BIDDY: Mercy me!

SOLDIER: You need ask for mercy. But you won't get it. The King is very angry. He says you have cut down the bridge to keep him out. What's that over there?

[*He points to the red and blue bundles.*

BIDDY: Only a bit of food, sir.

SOLDIER: Food? Give it me at once. I'm hungry. That cold water—

BIDDY: But I brought it for William and Hodge.

SOLDIER: Where are they? Who are they? What—

BIDDY: They've run away.

SOLDIER: Then I'll run away with their dinners. Come on. Hand them over.

[*Biddy gives the bundles to the Soldier.*

BIDDY: Mercy me!

SOLDIER: Don't forget. Every nose in Gotham! That will teach you to play tricks on your King.

[*He disappears behind the bank.*

BIDDY: Oh dear, our poor noses!

[*Re-enter William and Hodge, holding their noses and looking very unhappy.*

You heard what he said?

HODGE: Ay.

WILLIAM: What shall we do?

HODGE: Ay, how shall we smell without noses?

BIDDY: There must be a way out if we can only think of it.

WILLIAM: Not if the King finds his way in.

HODGE: We are all undone. Why did we fell the bridge?

WILLIAM: We are worse off than before.

BIDDY (*rubbing her nose*): Wait and see. We may save our noses yet.

HODGE: But we lost our dinners. It's a sad world when there's no eating.

SCENE II

TIME (*two days later*).

PLACE (*a road just outside Gotham*).

[*Enter Biddy, William, Hodge and others.*

BIDDY: Are they in sight yet?

BOY (*looking to the left*): Not yet.

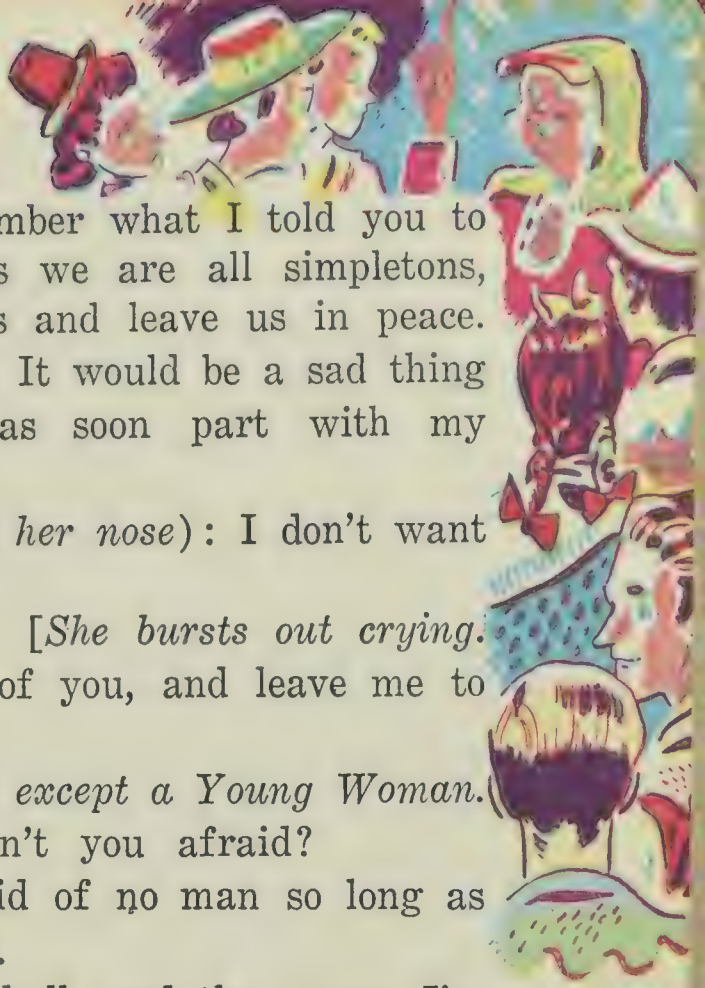
BIDDY: Then listen to me, all of you.

[*They all cluster round while Biddy talks to them in whispers.*

WILLIAM: That sounds very well, but—

BIDDY: Don't stand there butting. You men are all alike.

HODGE (*scratching his head*): Ay, so we are.



BIDDY (*to all*): Remember what I told you to do. If the King thinks we are all simpletons, he may spare our noses and leave us in peace.

OLD MAN: I hope so. It would be a sad thing to lose a nose. I'd as soon part with my whiskers.

LITTLE GIRL (*holding her nose*): I don't want to lose my nose.

[*She bursts out crying.*

BIDDY: Go away, all of you, and leave me to deal with this.

[*They all go out except a Young Woman.*

YOUNG WOMAN: Aren't you afraid?

BIDDY: No. I'm afraid of no man so long as I've my wits about me.

YOUNG WOMAN: We shall need them now. I'm half dead of fright.

BIDDY: Stay here and tell me when the King is coming.

[*She sits down at side of road and takes a mouse-trap from under her shawl.*

YOUNG WOMAN: What's that for?

BIDDY: You'll see. Go and look if anyone is coming.

[*The Young Woman goes to the left and looks, returning very excited.*

Well?

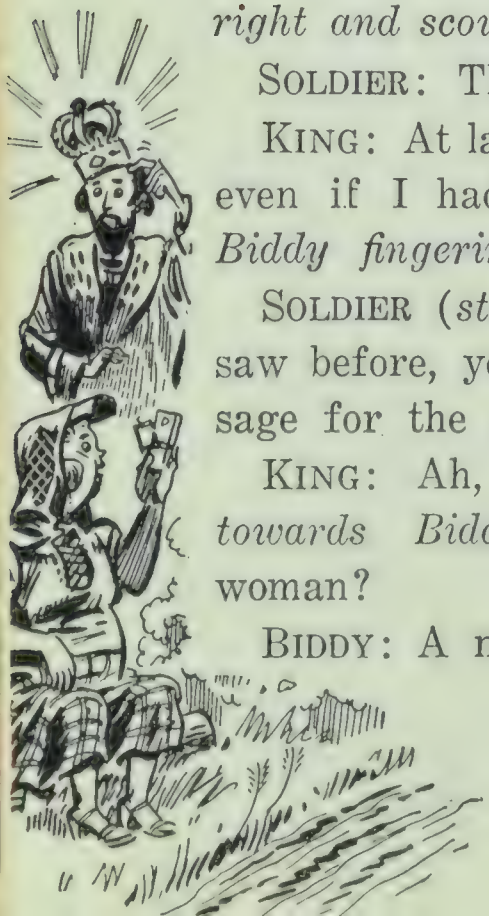
YOUNG WOMAN: They're coming. The King and his soldiers are around the corner They'll be here in a minute. Oh, what shall we do?

BIDDY: I'm ready for them. Stay and tell me what—

YOUNG WOMAN (*watching*): There they are. The King is on a white horse. He is getting down and looking this way. There's a soldier with him. They are leaving their horses with the other men and coming here. Oh dear, what will happen to us?

BIDDY: Nothing very bad. Go and warn the others to be ready. (*Exit Young Woman.*) Now for this King. I'll show him.

[*Enter King with Soldier. He looks to the right and scowls fiercely.*



SOLDIER: That is Gotham, Sire. [*He points.*

KING: At last. I swore I would reach it today, even if I had to build a new bridge. (*He sees Biddy fingering her mouse-trap.*) Who is that?

SOLDIER (*staring*): That is the old woman I saw before, your Majesty. I gave her your message for the people of Gotham.

KING: Ah, I will speak to her. (*He goes towards Biddy.*) What have you there, old woman?

BIDDY: A mouse-trap. My cat likes mice.

KING: But cats can catch mice for themselves.

BIDDY: Dear me, so they can. I might have saved myself the trouble. Thank you, sir.

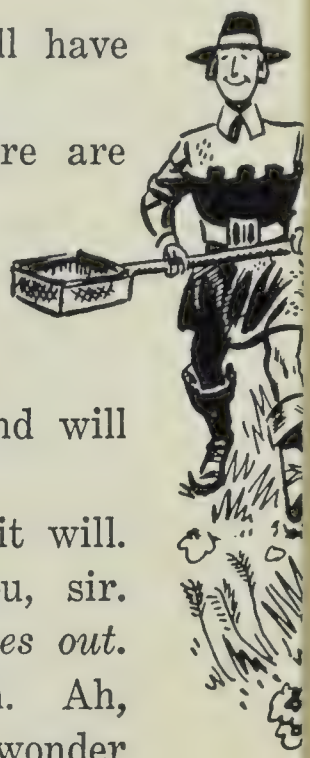
[*She throws mouse-trap away.*

KING (*to Soldier*): This is a strange old woman.

SOLDIER: Yes, Sire.

KING: Here is a man. Perhaps he will have more sense.

(*Enter Hodge carrying a sieve.*) Where are you going, my man?



HODGE: To fetch some sand, sir.

KING: What, in that?

HODGE: Yes, sir. It will hold a lot.

KING: But it is full of holes. The sand will all run out.

HODGE (*staring at sieve foolishly*): So it will. Who would have thought it? Thank you, sir.

[*He throws sieve away and goes out.*

KING: These people seem very foolish. Ah, here is another, carrying a bucket. I wonder if—

WILLIAM (*entering with a bucket of water*): I wish the river were nearer. This water's heavy.

[*He puts bucket down and wipes his brow.*

KING: Where are you taking that water?

WILLIAM (*bobbing his head*): To the river, sir.

KING: But the river has water in it already.

WILLIAM: Ah, that may be, but you can't have too much of a good thing. You ask him!

[*He points to Old Man, just entering with a hammer in his hand. He is followed by a group of men carrying pieces of wood.*

KING: Where are you going, my good man?

OLD MAN: To build a fence round that little woods.

KING: Why?

OLD MAN: There's a nightingale in the woods, and we want to keep it as a pet.

KING: You foolish fellow, the nightingale could fly over the fence.

OLD MAN (*throwing hammer down*): So it could. Why didn't we think of that? (*To men with wood.*) Go home, all of you. (*To King.*) Thank you, kind sir. You have saved us a lot of trouble, and we can still enjoy the nightingale's song. [*Exit with other men.*

KING (*to Soldier*): What do you make of it?

SOLDIER: The people of Gotham seem to be simpletons, your Majesty.

KING: We shall try once more. Here is a man carrying a door on his shoulder.

[*Enter a short, feeble-looking Man carrying a door. His tall Wife walks beside him.*

KING: Stop! What is that?

[*Pointing to door.*

MAN: It's—

[*His breath fails him, and he nods to his Wife to speak.*

WIFE: The door of our house.

KING: But why do you carry it about with you?

WIFE: We are going on a journey, and have left our money at home.

KING: Why did you not leave the door, too?

WIFE: Leave the door for thieves to break down and get in. Would you have us robbed?

SOLDIER: Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! What simpletons these Gotham folk are!

KING (*to Man*): Put your door down, and rest.

SOLDIER (*shaking Man till he nearly falls over*): Do you hear? Put it down, and get your breath. Stand still, and listen to his Majesty.

KING: So you were afraid of being robbed, were you?

MAN: Yes, yes. All my money is at home, but the door is here, so no one can rob me now!

KING: This is the greatest nonsense I have ever heard. Why didn't you bring your money with you and leave the door at home?

MAN (*to Wife*): You hear that? Why didn't you think of that? Here I've almost killed myself lugging that heavy weight when I might have left it behind.

WIFE: Why didn't *you* think of it?

MAN (*taking door from Soldier and throwing it flat in the road*): Lie there.

[*He kicks it heartily.*

WIFE: You ought to kick yourself, not the door.

MAN: I will.

[*He kicks his left leg with his right foot.*

KING (*laughing*): This is the merriest jest I have had for many a day.

SOLDIER: There isn't a grain of sense in all Gotham, Sire.

KING: You are right, I believe. (*To Biddy.*) Old woman, why did the people of Gotham cut down the bridge?

BIDDY: They wanted to see if wood would float, Sire.

[*The King roars with laughter, in which the Soldier joins.*

KING. Come away before I split my royal sides. These folk will be the death of me.

SOLDIER: Are they to keep their noses, Sire?

KING: Ay, let them keep their noses. They are more foolish than wicked. We shall leave them to their folly.

[*Exit with Soldier, still laughing.*

MAN: You heard that, Wife? Our noses are safe.

WIFE: Thanks to Biddy Martin.

[*Presently William enters with the other natives of Gotham.*

HODGE: Where's the—

WILLIAM: What—

[*All begin talking at once.*

BIDDY (*standing and holding up her hand for silence*): You can all go home. The King has gone.

LITTLE GIRL: Won't he want my nose?

BIDDY: All our noses are safe. He thinks we are too foolish to be punished.

CHILDREN: Hurrah! Our noses are safe. Hurrah for good old Biddy!

OLD MAN: And the King has built us a new bridge for nothing!

WILLIAM: All's well that ends well.

YOUNG WOMAN (*pointing to Biddy*): Thanks to the Wise Woman of Gotham!

A. E. BAYLISS

From *Harrap's New Dramatic Reader, Book III.*

THE RIVER BRIDGE

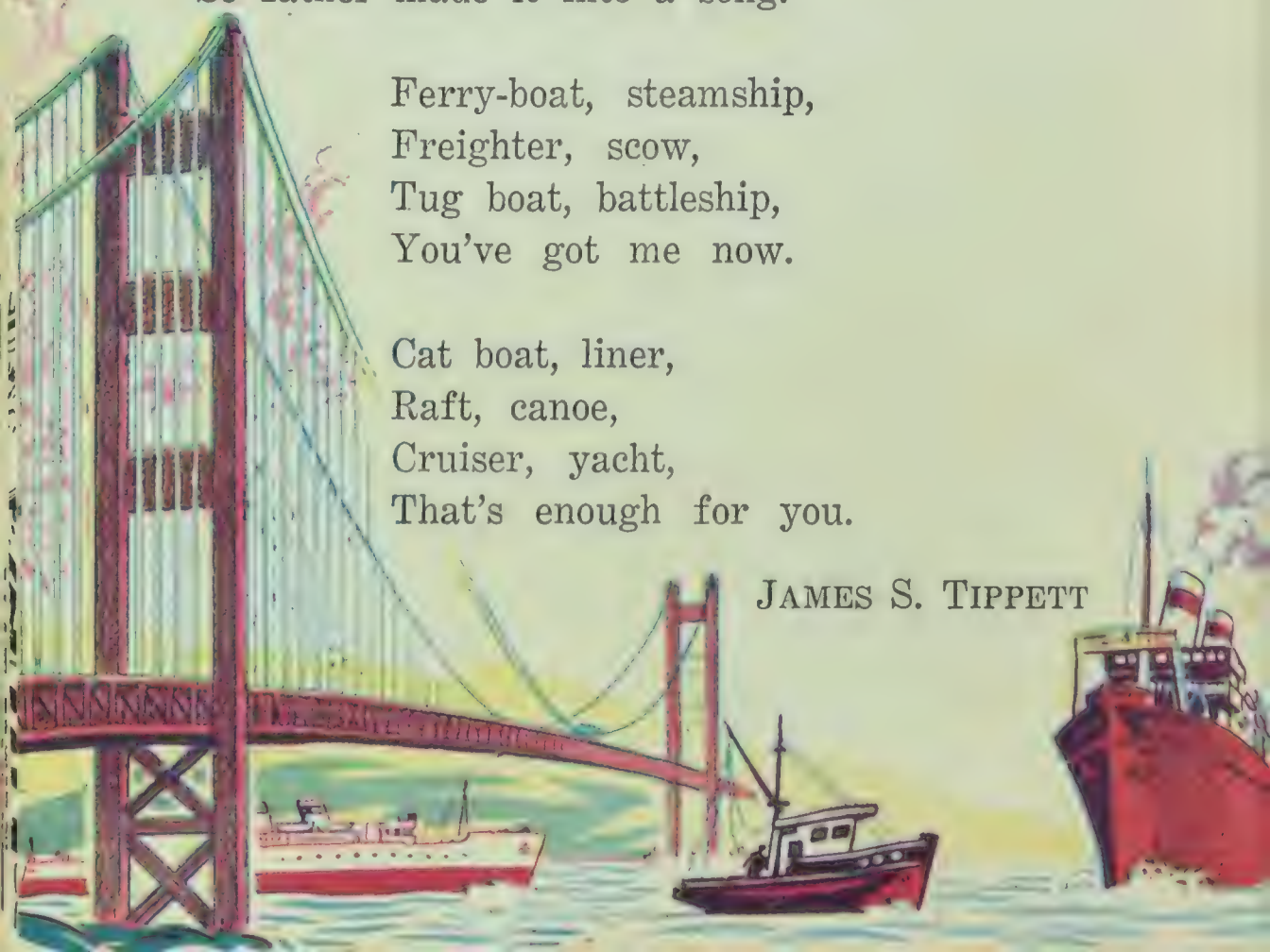
Our river is wide; our river is deep;
The bridge across it is long and high.
The twisted cables, the beams and towers
Make a huge drawing upon the sky.

My father and I when we cross the bridge
Have a game which we always play.
The one who sees the most kinds of boats
Is "Captain" or "Skipper" the rest of that day.
My list one day was extremely long
So father made it into a song.

Ferry-boat, steamship,
Freighter, scow,
Tug boat, battleship,
You've got me now.

Cat boat, liner,
Raft, canoe,
Cruiser, yacht,
That's enough for you.

JAMES S. TIPPETT



PART TWO

The Bridge to Wonderland

FAIRIES

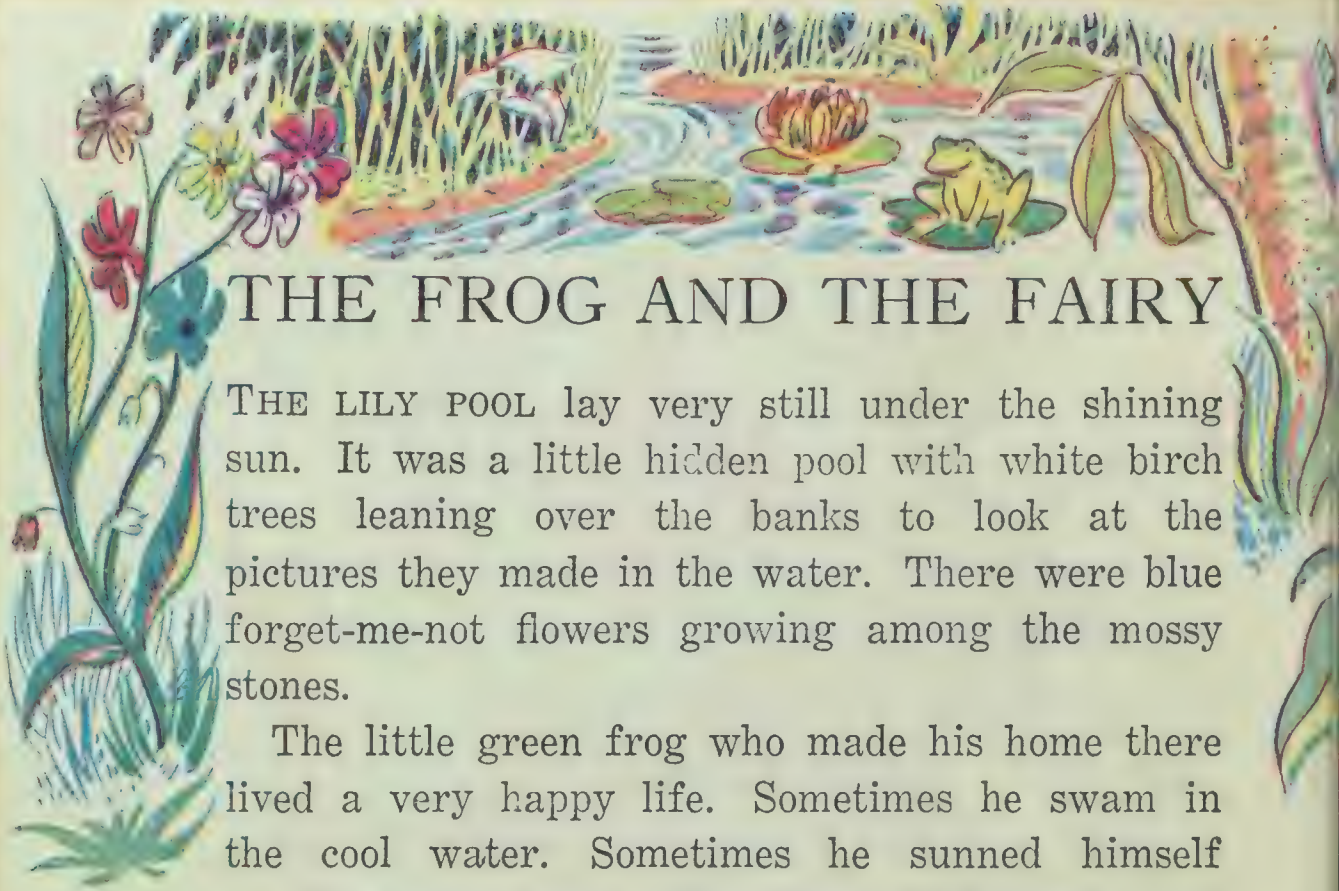
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep
straight ahead—
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-
making there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little
breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the
moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the
air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;

They all stand up and sing when the Fairy
Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and very handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals
away)?
Well—it's Me!

ROSE FYLEMAN



THE FROG AND THE FAIRY

THE LILY POOL lay very still under the shining sun. It was a little hidden pool with white birch trees leaning over the banks to look at the pictures they made in the water. There were blue forget-me-not flowers growing among the mossy stones.

The little green frog who made his home there lived a very happy life. Sometimes he swam in the cool water. Sometimes he sunned himself on the mossy stones. Sometimes he hopped about the grassy stones. Sometimes he just slept. One day, as he sat on a stone, he saw something gleaming across the pool. It was a fairy. She knelt among the forget-me-not flowers, making herself a crown of the blue flowers. The green frog saw that a pair of rainbow wings grew from the fairy's shoulders. Her dress was of the same colour. "Take care," he called, "the ground is slippery. You may fall in."

The fairy placed the crown on her head. "You don't seem to mind if you fall in," she answered.

"It wouldn't matter if I did," laughed the frog, "I haven't any wings to spoil."

The fairy looked at him. He had a very clean and pretty green coat trimmed with golden brown. His shirt was cream colour. His eyes were ringed with gold. His mouth was very large and made just right for catching flies. His dainty feet had skin stretched between the toes so that they could push back the water when he was swimming. He sat down on his hind feet and stood upon his front ones all ready to dive into the water any minute. He puffed up his throat when he saw the fairy looking at him. "I'm made just right for living in the pool," he told her.

"So I see," the fairy answered. "You look very nice. I'm going to fly into that white water-lily in the middle of your pool and have my afternoon nap. The lily will rock me to sleep on top of the water." She spread her wings, and the little green frog saw how beautiful they were. "This lily makes a very fine cradle," the fairy called. Curling herself up in the flower, she folded her wings and went fast asleep.

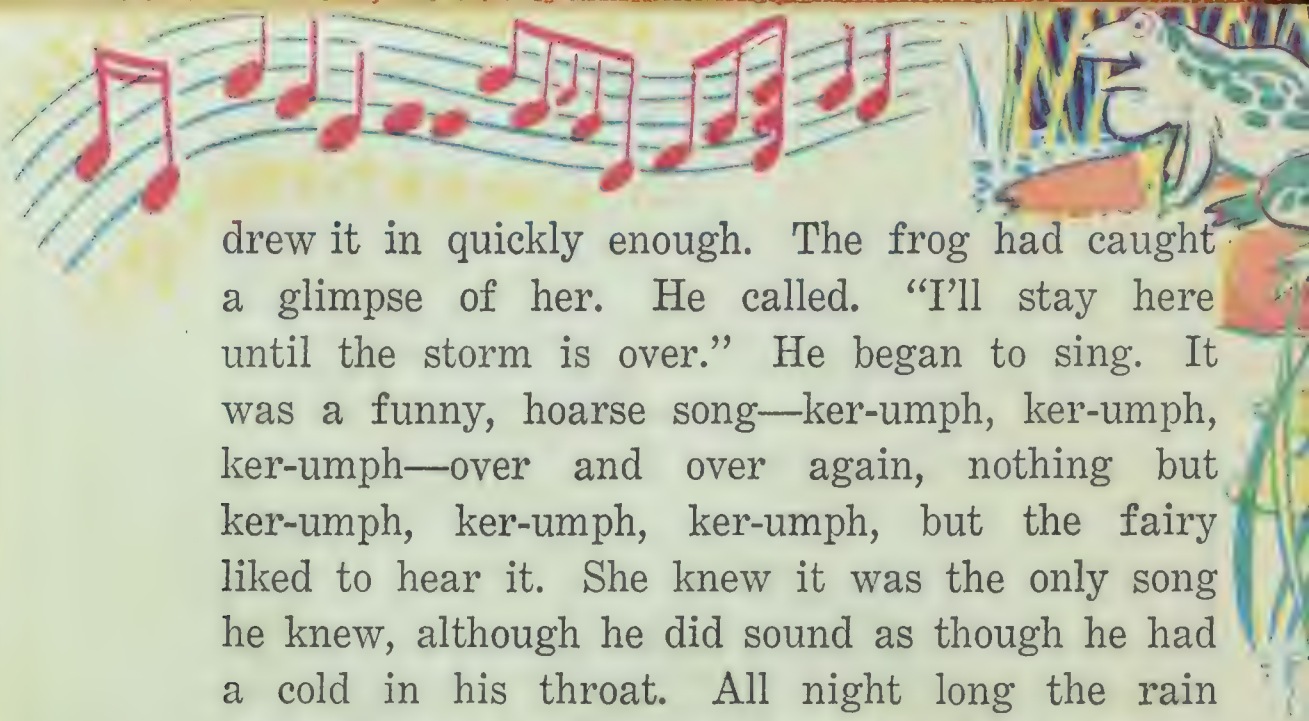
The froggie went on catching his dinner of flies and singing to himself on the top of his stone. By and by it was supper-time, and he

swam over to the water-lily where the fairy slumbered. "Wake up!" he called. "It is time you were going home. A storm is coming." But the little fairy slept on. "Wake up, wake up!" froggie croaked very loudly. "The rain is coming. It is going to be a wet night." But the little fairy still slumbered on, rocked in her lily cot.

The pool began to darken. A great water drop fell splash on the froggie's nose! "Oh, well," he thought, "the water-lily always closes her doors when it grows dark. She will keep that fairy dry." Sure enough, the white lily was closing her petals over the fairy's head. The water-lily really wanted to keep her own golden heart warm and dry, and it was lucky for the fairy she did. One by one she folded up her petals until they all met at the top and she looked just like a bud. Then at last the fairy awakened, to find herself in a little white cot full of perfume and to hear the rain pattering on the water outside. "It is very nice in here, dry and perfumy," she thought, "but I'm a little bit lonely. I wonder where that very nice frog has gone." She listened to the pattering of the raindrops.

Then she heard a voice calling. "Fairy, are you awake yet?" It was the frog. The fairy

was so glad to hear him she poked her head right out of the top of the water-lily. A great raindrop splashed the top of her head and she



drew it in quickly enough. The frog had caught a glimpse of her. He called. "I'll stay here until the storm is over." He began to sing. It was a funny, hoarse song—ker-umph, ker-umph, ker-umph—over and over again, nothing but ker-umph, ker-umph, ker-umph, but the fairy liked to hear it. She knew it was the only song he knew, although he did sound as though he had a cold in his throat. All night long the rain poured down. All night long the fairy rocked, warm and dry, inside the lily. All night long the little frog sat on his cold stone swelling out his throat and singing away, while the rain pattered on the water.

At last the morning came again. The rain stopped. The golden sun poured down from the blue sky. The water-lily slowly folded back her petals. The fairy stood up inside the flower and looked out. There was the little frog sitting on the cold stone. "Good morning," he called, "it has been a very wet night."

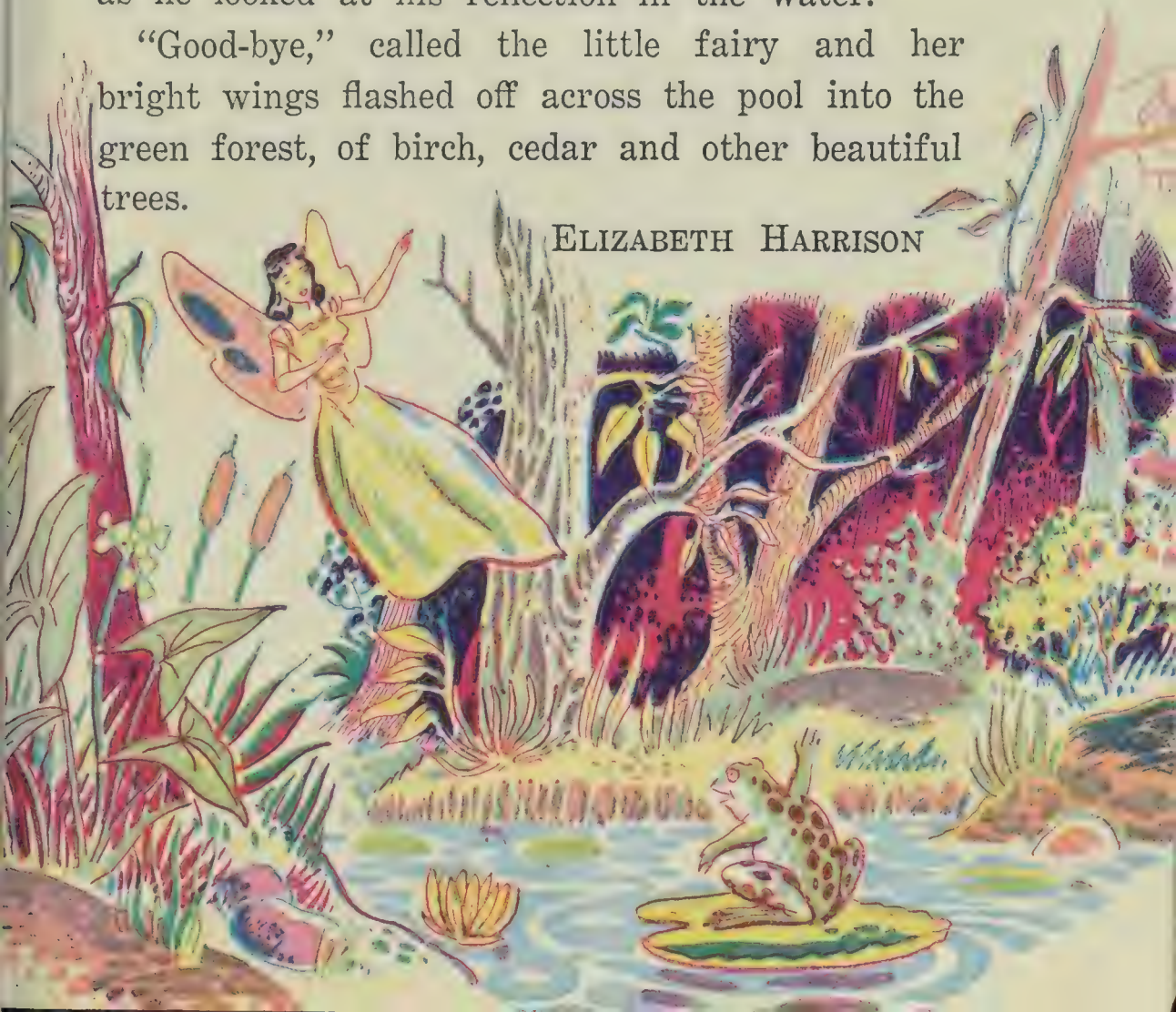
"Good morning," answered the fairy. "It was very kind of you to sit there singing all through the storm." She stretched her wings and flew over the pool. The frog saw how beautiful those wings looked in the sunshine. Suddenly she flew

over to his stone and smiled at him. "You are made just right for a froggie who lives in a pool," she said, "but I think I shall trim your coat with a little gold trimming." Quickly she touched him here and there with the tip of her wing. Wherever she touched him, a little gold bead glistened on his green coat.

The little frog looked in the water and saw how the sun was shining on his golden beads. "Ker-umph, ker-umph, ker-umph," he sang happily, as he looked at his reflection in the water.

"Good-bye," called the little fairy and her bright wings flashed off across the pool into the green forest, of birch, cedar and other beautiful trees.

ELIZABETH HARRISON



FIRST AID

Lost and weary, far from well,
A fairy, into a thimble, fell.
Her muffled, moaning cry was heard
By buzzing bee and singing bird;
Too busy to bother, too happy to care
They left her hurt, and lying there.

A tiny spider, passing by,
Heard her faint, little, sobbing sigh.
He lowered himself by a silver thread
To bandage her arm and aching head.
He spoke to her softly; he patted her hand
And carried her up his shining strand.

He laid her down in the shade of a nettle,
And brought her a drink in a buttercup petal.
"I'll leave you now with this gnat," said he,
"For she is trained as a nurse should be.
In a day or two when you are well
I'll take you home to Fairy Dell."

MARION I. HOOD

COYOTE PUNISHES RATTLESNAKE

BECAUSE THE OTHER animals know how wise Coyote is, they sometimes ask him to act as judge when they are having a quarrel. His sharp wits can find a way out of any trouble.

The time Coyote acted as judge between Rattlesnake and Rabbit, it was not Mr. Rabbit's fault that he was in trouble. In fact, Rabbit was too kind-hearted for his own good.

One day, as Rabbit went down the path hoppity-hop, he passed a big rock that was shaking in a very strange way. Looking closer, Rabbit could see his enemy, Rattlesnake, pinned under the rock. "What's happened?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

"This big rock rolled down the hill, and fell right on me, while I was asleep," Rattlesnake explained. "Please push it off, Brother Rabbit. It's hurting me dreadfully."

Rabbit could not bear to see even his worst enemy in pain. He began to push and pull at

the rock with all his strength. At last the stone rolled over, and Mr. Snake uncoiled himself.

"Now I must reward you!" he exclaimed.

"That's quite all right," Rabbit answered. "I don't really want a reward."

"Oh, yes," Snake replied, "you shall have the reward of being my dinner!"

"No, no!" cried poor Rabbit, backing away.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Snake said again. "It is time for my dinner." He gazed at Rabbit so hard that poor Rabbit could go back no farther, but stood still, as if charmed, waiting to be eaten up.

Just then Don Coyote came along.

"It's not fair of you, Senor Snake, to charm birds and rabbits into standing still while you swallow them," he scolded. "You ought to get out and catch your game the way all hunting animals do."

The sound of Coyote's voice broke the spell that had been laid on Rabbit, and he began to explain. "I wouldn't have come close enough to Snake for him to charm me, if he had not begged me to help him. That big rock had rolled on him, and I pushed it off. Now he wants to reward me by eating me alive!"

"That is not the truth!" Mr. Snake cried. "He did not help me. It is true I was under the

rock, but I could have got out by myself. Rabbit was not trying to help me. He was trying to push the rock against my head and kill me!"

Coyote looked very thoughtful. "You both agree, do you, that Mr. Rattler was under the rock?" he asked.

"Yes," admitted Rattler, "I was."

"Yes," agreed Rabbit, "that is true."

"Well," demanded Coyote, "you must show me just how everything was. Mr. Snake, will you please coil up here by the rock? Rabbit and I will roll it back on top of you, so that I can see just exactly how things were."

Snake coiled up by the rock. Don Coyote helped Rabbit roll the rock back on top of him.

"Now," asked Coyote, "is the rock just the way it was when Rabbit got here?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Rattler, squirming about uncomfortably under the rock. "That is just where it was."

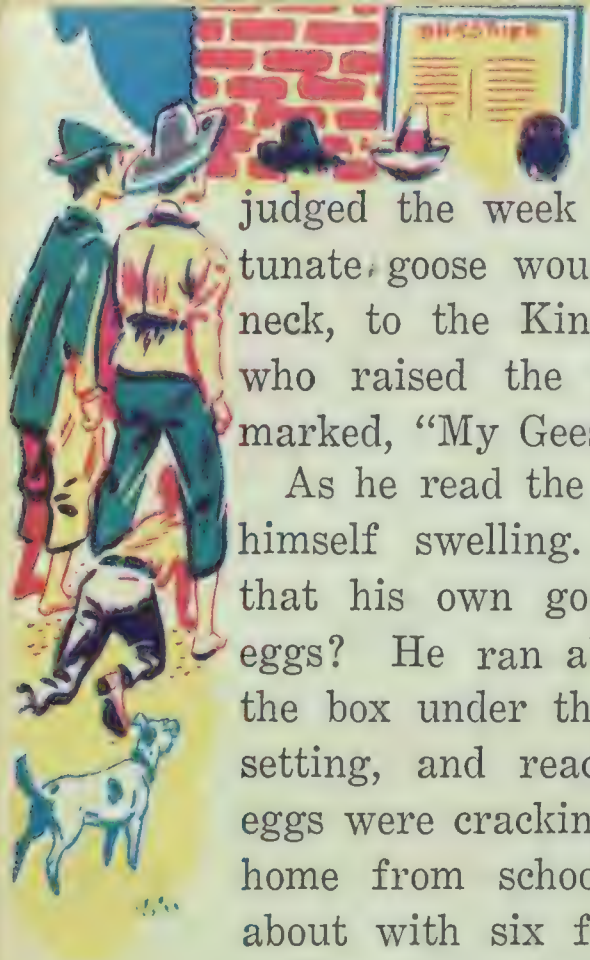
"And that is just where it will stay, too," Coyote told him. "You have earned your reward for wanting to kill Mr. Rabbit after he had saved you."

LEIGH PECK
From *Don Coyote.*

PABLO'S GOOSE

I. Geese Fit for the King

As Pablo, who was about nine years old, came out of school one day, a crowd of people were reading a notice on the wall of the Mayor's office. Being small and skinny, Pablo easily crawled between their legs. The notice said that the Governor was determined to defend the honour of his beloved geese. To do this he would give a prize of one hundred silver coins for the finest goose that should be hatched and raised that season in his country. The geese would be



judged the week before Christmas, and the fortunate goose would be sent, a ribbon around his neck, to the King. More than that, the person who raised the goose would receive a medal, marked, "My Geese are Fit for the King."

As he read the Mayor's notice, little Pablo felt himself swelling. Was not that the very day that his own goose was due to hatch her ten eggs? He ran all the way home. He hurried to the box under the fig tree where his goose was setting, and reached under her. Three of the eggs were cracking. The next day, when he raced home from school, his old goose was strutting about with six fuzzy goslings behind her.

Then came accidents. One would much rather skip them, but they happened. An alley cat ate one of the goslings. A mule stepped on one. Two other goslings swam out too far upon the village pond and were pulled under by the fierce water-rats. At the end of two months, one child alone remained to Pablo's mother goose.

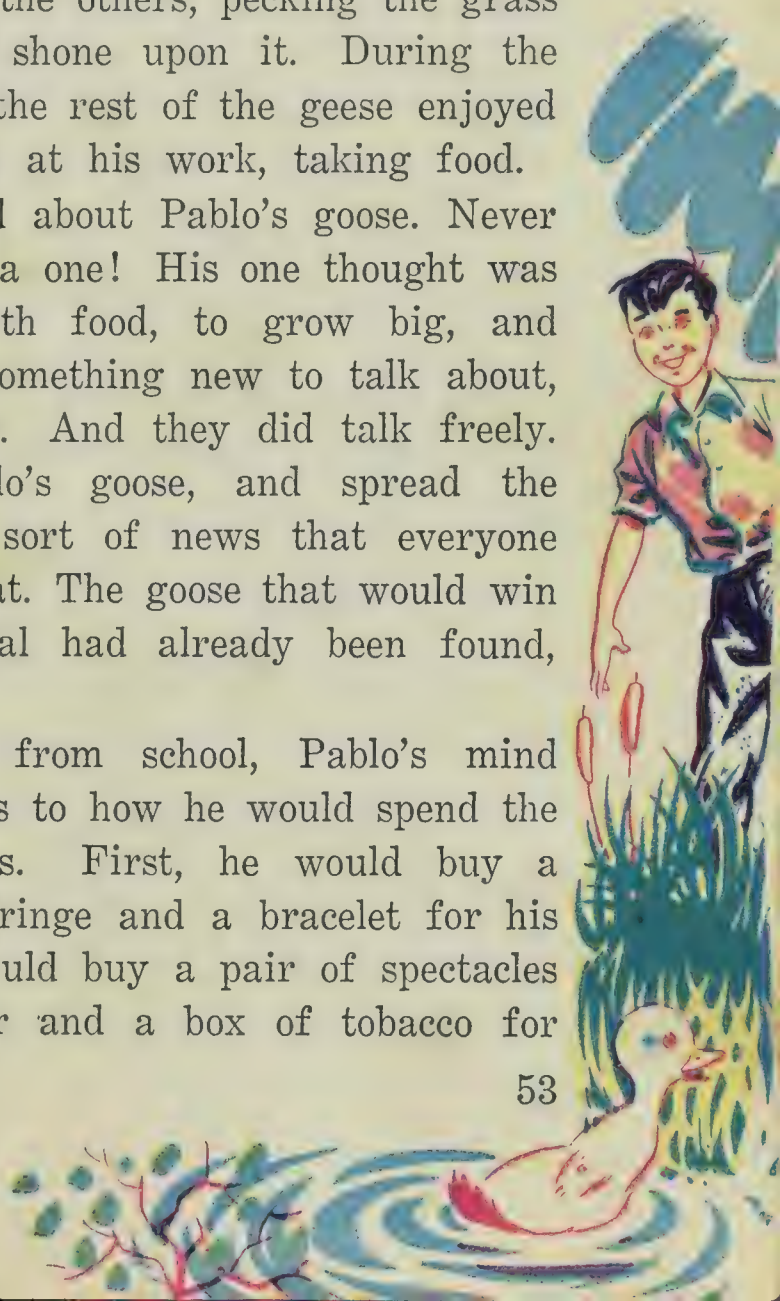
But what a gosling he was! As though Nature were trying to make up for the brothers and sisters who had been killed, he was a miracle goose. He was strong and white. His beak and legs were a bright orange. He could swim as fast as his mother. And eat? Why, he ate more,

and ate faster, and ate longer than any gosling in the village. Pablo could almost see him grow.

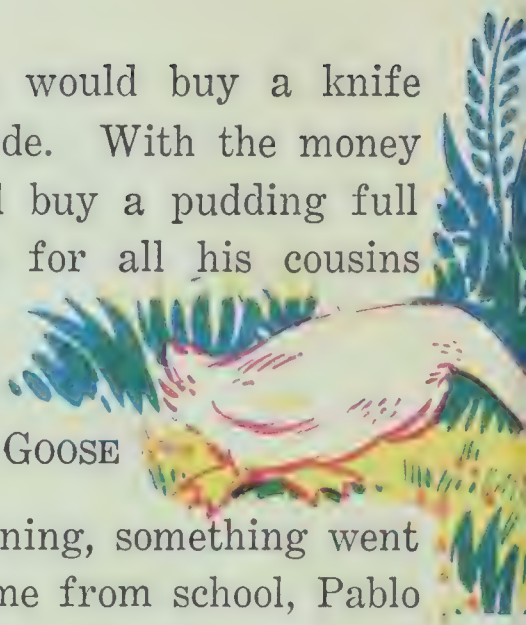
In the morning, when the boy opened the door of the shed, the King's Goose—for already they had nicknamed him that—would be the first out. He was the first at the water's edge for his drink and bath. Always he would be at the pasture long before the others, pecking the grass while the dew still shone upon it. During the midday heat, while the rest of the geese enjoyed a nap, he was back at his work, taking food.

People soon talked about Pablo's goose. Never had they seen such a one! His one thought was to stuff himself with food, to grow big, and bigger. Here was something new to talk about, the goose-girls knew. And they did talk freely. Everyone saw Pablo's goose, and spread the story. It was the sort of news that everyone was pleased to repeat. The goose that would win the Governor's medal had already been found, they said.

Walking to and from school, Pablo's mind buzzed with plans as to how he would spend the hundred silver coins. First, he would buy a shawl with a silk fringe and a bracelet for his mother. Next he would buy a pair of spectacles for his grandmother and a box of tobacco for



his father. For himself he would buy a knife with a large and a little blade. With the money that might be left, he would buy a pudding full of raisins and candied figs for all his cousins and neighbours.



II. The Sick Goose

In September, without warning, something went terribly wrong. Arriving home from school, Pablo found his goose wandering up and down, not even trying to eat. He held his head in a crooked way. Nor would he drink or swim.

"Don't you worry about him," said his mother. "He will be all right in the morning. Perhaps he has eaten a snake or something which has not agreed with him."

All the next day, though, still holding his head in that crooked way, the King's Goose followed the others, not swallowing anything. This state of things continued for a week. The goose grew thinner and thinner. He sat all day in a corner of the yard, eyes shut and his wings drooping. Pablo was very disappointed. He brought the goose-growers of the whole country to see the sick creature, but none of them could offer any

real help. When Pablo picked up his goose to carry him into the warm kitchen at night, he was shocked to find him hardly heavier than a skeleton.

Great-Aunt Teresa finally explained it this way. Some bad-hearted or ill-natured person had put the Evil Eye on the King's Goose. But who would have been mean enough to do this to Pablo? Everyone liked both the boy and his family. The whole village was proud of this young bird. Most of them were secretly counting upon having a slice of the pudding, once the prize was won.

Whenever Pablo was not at school, or helping his father in the grain fields, he sat sadly beside his goose, aching to be able to help him. He arranged a basket of hay for him in the kitchen beside the chimney. In the evening he would often fall asleep on the floor beside the basket. All the time he was wishing, wishing with might and main, for some cure, some medicine.

There came a night when the goose seemed to be dying. For two days he had not moved his head from under his wing. When all the family was fast asleep, Pablo slipped out of bed, lighted his candle at the fireplace and lay on the floor beside the poor creature. He wished

and wish l, a..u wished, that he could help, or that he knew someone who might help.

Pablo has never been sure just when the shadowy visitor came into the kitchen. No door opened or shut. The candle gave so dim a light that the boy did not see clearly. The visitor had a pink, round face, and moved silently and skilfully. He lifted the head of the dying goose and listened to its breathing. Then he stood in the doorway and spoke to the bats that were darting among the fruit trees catching moths. He gave his orders like the captain of a ship.

"Fly to the Roman ruin, you bats. Don't waste

a second. Tell the stork to come here. Tell him that the Padre Porko orders him to come. It is a case of life and death. If he says that he cannot find the place, you stay and guide him to this door. Quick, fly."

III. Padre Porko to the Rescue

Pablo lived to be a very old man, but he was soon treated to the most astonishing sight of his whole life. He saw a pig with bright eyes, and as nimble on his feet as a kitten, wearing a red cap and green velvet trousers. The pig brought the candle and set it upon the upturned pail near the goose's basket. Beside him stood a black and white bird, with long legs, and a sharp thin bill. The figure in the red cap held the goose's open mouth towards the candle. The stork put his thin bill far down inside the throat of the goose.

"Feel all around, Professor. Explore everywhere. There is surely something. Be gentle and do not push anything down his windpipe," said the Padre.

The stork drew out his bill and nodded. "Yes, it is there, as you thought it would be. It seems to be a splinter of wood, split like a triangle. It lies across the opening where he swallows. The

ends are caught in the soft flesh. Hold him tight, Chief, and I will try to pull it out in one piece."

The goose felt the scraping inside his throat. He half opened his eyes. When he saw the forked twig that the stork withdrew in his beak, he swallowed twice. He drew in his wings and tried to stand, but was too weak.

"Excuse me, Professor, for leaving you so quickly, but I must get him some good food," said the Padre. "He has nearly starved to death. Sorry to have broken into your sleep, but I thank you for coming. It was worth doing, wasn't it? He is a fine bird and the boy is good to our people, too. Good night, Professor."

With a basket in his mouth, the Padre was already trotting out of the yard. Where the river widens, the current is slow and a tiny white blossom grows upon the surface of the water. Leaning out from the bank, the Padre scooped a number of these floating plants into his basket and hurried back to Pablo's. He hunted among the supplies of Pablo's mother and found corn-meal and salt. Tearing the flowers into fine pieces, he made a dough of them and the corn-meal, with a pinch of salt. He rolled the dough into balls, about as large as cherries. "Now, my friend," he said to the King's Goose, "I must not give you too much all at once. I'll give you ten pills

now, and each half hour you are to take ten more. The white flower is just the tonic you need."

"I must scold you a little, however, King's Goose," continued the Padre. "You nearly starved because of this twig in your throat, and it was your own fault. You are too greedy. You try to eat all the food there is, before the others get to the table. You are so eager to eat that you do not examine what you eat. If you want to grow up and be a credit to your mother, and to Pablo, and help him win the Governor's medal, take smaller mouthfuls."

Then the visitor turned to Pablo. "You saw what I gave him, the white flower pills. For a week give him all he will eat—here in the yard, before you let him go back to the goose pasture."

The King's Goose had lifted his head. The good old hungry look was in his eye. The corn-meal pills were vanishing as by magic. Pablo got up to say thank you. No one was there. He and his goose were alone. "But there was a person here—I know there was, I saw him," he cried, picking up the candlestick and running to the door. He saw nothing but a faint light, which might have been the candlelight shining on a vanishing gold button.

ROBERT DAVIS

From *Padre Porko.*

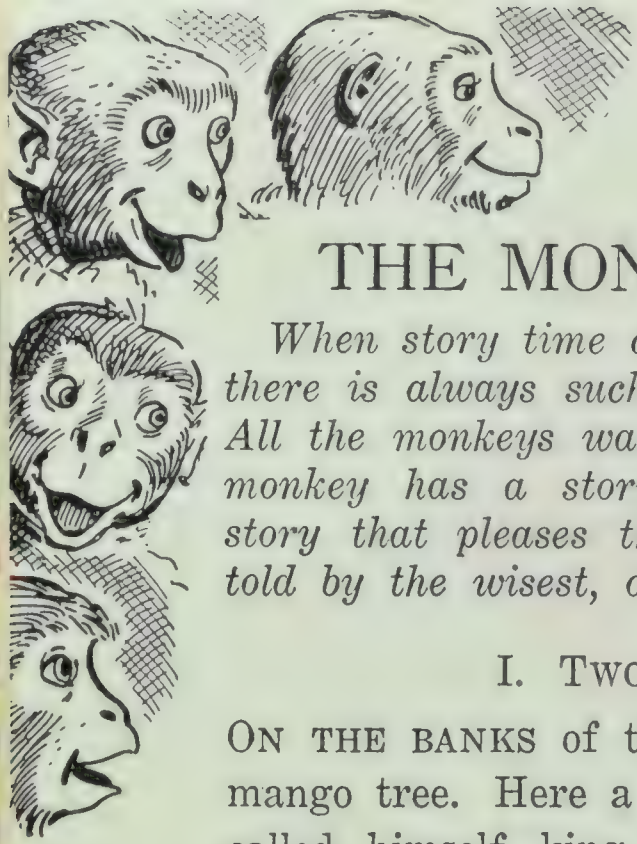
HERCULES AND THE WAGONER

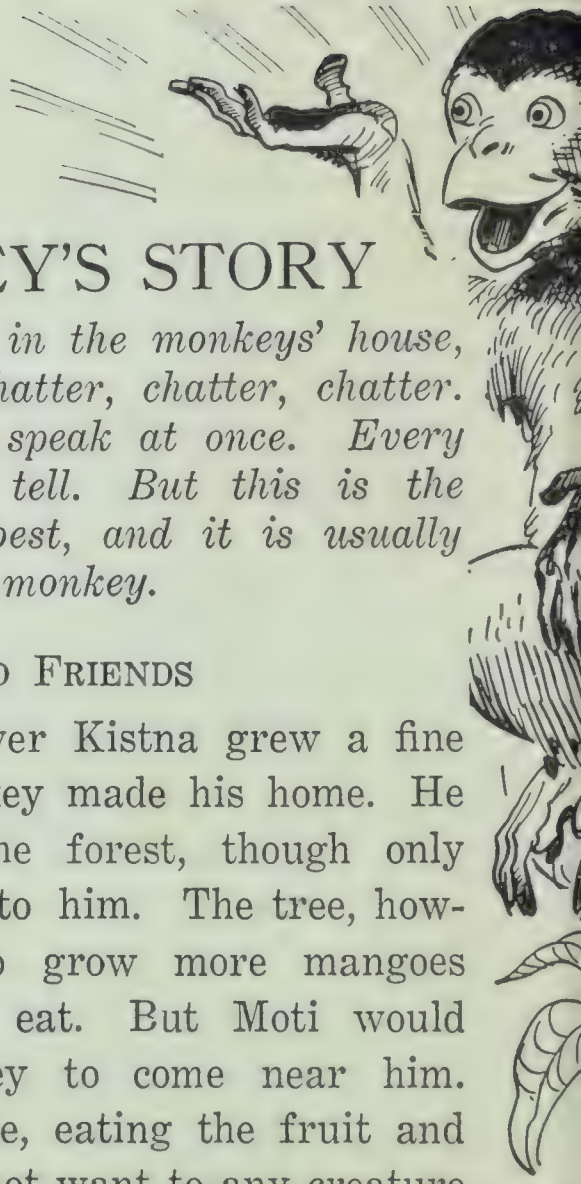
A WAGONER was once driving a heavy load along a very muddy way. At last he came to a part of the road where the wheels sank half-way into the mud. The more the horses pulled, the deeper sank the wheels.

So the Wagoner threw down his whip, knelt down and prayed to Hercules the Strong. "O Hercules, help me in this my hour of distress," he prayed.

But Hercules appeared to him, and said: "Tut, man, don't lie there. Get up and put your shoulder to the wheel."

ÆSOP





THE MONKEY'S STORY

When story time comes in the monkeys' house, there is always such a chatter, chatter, chatter. All the monkeys want to speak at once. Every monkey has a story to tell. But this is the story that pleases them best, and it is usually told by the wisest, oldest monkey.

I. Two Good Friends

On the banks of the river Kistna grew a fine mango tree. Here a monkey made his home. He called himself king of the forest, though only one tree really belonged to him. The tree, however, was big enough to grow more mangoes than two monkeys could eat. But Moti would not allow another monkey to come near him. He dwelt alone in the tree, eating the fruit and throwing down all he did not want to any creature that happened to pass below. He called himself Moti, the Pearl, because his mother had told him that every monkey has in his heart the loveliest jewel in the world, the pearl.

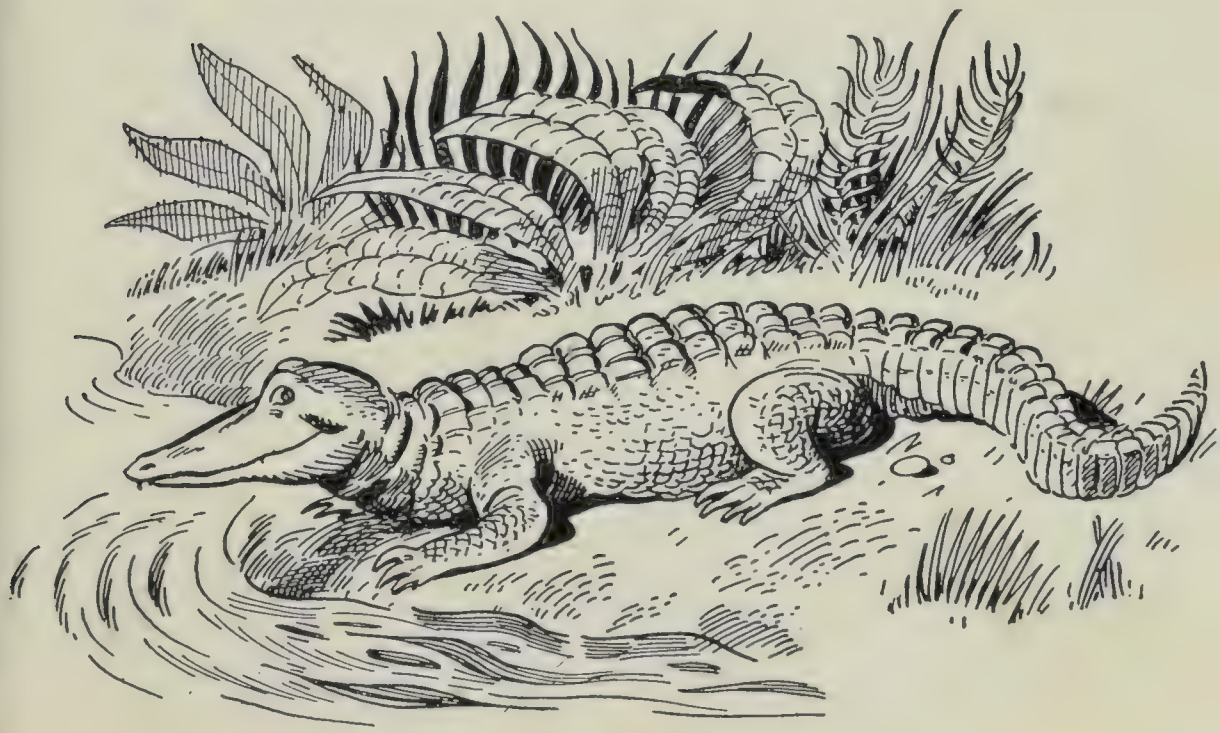
One day Mugger, the crocodile, crawled up on the shore to lie under the shade of the mango tree. He saw the monkey eating the delicious fruit, and opened his huge mouth to beg for a

mango. The sight of him amused Moti. He said, "What a mouth! What sharp white teeth! Surely I will give you a mango. Open your mouth wider, Mugger, wider still. Now catch."

A large mango, ripe and red, landed between the scaly monster's jaws. When he had eaten the whole mango, he called up to the monkey, "Will you be my friend?"

"Yes," said Moti, "you are no monkey. You cannot climb trees, and take my tree from me. I shall be delighted to be your friend."

From that day on their friendship grew. Every afternoon Mugger came along for a friendly chat, and a taste of the delicious fruit. In exchange for Moti's gift of mangoes the crocodile told him tales of life in the river. He told



about his wife, and about their home down in the mud on the opposite side of the river. The monkey liked to hear these stories; and he learned a great deal about sharks and fishes of all kinds.

One day the monkey told the crocodile about the secret place in his heart and what a treasure lay there.

That evening, after he had bade Moti good-bye, the crocodile swam across the river to his home under the other shore. There he gave his wife a mango, a present from Moti. As she ate the mango, he told her the story of the monkey's heart.

"I must have that pearl," cried his wife. "Bring the monkey to visit me. I must have the pearl."

"Moti, the monkey, cannot swim. He will be drowned if he tries to swim to our home."

"I want him to drown," said Mugger's wife.

"Want him to drown! Want my friend to drown!" cried poor Mugger. "My dear friend Moti whom I wouldn't hurt for anything!"

"I want him to drown," said his wife. "I want his pearl. This afternoon I went out into the sea and met the shark. He told me all I

needed to make me really beautiful was a pearl. Husband, you must get the pearl for me."

"Moti is my friend," said her husband. "It is a terrible thing to harm a friend. You cannot have the pearl."

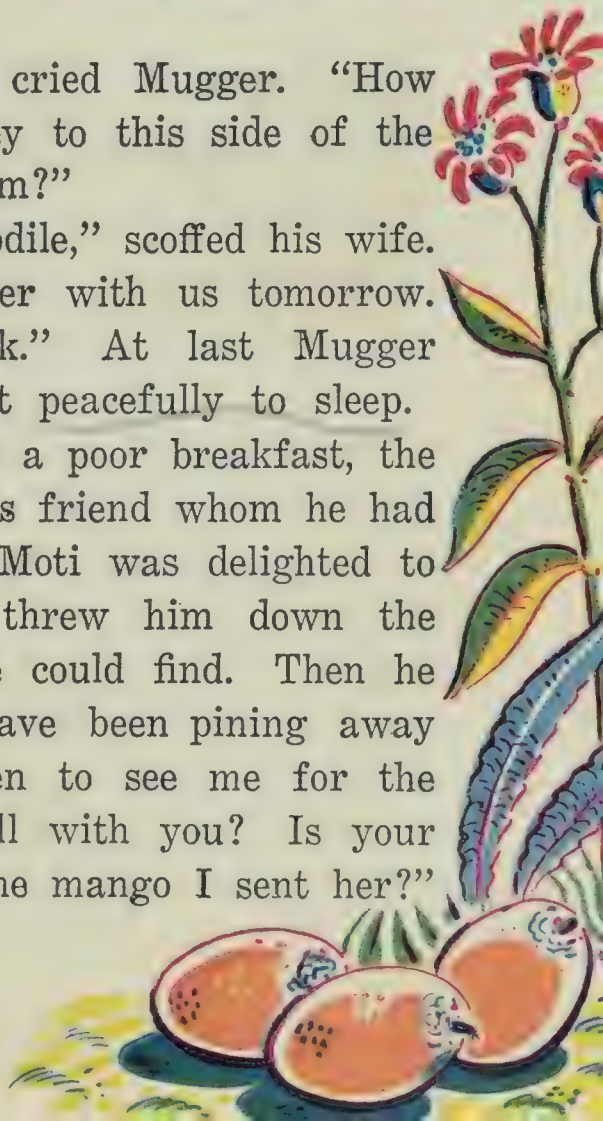
To be kind, poor Mugger kept away from Moti. He hoped his wife might forget the monkey, but she did not forget.

One night she said to Mugger, "I do not want you to hurt the monkey. I only ask you to bring him to me."

"But it is impossible," cried Mugger. "How can I bring a live monkey to this side of the river without drowning him?"

"You are a foolish crocodile," scoffed his wife. "Invite him to have dinner with us tomorrow. Bring him on your back." At last Mugger agreed, and his wife went peacefully to sleep.

The next morning, after a poor breakfast, the crocodile set off to visit his friend whom he had not seen for some time. Moti was delighted to see Mugger again. He threw him down the most delicious mangoes he could find. Then he said, "Dear Mugger, I have been pining away because you have not been to see me for the last few days. Is all well with you? Is your wife well? Did she like the mango I sent her?"



"My friend," replied the crocodile, "my wife enjoyed the mango. She has heard so much about you that she wants to see you. She invites you to dinner today at five o'clock. Will you come on my back to our mud home on the opposite shore of the river and honour us with a visit?"

"Certainly," agreed the monkey, "anything to please you and your wife."

"Jump on my back. Are you comfortable?"

"Your back is quite comfortable," said the monkey as he seated himself that afternoon. "Let me see how fast you can swim. Good-bye, my mango tree. I shall be back before long."

II. A Friendship Lost

Suddenly the monkey felt the crocodile beginning to dive. "Stop," he commanded, "do not go so far down. I cannot breathe in the water. I am not a silly fish."

The crocodile raised his head, and great tears were dripping from his cunning eyes.

"Why do you weep?" asked the astonished monkey. "What is the matter?"

"I weep for you, my friend," answered Mugger sadly. "My wife will kill you in a few minutes. Why, oh why, were you born with a pearl in your heart! Boo-hoo, hoo! Boo-oo!" The poor crocodile could not speak for sobbing.

"I don't understand you," cried Moti. "Explain yourself, and stop boo-hooing. I cannot hear a word you are saying if you cry."

The crocodile wiped his eyes, and told his friend what was in store for him. He hid not a single thing from Moti. "It is the pearl in your

heart," he said, "that has brought this sin upon me, the sin of harming a friend."

The crocodile began to dive again towards his mud home.

"Listen, Mugger," shouted the annoyed monkey. "Stop diving and listen. Why did you not tell me before we started that your wife wanted the pearl in my heart? Unfortunately, I have left my heart at home."

"Left your heart at home!" exclaimed the astonished crocodile. "Left your heart at home!"

"Yes, of course," laughed the monkey. "My heart is a precious thing. I do not carry it with me. I keep it on the topmost branch of my tree."

"Then it is no—no—good my bringing you to my wife," said the crocodile.

"Not a bit of good," said the monkey. "We can, though, go back to the mango tree, and get that heart of mine with the precious pearl. We should please your wife."

"A good idea. How clever you are," cried Mugger. "Let us go back at once."

With these words the crocodile started to return.

Directly they reached the shore, the monkey jumped off the crocodile's back and sprang up

the tree like a frightened squirrel. When he was safe on the topmost branch, he shouted down, "Oh, you foolish and faithless friend, go back to your greedy wife and tell her that I mean to keep my heart and precious pearl to myself."

"Are you not coming with me?" asked the crocodile in surprise.

"I do not go anywhere to be killed," replied the monkey. "Do you think I could live for a moment if I left my heart behind. I made up that foolish tale to save my life. You are stupid. Do not sit there and weep any more crocodile tears. Be off, you stupid crocodile!"

Taking some hard green mangoes from the tree, he flung them down on his old friend. At last, puzzled and unhappy, the annoyed crocodile crawled into the river and vanished.

III. Friends Again

Some days passed. One morning Moti woke up to see two crocodiles lying under his tree.

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "What do I see there?"

"I am your old friend, Mugger," said one of the crocodiles. "This is my wife. We have come to ask your forgiveness. Though we have lost your friendship, we want you to know how glad we are that your clever trick prevented us from harming you. We are indeed happy that you are alive. My wife no longer wants your pearl. It was the cruel shark who tempted her. Peace of mind is the best jewel."

"Peace of mind!" repeated his wife. "For days I fretted for your jewel, but now the fret is gone. I saw the shark killed by some fishermen."

Three times they begged Moti to forgive them, and Moti willingly did forgive the crocodiles. He threw down ripe mangoes for them to eat. From that time, the crocodiles visited Moti every day. The three ate fruit and gossiped on happy sunny afternoons. In the course of years they became

true friends, and no unfortunate words, no greed, no jealousy came to hurt their friendship.

Thus the grave sin of harming a friend passed away from the banks of the river Kistna where the fine mango trees grew.

"A fine story! A fine story!" chattered the monkeys. "How clever we monkeys are!"

"Have we all got pearls in our hearts?" asked the little monkeys, dancing around and turning somersaults.

"Yes," said a wise old monkey. "You all have pearls in your hearts if you are true friends, for friendship is the loveliest jewel in the world."

"Peace of mind is another jewel," chattered a gentle little grey monkey.

"We monkeys have many jewels," chattered all the monkeys together. "Many jewels, jewels, jewels."

"Except the jewel of silence," growled a cross old monkey who wanted to sleep. "Go and find the jewel of silence and stop your chattering."

Only by curling themselves up and dropping off to sleep, could the monkeys discover the jewel of silence.

R. K. AND M. I. R. POLKINGHORNE

From *Story Time in the Zoo.*

THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
  The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
  Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
  (I wasn't there; I simply state
  What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
  While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
  Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
  (Now mind: I'm only telling you
  What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
  (Don't fancy I exaggerate—
  I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that?
  (The old Dutch clock it told me so,
  And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD

FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS

ONCE UPON A TIME there were Five Chinese Brothers and they all looked exactly alike. They lived with their mother in a little house not far from the sea.

The First Chinese Brother could swallow the sea.

The Second Chinese Brother had an iron neck.

The Third Chinese Brother could stretch and stretch and stretch his legs.

The Fourth Chinese Brother could not be burned.

And

The Fifth Chinese Brother could hold his breath indefinitely.

Every morning the First Chinese Brother would go fishing, and whatever the weather, he would come back to the village with beautiful and rare fish which he had caught and could sell at the market for a very good price.

One day, as he was leaving the market-place, a little boy stopped him and asked him if he could go fishing with him.

"No, it could not be done," said the First Chinese Brother.

But the little boy begged and begged and finally the First Chinese Brother consented. "Under one condition," said he, "and that is that you shall obey me promptly."

"Yes, yes," the little boy promised.

Early next morning, the First Chinese Brother and the little boy went down to the beach.

"Remember," said the First Chinese Brother, "you must obey me promptly. When I make a sign for you to come back, you must come at once."

"Yes, yes," the little boy promised.

Then the First Chinese Brother swallowed the sea.

And all the fish were left high and dry at the bottom of the sea. And all the treasures of the sea lay uncovered.

The little boy was delighted. He ran here and there stuffing his pockets with strange pebbles, extraordinary shells and fantastic algæ.

Near the shore the First Chinese Brother gathered some fish while he kept holding the sea in his mouth. Presently he grew tired. It is very hard to hold the sea. So he made a sign with his hand for the little boy to come back. The little boy saw him but paid no attention.

The First Chinese Brother made great movements with his arms and that meant "Come back!" But did the little boy care? Not a bit, and he ran farther away.

Then the First Chinese Brother felt the sea swelling inside him and he made desperate gestures to call the little boy back. But the little boy made faces at him and fled as fast as he could.

The First Chinese Brother held the sea until he thought he was going to burst. All of a sudden the sea forced its way out of his mouth, went back to its bed . . . and the little boy disappeared.

When the First Chinese Brother returned to the village, alone, he was arrested, put in prison, tried and condemned to have his head cut off.

On the morning of the execution he said to the judge:

"Your Honour, will you allow me to go and bid my mother good-bye?"

"It is only fair," said the judge.

So the First Chinese Brother went home . . . and the Second Chinese Brother came back in his place.

All the people were assembled on the village square to witness the execution. The executioner took his sword and struck a mighty blow.

But the Second Chinese Brother got up and smiled. He was the one with the iron neck and they simply could not cut his head off. Everybody was angry and they decided that he should be drowned.

On the morning of the execution, the Second Chinese Brother said to the judge:

"Your Honour, will you allow me to go and bid my mother good-bye?"

"It is only fair," said the judge.

So the Second Chinese Brother went home . . . and the Third Chinese Brother came back in his place.

He was pushed on a boat which made for the open sea.

When they were far out on the ocean, the Third Chinese Brother was thrown overboard.

But he began to stretch and stretch and stretch his legs, away down to the bottom of the sea, and all the time his smiling face was bobbing up and down on the crest of the waves. He simply could not be drowned.

Everybody was very angry, and they all decided that he should be burned.

On the morning of the execution, the Third Chinese Brother said to the judge:

"Your Honour, will you allow me to go and bid my mother good-bye?"

"It is only fair," said the judge.

So the Third Chinese Brother went home . . . and the Fourth Chinese Brother came back in his place.

He was tied up to a stake. Fire was set to it and all the people stood around watching it. In the midst of the flames they heard him say:

"This is quite pleasant."

"Bring some more wood!" the people cried.

The fire roared higher.

"Now it is quite comfortable," said the Fourth Chinese Brother, for he was the one who could not be burned. Everybody was getting more and more angry every minute and they all decided to smother him.

On the morning of the execution, the Fourth Chinese Brother said to the judge:

"Your Honour, will you allow me to go and bid my mother good-bye?"

"It is only fair," said the judge.

So the Fourth Chinese Brother went home . . . and the Fifth Chinese Brother came back in his place. A large brick oven had been built on the village square and it had been all stuffed with whipped cream. The Fifth Chinese Brother was shovelled into the oven, right in the middle of the cream, the door was shut tight, and everybody sat around and waited.

They were not going to be tricked again! So they stayed there all night and even a little after dawn, just to make sure.

Then they opened the door and pulled him out. And he shook himself and said, "My! That was a good sleep!"

Everybody stared open-mouthed and round-eyed. But the judge stepped forward and said, "We have tried to get rid of you in every possible way and somehow it cannot be done. It must be that you are innocent."

"Yes, yes," shouted all the people. So they let him go and he went home.

And The Five Chinese Brothers and their mother all lived together happily for many years.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

From *The Five Chinese Brothers.*

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come,
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are
tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD

THE WONDERFUL FISHING OF PETERKIN SPRAY

A Fisherman bold was Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
And when he got there, he embarked once more
Down the path that leads to the Sun's back door.
"Ho, ho," said the Sun, "here is Fisherman Spray,
But the cook doesn't need any salmon today."

"Too bad, Mr. Sun," said Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
But the wind was so light that 'twas half past eight
When he called his wares at the Moon-man's gate.
"Fresh fish!" he cried, but the Moon-man said,
"I never eat fish when I'm going to bed."

"What a fussy old Moon!" sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
And when he got there, he exclaimed "My Stars!
I had almost forgotten to call on Mars."
"Fine fish," cried Mars, and he smacked his lips,
"Charge a dozen or so to my next eclipse!"

"O dear, O dear!" sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
And when he got there, he declared, "I wish
I never, never had learned to fish.
For some won't buy and others won't pay,
And I'm tired, and tired of sailing away!"

"I know what I'll do!" said Peterkin Spray,
And he turned his boat, down the Milky Way.
He opened the Dipper (yes, honest, he did!)
He popped in his cargo, and slapped down the lid.
"Here's a kettle of fish!" laughed Peterkin Spray.
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

A SCENE IN WONDERLAND

[*Alice fell down a rabbit-hole and found herself in a long hall which had many locked doors and one very interesting small door. She found the key for the small door but could not go through it because she was too big. On a table she saw a bottle with a label, "Drink me." After she tasted the drink she became very small and was able to open the little door which led into a lovely garden. There she ate a piece of cake which made her grow very tall. This kind of thing went on for quite a long while. Sometimes she was tall, and sometimes she was small.*

CHARACTERS: *Alice, about three inches tall, and a Caterpillar the same size.*

SCENE: *In a garden with many flowers. In the centre of the stage is a large mushroom.*

ALICE: O dear! I must grow up again. Let

me see—how is it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other. The great question is "What?"

[*Alice looks all around her. She looks under the mushroom, on both sides of it, and behind it. Stretching herself on tiptoe, she peeps over the edge of the mushroom and sees a large caterpillar. Alice, quite startled, says nothing.*

CATERPILLAR (*smoking a long hookah, pays no attention. At last he speaks in a very slow, sleepy voice*): Who are you?

ALICE (*shyly*): I—I hardly know, sir, just at present. At least I know who I was when I got up this morning. I think I must have been changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR (*sternly*): What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.

ALICE: I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir, because I'm not myself, you see.

CATERPILLAR: I *don't* see.

ALICE (*politely*): I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself. Being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.

CATERPILLAR: It isn't.

ALICE: Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet. You will have to turn into a chrysalis some day, and after that into a butterfly. I should think you'll feel it a little queer then, won't you?

CATERPILLAR: Not a bit.

ALICE: Well, perhaps your feelings may be different. All I know is, it would feel very queer to me.

CATERPILLAR: You! Who are *you?*

ALICE (*annoyed*): I think you ought to tell me who *you* are first.

CATERPILLAR: Why? (*Alice turns away.*) Come back! I've something very important to say! (*Alice turns and comes back again.*) Keep your temper.

ALICE (*swallowing hard*): Is that all?

CATERPILLAR: No! (*puffing his hookah*). So you think you're changed, do you?

ALICE: I'm afraid I am, sir. I can't remember things as I used to, and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes at a time.

CATERPILLAR: Can't remember what things?

ALICE (*sadly*): Well, I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came out different!

CATERPILLAR: Repeat "You are old, Father William."

ALICE (*folding her hands*):

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"
"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."
"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"
"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple

By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

CATERPILLAR: That is not right.

ALICE (*timidly*): Not quite right, I'm afraid. Some of the words are changed.

CATERPILLAR (*decidedly*): It is wrong from beginning to end. [*Silence for a few minutes.*

CATERPILLAR: What size do you want to be?

ALICE (*hastily*): Oh, I'm not particular as to size. Only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.

CATERPILLAR: I *don't* know. Are you content now?

ALICE: Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind. Three inches is such a silly height.

CATERPILLAR (*angrily*): It is a very good height, indeed!

ALICE (*crying*): But I'm not used to it (*aside*). I wish the creature wouldn't be so easily hurt.

CATERPILLAR (*smoking again*): You'll get used to it in time (*crawling off the mushroom and away into the grass*). One side will make you grow taller. The other side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE (*to herself*): One side of what? The other side of what?

CATERPILLAR: Of the mushroom.

[*He crawls out of sight.*

[*Alice stretches her arms around the mushroom as far as they will go and breaks off a piece from each side.*

ALICE (*holding a piece in each hand*): I wonder which is which. I am going to take a bite of each. [*She walks off the stage.*

LEWIS CARROLL

Adapted from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

PART THREE

The Great Out-of-Doors

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Four of us went to the woods one day,
Keeping the trail in the Indian way,
    Creeping, crawling,
    Sometimes sprawling,

Pushing through bushes, and there we found
A little green pulpit stuck in the ground;
And in the pulpit a brown man stood
Preaching to all the folk in the wood.

We lay as quiet as Indians do,
Because each one of the four of us knew
    At any sound,
    The creatures 'round,
The squirrels and chipmunks, birds and bees
Would fly away through the ring of trees;
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit would stop his speech
If he knew we four were in easy reach.

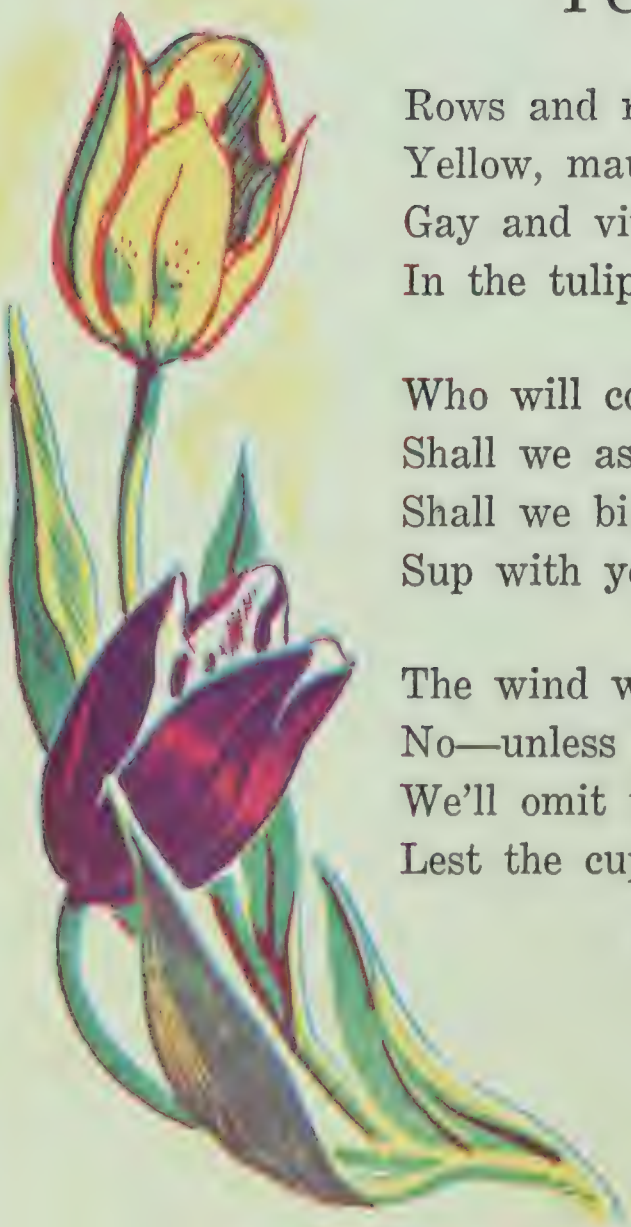
We listened as hard as ever we could,
But not a one of us understood,
    Or even heard
    A single word.
Though I saw a chipmunk nod his head
As if he knew what the preacher said;
And a big grey squirrel clasped his paws
When he thought it was time for some applause.

Many and many a Jack we've found,
But none of us ever heard a sound;
    So I suppose
    That Jackie knows

When children try to hear him preach,
And talks in some peculiar speech.
I wonder if we could find a way
To hear what Jacks-in-the-Pulpit say!

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

TULIPS



Rows and rows of tea-cups,
Yellow, mauve and red.
Gay and vivid tea-cups
In the tulip bed.

Who will come to tea, dear?
Shall we ask a bee?
Shall we bid a humming-bird
Sup with you and me?

The wind will be invited?
No—unless you've spoken;
We'll omit the wind, dear,
Lest the cups be broken.

MARY E. MCCULLOUGH

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

STORY-TELLER: The bee buzz'd up in the heat.
BEE: "I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
STORY-TELLER: The flower said,
FLOWER: "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year,
So come, come!"
BEE: "Hum!"
STORY-TELLER: And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.
STORY-TELLER: And the bee buzz'd up in the cold,
When the flower was wither'd and cold,
BEE: "Have you still any honey, my dear?"
STORY-TELLER: She said,
FLOWER: "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
BEE: "Hum!"
STORY-TELLER: And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

A ROBBER COMES TO THE ORCHARD

I. Bully, the English Sparrow

Peter rabbit's eyes twinkled when Jenny Wren said that she must look her old house over to see what condition it was in. "I can save you that trouble," said he.

"What do you mean?" Jenny's voice was very sharp.

"Only that your old house is already filled," replied Peter. "Bully, the English Sparrow, has been living in it for the last two months. In fact, he already has a good-sized family there."

"What?" screamed Jenny and Mr. Wren together. Then without even saying good-bye to Peter, they flew in a great rage to see if he had told them the truth. Soon he heard them scolding as fast as their tongues could go, and this is very fast indeed.

"Much good that will do them," chuckled Peter. He hopped to a place where he could get a good view of Jenny Wren's old home and still not be too far from the safety of the old stone wall. Jenny Wren's old home had been in a hole in one of the old apple trees. Looking over to it,

Peter could see Mrs. Bully sitting in the little round doorway in a rage. Hopping and flitting from bough to bough near-by were Jenny and Mr. Wren, and their tails were pointing almost straight up to the sky. They were scolding as fast as they could make their tongues go. Bully was flying in a rage first at one wren and then at the other. He was one-fourth larger than Mr. Wren, although he looked half again as big.

By ruffling up his feathers and raising his wings slightly as he hopped about, he made

himself look much bigger than he really was. The noise had brought all the other birds in the Old Orchard to see what was going on. Every one of them was screaming and ordering Jenny and Mr. Wren to stand up for their rights. Not one of them had a good word for Bully and his wife. It certainly was a dreadful quarrel!

Bully, the English Sparrow, is a born fighter. He never is happier than when he is in the midst of a fight or a fuss of some kind. The fact that all his neighbours were against him didn't bother Bully in the least.

All the time Mrs. Bully sat in the little round doorway, praising Bully. She knew that as long as she sat there it would be impossible for either Jenny or Mr. Wren to get in. In fact, she was enjoying it all, for she is as fond of fighting as is Bully himself.

"You're a sneak! You're a robber! That's my house, and the sooner you get out of it the better!" screamed Jenny Wren furiously, as she hopped around just out of reach of Bully.

"It may have been your house once, but it is mine now, you little snip-of-nothing!" cried Bully, rushing savagely at her. "Just try to put us out if you dare! You didn't make this house in the first place, and you left it when you went

south last fall. It's mine now, and there isn't anybody in the Old Orchard who can put me out."

Peter Rabbit nodded. "He's right there. I don't like him and never will, but he has a perfect right to dwell in that house. People who go off and leave things for half a year shouldn't expect to find them just as they left them. My, my, my, what a noise! Why don't they all get together and drive Bully and Mrs. Bully out of the Old Orchard? If they don't, I'm afraid he will drive them out. No one likes to live with such savage neighbours."

All the time Bully was darting first at Jenny, then at Mr. Wren, and having a real good time.

"I'll teach you folks to know that I am in the Old Orchard to stay!" cried Bully. "If you don't like it, why don't you fight? I am not afraid of any of you or all of you together." This was boasting, plain boasting, but it worked. Bully made the other birds believe it. Not one of them dared stand up to him and fight. They were satisfied to call him a bully and all the bad names they could think of. That, of course, did nothing to help Jenny and Mr. Wren get their house back.

II. Black Pussy

How long that dreadful quarrel in the Old Orchard would have lasted had it not been for something which happened, no one knows. Right in the midst of it some one discovered Black

Pussy, the cat who lives in Farmer Brown's house. She was stealing up through the Old Orchard, her tail waving and her yellow eyes glaring eagerly. She had heard the racket. She thought that in the midst of such a quarrel she might have a chance to catch one of the feathered folks. You can always trust Black Pussy to be on hand at a time like that.

No sooner was she discovered than everything else was forgotten. With Bully in the lead, and Jenny and Mr. Wren close behind him, all the birds turned their attention to Black Pussy. She was the enemy of all birds and they forgot their own quarrel at once. Only Mrs. Bully remained where she was, in the little round doorway of her house. She intended to take no chances, but she added her shrill voice to the racket. How those birds did scream and scream! They darted down almost into the face of Black Pussy, and none went nearer than Bully, the English Sparrow and Jenny Wren.

Now Black Pussy hates to be the centre of so much attention. She knew, now she had been discovered, that there wasn't a chance in the world for her to catch one of those Old Orchard folks. So, with tail still waving angrily, and eyes glaring, she turned and, as proudly as she

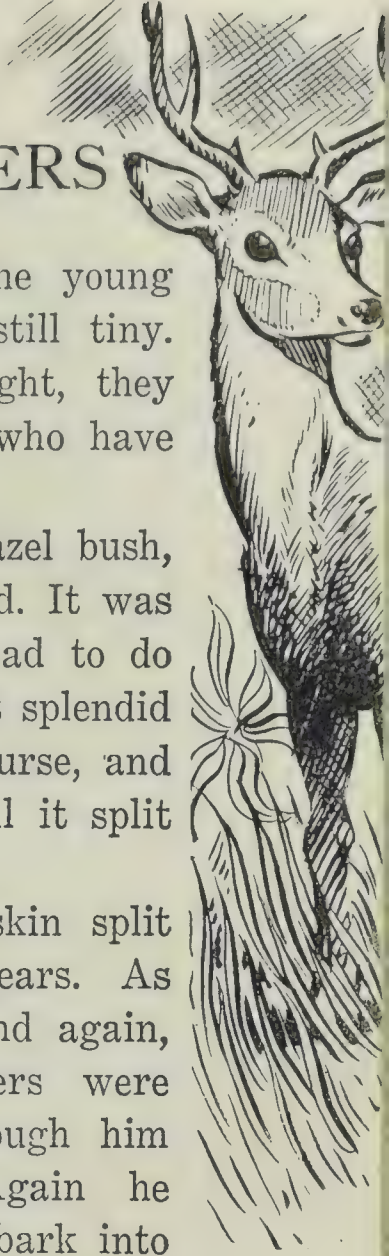
could, left the Old Orchard in vain. Clear to the edge of it the birds followed, screaming and calling Black Pussy bad names, and threatening to do all sorts of things to her, quite as if they really could.

When finally she vanished towards Farmer Brown's barn, those angry voices changed. It was such a funny change that Peter Rabbit chuckled aloud. Instead of anger there was glee in every note as everybody returned to attend to his own work. Jenny and Mr. Wren seemed to have forgotten all about Bully and his wife in their old house. They flew to another part of the Old Orchard, there to talk it all over and rest and get their breath. Peter Rabbit waited to see if they would not come over near enough for him to hear more news. But they didn't, and at last Peter started for his home in the dear Old Brier-patch. All the way there he chuckled as he thought of the brave way in which Jenny and Mr. Wren had stood up for their rights.

THORNTON W. BURGESS

From *The Burgess Bird Book for Children.*

BAMBI'S NEW ANTLERS



EVERYTHING was turning green, but the young leaves on the trees and bushes were still tiny. Glowing in the soft, early morning light, they looked fresh and smiling like children who have just awakened from sleep.

Bambi was standing in front of a hazel bush, beating his new antlers against the wood. It was very pleasant to do that. Besides he had to do it, because skin and hide still covered his splendid antlers. The skin had to come off, of course, and no sensible creature would ever wait till it split by itself.

Bambi pounded his antlers till the skin split and long strips of it hung about his ears. As he pounded on the hazel stems again and again, he felt how much stronger his antlers were than the wood. This feeling shot through him in a rush of power and pride. Again he pounded on the hazel bush and tore its bark into long pieces. The white body of the tree showed naked and quickly turned red in the open air. Bambi paid no attention to that. He saw the bright wood of the tree flash under his strokes and it gave him new courage. A whole row of hazel bushes showed traces of his work.

"Well, you are nearly grown now," said a cheerful voice close by.

Bambi tossed his head and looked around him. There sat the squirrel watching him in a friendly way. From overhead came a short, shrill laugh, "Ha! Ha!"

Bambi and the squirrel were both half frightened. Just then the woodpecker, who was clinging to an oak trunk, called down. "Excuse me, but I always have to laugh when I see you deer acting like that."

"What is there to laugh at?" asked Bambi politely.

"Oh!" said the woodpecker, still clinging to

the trunk, "you go at things in such a wrong-headed way. In the first place, you ought to try big trees, for you can't get anything out of those little hazel stalks."

"What should I get out of them?" Bambi asked.

"Bugs," said the woodpecker with a laugh. "Bugs and grubs. Look, do like this." He drummed on the oak trunk, tack! tack! tack!

The squirrel rushed up and scolded him. "What are you talking about?" he said. "The Prince isn't looking for bugs and grubs."

"Why not?" said the woodpecker in high glee. "They taste fine." He bit a grub in half and swallowed it and began drumming again.

"You don't understand," the squirrel went on scolding. "A noble lord like Bambi has far higher aims."

"It's all the same to me," answered the woodpecker. "A fig for higher aims," he cried cheerfully and fluttered away. The squirrel hurried down again.

"Don't you remember me?" he said, looking pleased.

"Very well," answered Bambi in a friendly way. "Do you live up there?" he asked, pointing to the oak.

The squirrel looked at him kindly.

"You're mixing me up with grandmother," he said. "I knew that you were mixing me up with her. My grandmother used to live up there when you were just a baby, Prince Bambi. She often told me about you. The weasel killed her long ago, last winter; you may remember it."

"Yes," Bambi nodded. "I've heard it mentioned."

"Soon afterwards my father settled here," the squirrel went on. He sat straight and held both forepaws politely over his white chest. "But maybe you have me mixed up with my father, too. Did you know my father?"

"I'm sorry," Bambi replied. "I never had that pleasure."

"I thought so," the squirrel exclaimed, satisfied. "Father was so cross and so shy. He had nothing to do with anybody."

"Where is he now?" Bambi asked.

"Oh!" said the squirrel, "the owl caught him a month ago. Yes. . . . And now I'm living up there myself. I'm quite satisfied, since I was born up there."

Bambi turned to go.

"Wait," cried the squirrel quickly, "I didn't mean to talk about all that. I wanted to say something quite different."

Bambi stopped. "What is it?" he asked.

"Yes," said the squirrel, "what is it?" He thought a little while and then gave a quick skip and sat straight, balancing with his splendid tail. He looked at Bambi. "Right you are," he chattered on. "Now I know what it was. I wanted to say that your antlers are almost grown now, and that you are going to be a very handsome deer."

"Do you really think so?" said Bambi joyfully.

"Very handsome," cried the squirrel, and pressed his forepaws against his white chest. "So tall, so lordly!"

"Really?" Bambi asked. He was so delighted that he immediately began to beat the hazel stems again. He tore off long ribbons of bark.

All the while the squirrel kept on talking. "I must say that very few deer of your age have

antlers like those. It doesn't seem possible. I saw you several times from a distance last summer, and I can hardly believe that you're the same creature. You were such a thin little fellow then."

Bambi suddenly grew silent. "Good-bye," he said quickly, "I have to go now." And he ran off.

FELIX SALTEN

From *Bambi.*

SONG AT DUSK

LIGHT VOICES:

The flowers nod, the shadows creep,
A star comes over the hill.
The youngest lamb has gone to sleep.
The smallest bird is still.

DARK VOICES:

The world is full of drowsy things
And sweet with candlelight.
The nests are full of folded wings.

CHORUS (*very softly*):

Good night! Good night! Good night!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE WOODPECKER'S BREAKFAST

BOY:

Why do you tap at the bark of that tree,
Woodpecker? Answer me, say.

WOODPECKER:

Because I am hungry, my dear little boy,
Because I want breakfast today.

BOY:

What will you find in that very hard wood?
Nothing that's nice, I am sure.

WOODPECKER:

Wait, little boy, there are insects inside—
Wait till I open the door.

BOY:

But, Woodpecker, you'll never catch them, you know,
For your beak is too pointed and long.

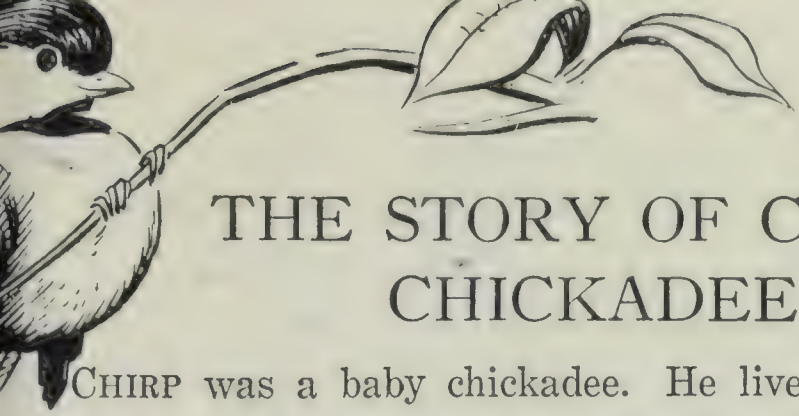
CLASS:

At this moment an insect appeared on the scene,
And the little boy saw he was wrong.
The Woodpecker put out a very long tongue,
And oh! such a sticky tongue too!
He swallowed that insect!

BOY:

Well done!
But I'm glad I don't breakfast with you!

MARGARET RANKIN



THE STORY OF CHIRP CHICKADEE

CHIRP was a baby chickadee. He lived in a nest that was hidden away in a hollow fence post. Chirp's six brothers and sisters lived there, too. The seven babies made the nest as full as it could be.

Father and Mother Chickadee had built their nest early in the spring. First they flew here and there, peeping into all sorts of places. At last Father found the post near Farmer Johnson's orchard. "Fee-bee? Fee-bee?" he called to his mate. "Isn't this a good place for our home?"

Mother Chickadee liked the hollow, but because it was not big enough both the birds made it larger by digging out chips of wood. Peck-peck-peck went their beaks as they dug. Then they carried the wood far away and dropped it. The birds did not want a pile of chips on the ground below their door. It would have told cats and other animals that "A pair of chickadees live here."

When the hole was large enough, the chickadees made their nest. They brought moss from the woods, and some feathers from the barnyard.

Father Chickadee found some fur that a cottontail rabbit had lost. It made a soft, warm lining for the nest.

Mother Chickadee took a whole week to lay seven little eggs. They were white with reddish-brown spots, and their shells were very thin. The mother bird was careful when she touched them. She must not spoil the eggs by breaking their thin shells.

Both Father and Mother Chickadee took turns sitting upon the eggs. When Mother came to the door and flew away, Father slipped in and snuggled down in the nest. When Mother took her turn sitting, he often brought her food. He gave her insects from Farmer Johnson's orchard and other insects from the woods. She ate every one. A twinkle in her black eyes seemed to say "Thank you."

After twelve days the little birds began to come out of the eggs. Chirp came from the very first one that Mother Chickadee had laid. His brothers and sisters came from the others. Soon after they had hatched, Father picked up the empty egg shells with his beak and carried them away.

Baby Chirp was not very large, but he soon had a big appetite. The other babies had big appetites too. They began to open their mouths

and ask for food. "Look, Father! Look, Mother!" they seemed to say. "Just see how hungry we are!"

The old chickadees flew straight to the orchard and began to hunt. Father found some caterpillars that were crawling over twigs. He caught all he could hold with his beak and hurried home. Pop! went the food into Chirp's open mouth. Then Father bobbed out of the door and flew away again.

Mother Chickadee brought some caterpillars too. She gave them to one of Chirp's sisters. By that time, Father came back with another beakful of food.

Back and forth went the birds, from early morning till night. "I like to watch them," Jack told his father, Farmer Johnson. "They work hard for their babies. I wish I could help them!"

"The chickadees help *us*," said Farmer Johnson. "They catch hundreds and hundreds of caterpillars. Those caterpillars might harm our fruit trees. But they can't do any harm after they are caught. By catching caterpillars the chickadees help us to raise good fruit on our trees."

The babies ate and ate, and grew larger every day. In two weeks they were almost as big as their father and mother. They looked like the old birds, too. They had grey backs and tails and soft white breasts. Their heads were shiny black, and bibs of black feathers covered their throats.

The nest hollow was not large enough for seven grown chickadees. They would have to move outdoors, where there was plenty of room. Besides, the time had come when they must learn to fly.

One of Chirp's sisters left the nest hollow

first. She fluttered out of the door and perched on a wire. Her eyes twinkled and she said, "Tsee! Tsee!" She thought it was fun to perch on the wire in the bright sunshine.

Soon a brother went out and sat beside her. He teetered and tipped till he found out how to sit on a wire.

One after another, the young birds fluttered into the big outdoors. At last only Chirp was left. He sat in the door and looked out, but he did not dare to fly!

Just then Father Chickadee came with a big caterpillar. Chirp had his usual good appetite and opened his mouth, but Father did not come near. Chirp stretched his neck and opened his mouth wider. In a moment he tumbled out of the door.

How he fluttered his wings to keep from falling! He did not intend to fly but he fluttered so hard that he began to fly. Through the air he went, till he perched on the wire beside Father. He was so excited that he forgot to open his mouth and ask for the caterpillar.

But Chirp was too late. His clever sister had it. Chirp would have to wait until Father or Mother brought some more food from Farmer Johnson's orchard!

CARROLL LANE FENTON

From *Weejack and His Neighbours.*

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

STAMP LEARNS SAFETY

I. STAMP'S LESSON

STAMP is a young hare who lives under a thorn bush by the old track. When he was very, very young, his mother left him to take care of himself. Before she left, she taught him how a hare must protect himself.

"Stop, look, and listen!" he learned. "The world is full of enemies. Watch out for the hawk. Watch out for the owl. Watch out for the weasel, the skunk, the fox, the dog and man. You have two eyes. One is on this side of your head. One is on that side of your head. Learn to look both ways. You have two long, long ears.

Turn one to the front, and one to the back. Catch every sound that comes on the wind. Use your legs until the muscles are as hard as the farmer's whip. Learn to jump, and jump, and jump. Watch out for the weasel. Remember, a trick that works on the fox will not work on the dog or the man. Learn to tunnel. Learn to defend yourself. Learn to use your wits. Hares have very many enemies, and man has always been one of them. If there is danger, I'll stamp. Now remember, stop, look, and listen!"

One day Stamp heard his mother's quick stamps on the hard ground nearby. Thump! Thump! Thump! That meant danger. He lifted his little head and wrinkled his funny nose. What a horrid, heavy smell! Bow-wow-wow-wow! The farmer's dog must be chasing his mother. Bow-wow-wow-wow! They were coming nearer. Now, which should he do—run or freeze? Bow-wow-wow-wow! Stamp crouched low and froze as still as ice. Nothing moved but his little nose. Bow-wow-wow-wow! How close they were! He wanted to run, but he knew that was stupid. He lay flat on the ground, quite still except for the wiggling of his nostrils. The dog was still hot on his mother's scent. BOW-WOW-WOW-WOW! They passed so close to him that he could feel

the rush of air on his whiskers—but he was safe. Freezing is a good trick, sometimes. The old hare got away, of course.

II. Stamp Remembers His Lesson

A wise old hare knows all the tricks. Stamp was learning fast, too. Some day he would not need to freeze. Some day he, too, would fool the farmer's dog. What fun! But he must have practice! Every day he must practise the rules his mother taught him to prevent trouble from coming to him.

Late that night, when the moon was bright, Stamp was standing on his little hind legs, feeding on the buds of the birch tree. He caught a glimpse of a shadow on the snow. One ear went forward and one back, but he heard nothing. Still he dropped to the ground and froze. Swoop! Great wings brushed against him. Great claws seized him and tore great pieces of fur from his back. Stamp struck out with his strong hind legs and ran for his life. Straight for the thorn-bush he made. Freezing is a poor trick when you meet the Great Horned Owl. Then a thorn-bush is the hare's special friend.

Holes were always of interest to Stamp. He

wrinkled his little nose in front of many a hole. The smell of a skunk said, "Keep out!" The smell of a weasel cried, "Danger!" Stamp learned that it is much safer to leave holes alone.

Stamp was learning fast, but he still had much to learn. He was as wise as one could expect so young and happy a hare to be.

He was mastering new tricks every day. He

learned how to dodge and how to zigzag. He learned about that strange new thorn-bush called a barb-wire fence. He was getting ready to race his enemy, the farmer's dog. Hares love to sun themselves. Even in winter, Stamp tried a little sunning on the sheltered side of the old track. He lay there half-asleep, stretching and turning, first on one side, then on the other. BOW-WOW-WOW-WOW! Here it was at last! His first race with that horrid dog!

Up he sprang and flattened his sides in flying leaps across the flats. What fun to dodge and see that clumsy beast go bounding past! What fun to zigzag forward and back—forward and back, and make the dog lose his trail! BOW-WOW-WOW-WOW! Here he was back again on the trail. But Stamp was growing tired. Should he side-leap and spring for the old stump? There the wind would carry away his scent. Or should he try the barb-wire fence? Straight for the barbs he made. With a spring he was through the fence and away. The bark changed to a hoarse yelp. Stamp's breath was coming in hard gasps. He did not pause until he reached the stump. With one great bound he landed on the top.

There he rested. What a splendid race! What fun to be swift and free! But what was that? Up went his long ears, one bent forward, the other back. Must he flee again from that horrid, tiresome beast?

It was only the dog trudging, trudging home across the snow. If a hare could smile, Stamp would have smiled.

GRACE FRASER MALKIN

THE STORY OF A BUTTERFLY

I. The Caterpillar on the Milkweed

Cousin Fred was coming from the city and Billy and Elsie and Nan sat on the river bank near the wharf waiting for his bus. It was due any minute now.

"Would you like to live in the city, Billy?" asked Nan.

"What nonsense!" said Billy. "City boys don't know anything." He picked up a smooth, round stone on the bank. Whiz! It skipped and hopped across the water.

Just then the bus rattled over the bridge and came to a noisy halt before the station. Fred waved a hand from the back seat, and smiled at them as he waited for the crowd to get out.

The four children had little to say as they walked away from the wharf. Over the hill they went and down again in the hollow. There the milkweed grew, standing straight and tall like soldiers on parade.

Fred reached out to grab a milkweed, but drew back quickly. "Ugh! A worm!" he said. "Somebody step on it."

"Where?" asked Elsie. "Show me."

"There, on that milkweed." He pointed and squirmed.

And there lay a worm as long and as round as your little finger. It had black and yellow stripes circling its body, and two black horns waving in the air.

"Hurry up! Kill it!" said Fred, anxious to bolt away.

"Sit down, everybody," Billy ordered. "Let's talk about this."

And they sat all in a circle in the milkweed.

"The mother of that worm is a butterfly," said Billy. "A queen of butterflies, the Monarch! She's all copper red with black bands and white dots. She's beautiful, as a queen should be, and strong, too. She flew hundreds of miles, to lay her eggs on that milkweed. You wouldn't have known that worm when he hatched out, a wee little black and white thing. But he can eat. How he can eat! Look at him now!"

All eyes followed Billy's pointing finger. Sure enough, the milkweed caterpillar was ripping along the edge of the leaf at a great rate. Elsie drew so close that her fuzzy hair tickled his feelers, and he lashed them about furiously.

"See his jaws work," she cried. "Just look how furiously he pulls the leaf off."

"He won't eat much more," said Billy. "He's full grown. I think by tomorrow night he'll hang himself up."

"Hang himself up!" exclaimed Fred. "What do you mean?" His eager young voice was full of surprise.

Billy's eyes danced. "Fred, take him home. I dare you!"

Fred looked undecided.

"All right," said Fred. "I will."

"Good for you!" said Billy. "If you watch it, you'll never feel the same about worms again. Prepare for a surprise."

That night Billy dug up the milkweed, root and all, and packed it in a box. "When you get home, Fred," he said, "stand the milkweed up, and pack the earth around it. The worm won't crawl away. It'll stay on the plant."

"Thank you very much. Good-bye, everybody! I've had a jolly day."

II. The Caterpillar in Fred's Room

Mother was out when Fred arrived, and no questions were asked. Up in his bedroom he did as Billy had told him and then stood back to watch. The worm began to travel, at a slower rate, up and down the stem. At last it rested, lying sprawled along the underside of a leaf.

"You are a strange fellow," said Fred. "But I really don't like you, no matter what Billy says."

The worm was the first thought to enter Fred's mind when he wakened the next morning.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes, looked—then rubbed again. Yes—it was true—the worm had hung himself up—just as Billy had said. There he hung, head downward, curved like a cane, perfectly still. It was all quite a mystery to him.

"Well," said Fred, "can you beat it?"

He jumped out of bed and ran to look more closely. Under the leaf the worm had spun a little silken web from which it hung, and though Fred watched for a long time, it made no attempt to move.

Sometimes during the morning he laughed when he thought of his strange room-mate. At noon he found it just as he had left it, but by four o'clock it was making queer movements. "He's praying," thought Fred, as he watched the caterpillar bow its head toward its front feet. Over and over again it bowed, and then, under the skin, the muscles began to work back and forth. The gay black and yellow coat began to fade slightly. The feelers looked dead. "O dear!" thought Fred. "He's sick."

Then suddenly the skin cracked up the back, and fell off.

III. The Chrysalis Awakes

"What a strange-looking thing!" said Fred. Every minute it changed under his eyes. The caterpillar rings began to vanish. The jelly-like mass began to harden. At the bottom, Fred could see the light shining through, as through still green water. And there hung a jewel of pale and delicate green!

"Mother!" called Fred. "Come here! Hurry!"

"What's the matter?" asked Mother, quickly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, when Fred pointed out the jewel. "How lovely! What is it?"

"It was a black and yellow caterpillar yesterday," said Fred. "Billy dared me to bring it home and watch it. In ten or twelve days it will be a butterfly—Billy says so. Only yesterday it spun its web! Mother, can it really change like that?"

"I don't know," said Mother. "But we'll watch and see."

Each day at noon and after four Fred would romp home and hurry upstairs to see the chrysalis. After a few days it seemed to grow darker. The green was fading out a little more every day.

"Look," said Fred on the tenth day as Mother came in. "You can see the butterfly through the case."

"Why, so you can!" exclaimed Mother. "It must be almost ready to come out. How wonderful!"

Fred had a little talk with his chrysalis that night.

"Please don't come out while I'm asleep," he begged. "Promise me you won't, because I shall be sorry if you do."

Perhaps the butterfly heard, for in the morning it was still there, its wings glowing darkly red through its clear house.

After breakfast Fred went up to take one last look before leaving for school.

"MOTHER!" he shouted. "IT'S OUT!"

IV. The Butterfly Miracle

The velvety black legs clung tightly to the empty case. The copper wings hung limply.

"Poor butterfly," said Mother. "It's weak like all new-born things."

Fred said not a word, just looked and looked.

The wings began to move slowly. You could see them growing, gaining strength each minute. After a long time, it seemed to Fred, the butterfly took one step up to the leaf.

"You'll keep an eye on it for me, won't you, Mother?" said Fred. "I shall have to go, or I shall be late."

"I will," promised Mother. "Don't fret about it."

Mother did, but really the butterfly needed no watching. It just clung to the leaf and closed and opened its satin wings. The sun crept round and streamed into Fred's room. Perhaps the butterfly felt the warmth, perhaps the light attracted it. When Fred came home in the evening, it had flown, and was resting on the

window-sill preparing for flight. Mother and Fred watched it.

"It's strong now," said Fred. "It can fly. Shall we let it go?"

"Yes," said Mother, "it's ready for flight."

So Fred lifted the sash. The gorgeous wings fluttered—lifted—and with the easy drifting movement of the monarch, the butterfly sailed off into the sunset. A sunbeam caught it and made of it a flame of fire against the evening sky.

GRACE FRASER MALKIN

THE GRIZZLY BEAR

[Jean and Bob Scott are two of Canada's luckiest children. (Jean is ten years old and Bob is eight.) When their parents left Ottawa for Europe they went to live with their old friend and neighbour, Mr. Melton. Their parents agreed to let Mr. Melton take Jean and Bob on some of his field trips to parts of Canada photographing animals and birds. It is a wonderful year for them. Let us listen in and hear about a part of one of their interesting trips.

PLACE: *Western Mountains.*

TIME: *Spring.*

PETE (*a guide*): Speaking of grizzlies, we'll have to move very carefully and quietly from now on. . . . We're getting into grizzly country. If we make too much noise, we'll scare them all away.

MELTON (*in a soft voice*): You see, children, the grizzly bear's only safety against the guns of the hunters is to hide himself far away in the wild places. That is why these bears are so hard to find nowadays. They are becoming wilder and more afraid of man all the time. . . .

JEAN: Do people hunt them?

MELTON: Yes. Sometimes the grizzly bear kills horses and cattle belonging to ranchers and gets himself very much disliked. When that happens, the ranchers usually go out after the grizzly.

BOB: Can grizzlies kill *horses*, Mr. Melton?

MELTON: There's nothing living in this country that a grizzly *can't* kill and carry away—not even a moose. When the wild buffalo roamed the western ranges, the grizzly used to hunt *them*. A full-grown grizzly could drag away a buffalo weighing nearly one thousand pounds.

BOB (*in an excited whisper*): Sh-h! Quiet, everybody. Look down there to the left!

MELTON: What is it, Bob? What do you see?

BOB: It's a bear, Mr. Melton! Look! See him sniffing at that tree?

PETE (*softly*): Well, well! It is a grizzly!

MELTON (*softly*): So it is! You've sharp eyes, Bob! The wind's just right, too! I should be able to get a real good picture!

JEAN: Why do you say the wind's right, Mr. Melton?

MELTON: Well, you see, Jean, the wind's blowing *from* his direction towards us, so he won't be able to smell us. If we keep still, he won't

be able to *see* us either and I can get a good photograph of him.

JEAN (*shuddering*): He looks almost *too* close!

BOB: Look, Mr. Melton! He's standing up on his hind legs and stretching one front paw up as far as it will go. . . . Now he's hitting the tree! Why does he do that?

JEAN: To sharpen his claws.

PETE: No, I don't think so, Jean. My idea is he's writing a challenge on the tree.

BOB: A challenge?

PETE: Yes. He makes a mark with his huge front claws as high up on the tree as he can reach, to show that this hunting range belongs to him. If another grizzly should come along, he would stand up on *his* hind legs to see if he could reach higher than the first bear. If he couldn't, then he would probably go away somewhere. *But* if he found he could mark the tree farther up than bear number one, then he might stay here and sooner or later two bears would have a terrible fight.

BOB: And whoever won would stay here?

PETE: That's right, Bob. The loser, if he were still alive, would go away to a new range.

JEAN: He looks so angry! Look how he waddles along, shaking his head from side to side!

MELTON: He is looking for mice in the grass, Jean.

BOB: Does he eat *little* things, too, as well as big animals?

MELTON: Like all bears, Bob, he eats almost anything — insects, berries, wild plums — even grass.

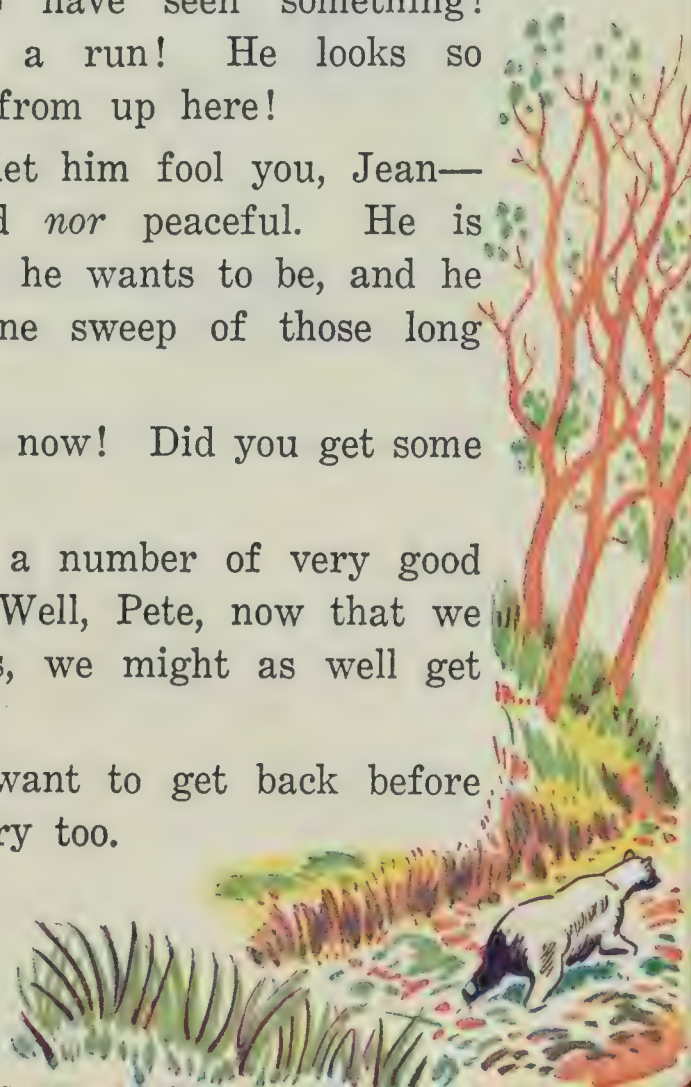
JEAN: He seems to have seen something! There he goes off at a run! He looks so awkward and peaceful from up here!

PETE: Well, do not let him fool you, Jean— he is neither awkward *nor* peaceful. He is quick as lightning when he wants to be, and he can kill a cow with one sweep of those long front claws!

BOB: Oh, he has gone now! Did you get some pictures, Mr. Melton?

MELTON: Yes, I got a number of very good photographs, Bob. . . . Well, Pete, now that we have taken our pictures, we might as well get back to camp, eh?

PETE: Yes. If we want to get back before dark, we'll have to hurry too.



MELTON: Now, children, I think we have had enough excitement for one day—are you ready to go back?

BOB: Yes, Mr. Melton.

NARRATOR: And so later, after a wonderful meal around the camp fire, two little travellers and their naturalist friend went to their tents for a good night's rest.

ORLO MILLER

WAKE-UP SONG

Sun's up; wind's up! Wake up, dearies!
  Leave your coverlets white and downy.
June's come into the world this morning.
  Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

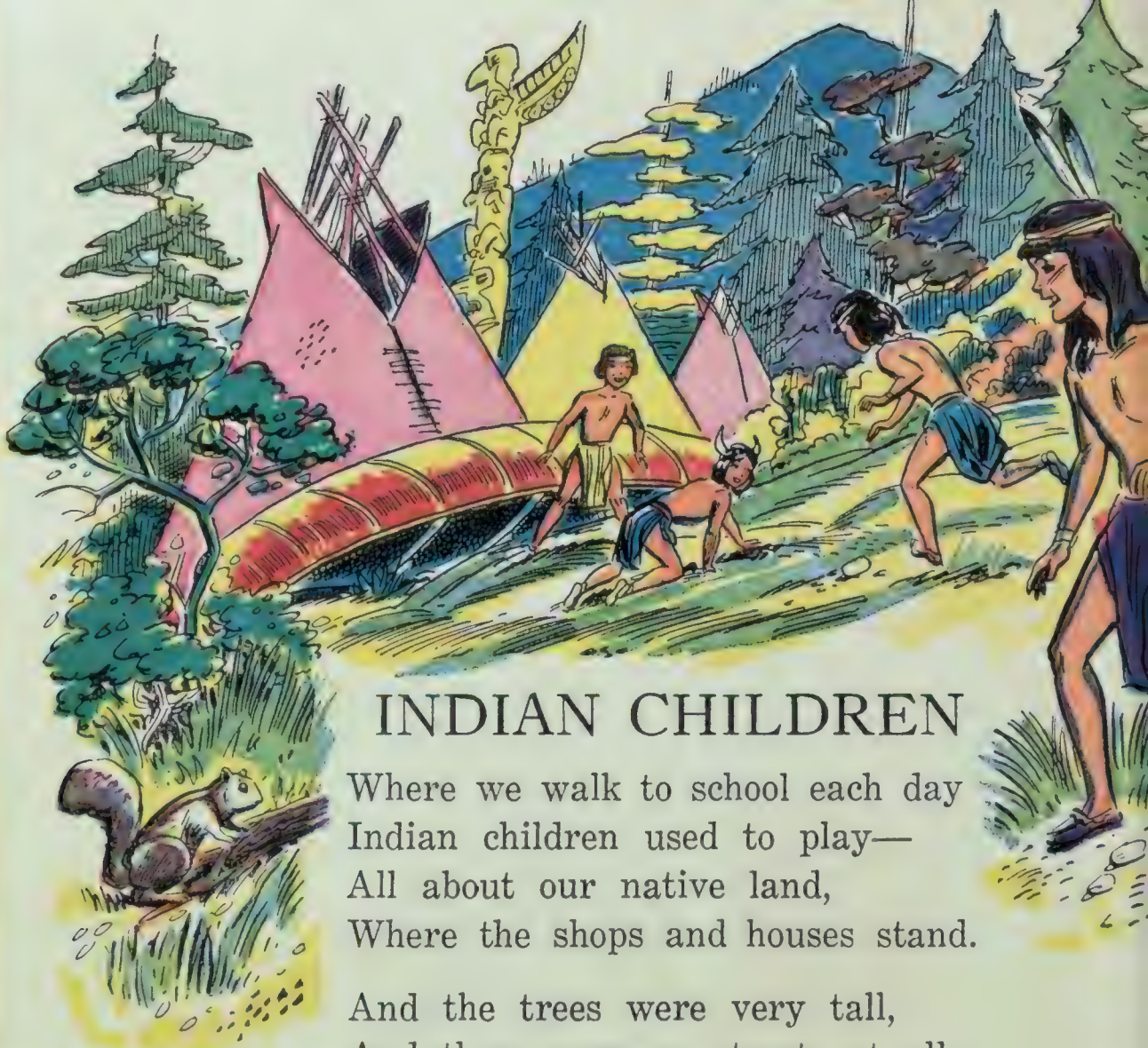
Dew on the meadow-grass, waves on the water,
  Robins in the rowan-tree wondering about you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting.
  Don't keep the bobolinks singing without you.

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
  Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks and clover,
  We've a lot to do on the first of June.

SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

PART FOUR

Stories of Other Days



INDIAN CHILDREN

Where we walk to school each day
Indian children used to play—
All about our native land,
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple—
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round.
What a different place today
Where we live and work and play!

ANNETTE WYNNE

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PIONEER DAYS IN CANADA

I. The New Home

Have you ever thought what our country was like two hundred years ago? In those far-off days the people had few of the comforts of life that we have today. There were no highways and no cars; no airports and no 'planes. There were no houses for rent, no food shops, no clothing stores. Life was difficult for the early Canadian. Yet it is through the work of the early Canadians that this country became a land of homes and a land of plenty.

The early pioneers came from lands across the seas. The MacArthurs, one of these families, left the shores of Scotland in an old sailing boat. It took them ninety days to reach Canada. Even then the hardships of their journey were not over. With only necessary food and clothing, this little family struggled on, first by rowboat, then by creaking ox-cart, into the wilds of Old Ontario. They had to ford many streams where now there are bridges. They spent many long, tiresome hours on roads that are now great paved highways.

It was late summer before the MacArthurs

chose the land for their new home. Everyone in the family began at once to build the house and gather food before the cold winter came. Father, Mother, Mary, Kate and Charles worked with a will, busy from morning to night.

Father began the hard task of clearing the land. He cut down the great trees. After choosing the best pine logs for his new home, he burned carefully the brush and leaves. One day he had a bee. The nearby settlers came with their axes, hammers and oxen to help him build the log house.

The new house had only two rooms. The roof had no shingles but long strips of bark kept out the rain. Mud plastered between the logs kept out the winds. It was a very plain house, but the MacArthurs were happy in it. They sat in front of the fireplace in the evening and sang songs or listened to stories of other days.

The furniture of an early settler's home was very simple. There were no rugs and no curtains. Father made the beds from pieces of strong board. He made the table and the chairs, too. When it was necessary, he carved axe handles and yokes for the oxen. Of course, there was the grandfather's clock, the big Bible, the set of blue dishes and the spinning-wheel. These were

all they had to remind them of their old home across the sea.

While father was busy clearing the land, mother and the girls were adding to the food supply. They dried fruits and smoked fish. Charles gathered bags of hickory nuts and butternuts. One day father found a nest of wild bees. What a treat that was! From time to time someone shot a deer, a rabbit, a partridge or a duck. Twice every week corn-meal was ground. Mother baked bread, buckwheat cakes, corn cake and wild gooseberry pies in her home-made stone oven. Before spring, the food supplies improved. Father bought a cow, four sheep and six hens. Often the food was plain but not a crumb was wasted.

When the chilling snow of winter piled itself white and deep, little Charles went to school. He had three miles to walk, but that did not keep him at home. All day he learned reading, writing, arithmetic and Bible verses. Usually it was dark when he reached home, but he knew he had to bring water from the spring, and find wood for the fire. At eight o'clock each night, after father had read the Bible and thanked God for the many blessings, a tired Charles crept off obediently to bed.

II. Work

Mother had not an idle moment. Everyone in the family needed warm garments. It was necessary for her to sit long hours at the spinning-wheel turning wool into yarn. Some of this was made into stockings and caps. Some of it was dyed butternut brown and woven into cloth for suits and dresses. Meanwhile, Mary and Kate made moccasins of deer-skin for the whole family. Thus it was that the pioneers were clothed in warm garments.

In those old days there were no matches and no lamps. Each family made its own supply of candles. For this Mary melted a great pot of sheep's fat. Cotton wicking was stretched over a small ten-inch rod. She dipped this into the hot

fat again and again until each candle became large enough. Mary made many candles from one pot of fat.

Kate was the soap-maker. All winter she saved fat and hardwood ashes. Water was added to the ashes to make a dark brown lye. The lye and fats were boiled outdoors in an iron kettle for many hours. As soon as the lye and fats thickened, Kate put it into jars. This was soft soap. The rest was boiled to make hard soap.

Syrup-making days were happy, busy ones. Everyone in the family worked at this. Father tapped the trees. The children gathered the sap. Mother strained it for boiling. All day long a great kettle full of sap hung over a hot fire. It took many pails of the sap to make a little syrup and later sugar. The early settlers had no other sugar. Charles had never tasted maple syrup or maple sugar before this. He thought it wonderful that a tree could give such fine candy.

There was little rest for the pioneers. They had willing hands and stout hearts. They worked and fought for their homes, their church and their country. Today we are free, happy Canadians because of the hard work of these early settlers.

VICKI MCNABB

HIAWATHA'S COMPANIONS

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LITTLE JONATHAN'S INDIAN TONIC

I. "The Pedlar is Coming!"

Little Jonathan Brown was a pioneer boy who lived more than a hundred years ago. He was seven years old. He had twelve brothers and sisters, and every one of them was older and bigger than Jonathan. How he longed to be big, too!

One day when Jonathan was out on the hillside hunting for wild strawberries, he heard the sound which he had been wanting to hear for several days. It was the sound of the pedlar's horn. Jonathan looked down the road, and he could see the pedlar's little cart coming along the road. Two dusty little black mules were drawing the cart, and a dusty little black dog was trotting along behind.

The pedlar was sitting high on the seat of his cart. He was a little man and he smoked a little black pipe. His name was Ty Napp. Everything about the pedlar was little except his big loud voice and the big fat satchels and bags and boxes which he carried in his cart.

Jonathan left the strawberries and went hurrying to the house.

"The pedlar is coming! The pedlar is coming!" he called all over the house. He knew his mother and sisters would be glad to see Ty Napp (the pedlar).

In those days the pioneer pedlar was an important person. He was just like a travelling department store. In his bags and satchels and boxes he had nearly everything which a pioneer family could want. Three or four times a year the pedlar stopped at each house. It was always a great day when he came.

Jonathan's sisters and mother came running from here and there all over the house.

Jonathan did not say very much, but he had many thoughts. Jonathan had real money to spend this time. He had his twenty-five-cent piece which the steamboat captain had given him. That was the most money Jonathan had ever had in all his life at one time.

Ty Napp came up to the big grey stone house and his mules stood still. The little dog sat down behind the cart and hung out his tongue. Ty Napp came to the door with a smile on his face. He knew he would sell many things to the Brown family. Also, the Browns would serve some of

their marvellous apple pie. They would exchange news and have a gay time.

He brought in his satchels, two at a time, and opened them for the family to see. Everybody crowded around looking at the combs, the ribbons, the buttons, the sweet-smelling soap, the marbles, the cinnamon candies, dyed cloth, and the other treasures in the pedlar's satchels.

At last Jonathan saw what he wanted most of all. It was a bottle of medicine called Indian Tonic. It was in a big square bottle, and there was an interesting picture on the bottle. It showed how a man looked before taking the medicine, and how he looked after taking it. The man in the picture looked much better and bigger after taking the medicine than he looked before taking it. He was almost three times as big and he was holding a big ox in his arms just as Jonathan would hold a kitten.

"Is that medicine good for everybody?" asked Jonathan, and Ty Napp answered in his big, roaring voice, "It is good for man and beast!"

Little Jonathan wondered, as he eyed the label, "Does it really make people so big and strong?"

Again Ty Napp answered in his loud voice, "You can see by the picture. Just look at that picture on the label and you will see what

wonderful medicine Indian Tonic is. Nothing can compare with it."

Jonathan asked the price of the bottle, and the pedlar told him it was fifty cents.

"Fifty cents and worth every bit of a dollar!" roared the little pedlar.

The pedlar stayed for dinner, and after dinner Jonathan whispered to him.

"I have a twenty-five-cent piece and a penny. Do you have a smaller bottle of Indian Tonic?"

"No, but there is a bargain price on that big bottle this afternoon," kind-hearted Ty Napp told Jonathan. "For this afternoon only, that big bottle is twenty-five cents and a penny."

When nobody was looking, Jonathan gave the pedlar his twenty-five-cent piece and his penny, and Ty Napp gave him the big bottle of Indian Tonic. "I expect you will be the biggest one in the family when I come back this way," he said, winking at little Jonathan.

Jonathan took the medicine out and put it in the barn where his sisters would not see it.

"Tomorrow I will begin taking the tonic," he planned.

He thought how surprised all his family would be when he suddenly grew so big. He wondered what his sisters would say when he came carrying one of the oxen up to the house. Funny thing! He had forgotten that good medicine sometimes has a very bad taste. Every day he went out to take some of the tonic, and every day it smelled and tasted just the same. It was very, very bad. Every day he said, "Tomorrow I will begin taking the tonic." But every time he smelled it he changed his mind.

II. The Sick Horse

Day after day went by. Jonathan's family began getting ready to go to the big camp meeting to be held in Maple Grove. The camp meeting

was really a church meeting, but it seemed like a picnic. All the people came to Maple Grove and stayed for two or three days. They brought food and blankets and camped in the grove. They also sang and listened to sermons.

The night before camp meeting the preacher came to Jonathan's house, riding his old white horse, Methuselah. The old horse seemed more slow and tired than usual. Now and then he sneezed or coughed. He was clearly in distress.

"I am afraid Methuselah is not well," said the preacher, looking worried. "He seems to have a cold in his head."

"Maybe he will be better after a good night's sleep," said Jonathan's mother.

Methuselah did not get better in the night. When morning came and it was time to start to the camp meeting, the horse did not want to go. He stood in the barn, sneezing and coughing, and looked in great distress.

"Something must be done for Methuselah," said the preacher. "I cannot ride him to the camp meeting when he is so sick. I could not preach a good sermon if I left him behind."

"I do wish we had bought a bottle of horse medicine from Ty Napp when he was here," said Jonathan's father.

They rubbed liniment on old Methuselah, and offered him hot mash and catnip tea to drink. But Methuselah only coughed and looked sadder and sicker than ever, and let his ears droop.

Suddenly Jonathan remembered his bottle of Indian Tonic. It reminded him of the things that Ty Napp had told him about the medicine. He got the big brown bottle from its hiding place in old Jennie's stall, and gave it to his big brothers. "Try some of this for Methuselah," he said.

The Brown brothers were so glad to see the medicine that they did not ask Jonathan where he got it. They opened old Methuselah's mouth and poured the medicine down his throat.

"Poor old Methuselah," thought Jonathan, who remembered the taste and smell of the Indian Tonic.

Methuselah did not want to take the tonic. He shook his head and tried to spit it out, but Jonathan's big brothers held his head and poured lots of the medicine down his throat. A change came over Methuselah. He stopped looking sad. His eyes began to sparkle in a happy way. He tossed his head and snorted.

"Methuselah thinks he is a colt again!" said Jeremiah, surprised.

Methuselah pawed at the ground with his foot. He seemed in a hurry to go. The big brothers led him out of the barn to the front of the house, where the preacher was waiting. He pranced and danced. The preacher looked surprised.

"What has come over Methuselah?" he asked. "He has not acted so lively since he was a colt." Jeremiah told about the medicine, and the preacher said that it must be very good medicine.

"I will take it with me to the camp meeting," he said. "Methuselah may need some more of it soon."

"Do you think Methuselah looks any bigger than he did?" Jonathan asked the preacher.

"Methuselah stopped growing many years ago," said the preacher. He smiled kindly at Jonathan. "Certainly, he looks very much stronger. I shall never forget what your brothers have done for Methuselah!"

All the Brown family and the preacher went to the camp meeting. The preacher rode ahead because Methuselah was feeling so young and gay that he wanted to prance and gallop.

Later they were talking about the delicious food, the songs and the sermons.

"It is the finest camp meeting yet," they said.

Jonathan felt proud and happy to hear these words. "It is a good thing I had that Indian Tonic," he said to himself.

MIRIAM E. MASON
From *Little Jonathan.*

DAVID AND GOLIATH

THE PHILISTINES stood on a mountain on the one side, and the men of Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. He had an helmet of brass upon his head, and was armed with a coat of mail; the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron. One bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel: "Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I kill him, then shall ye be our servants."

When Saul and the men of Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of Jesse, who had eight sons. David was the youngest. The three eldest were with Saul, but David fed his father's sheep.

And Jesse said unto David his son: "Take now this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren."

Then David rose up early in the morning, and took the corn and went to the camp. And as he talked with his brothers, there came up the champion of the Philistines, Goliath of Gath. And all the men of Israel fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And David said to Saul: "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight him. Thou art but a youth, and he has been a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him and smote him, and took it out of his mouth, and caught him by his beard, and slew him. I slew both the lion and the bear, and this Philistine shall be as one of them. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David: "Go, and the Lord go with thee."

And David took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in his shepherd's bag, and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near the Philistine.

And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him, for he was but a youth, and ruddy and fair of face.

And the Philistine said unto David: "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the birds of the air and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David to the Philistine: "This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted and ran to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag and took out a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine so that the stone sunk into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. Then David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword and drew it out of the sheath, and cut off his head with it. Now when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled.

THE BIBLE [I Samuel 17.]

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them:

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

THE BIBLE [St. Mark 10: 13-16.]

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

CHARACTERS

ALFRED, KING OF ENGLAND

EARL ETHELRED GOOD-WIFE A MINSTREL

SCENE: *A hut. King Alfred, poorly dressed, is sitting on a stool by a charcoal fire, built around with stones. Good-Wife is standing at a table mixing dough in a wooden bowl.*

THE GOOD-WIFE (*turning the dough on to the table and kneading it*): Now if you would eat well tonight, stranger, you had best leave off dreaming there by the fire and attend to me. These are rye-cakes for the supper. Do you hear? And they must be watched while they are baking . . . (*repeating slowly and solemnly*) watched while they are baking—(*sharply*). Do you hear me?

KING ALFRED (*dreamily*): Yes, my good dame . . . washed while they are baking. . . .

GOOD-WIFE (*turning round, hands on hips, and looking at him*): Washed! Watched, I said. I declare the fellow's half asleep! Wake up, my

man, and listen to me! (*kneading dough again*). They must be watched well, for they are quick to burn . . . (*dividing the dough into four parts and making it into round cakes*). What's more, you shall be the one to watch them for me.

KING ALFRED (*still dreamily*): I. . .?

GOOD-WIFE: Yes, you . . . you might as well do that as sit dreaming over the fire all day. I have enough to do as it is. There are the pigs and the hens to feed, the beasts to see to, and many more things besides. I cannot spare the time, although I am sorry to leave my fine cakes with such a lazy fellow.

KING ALFRED: I will watch them carefully for you, good dame.

GOOD-WIFE (*going to fire and putting the cakes carefully on the top*): So be it. Now, look you, they must be brown and yet not too brown, and when one side is nicely done you must turn them, but carefully. So— [*Showing him.*

KING ALFRED: Yes . . . yes . . . it shall be done, never fear.

GOOD-WIFE: But mind this, my man, they will burn if you do not take care, for the charcoal is hot. You must never take your eyes off them a moment—never a moment, do you

hear?—or you will go hungry to bed this night, and tomorrow and the next day. We cannot waste good food in this lonely place.

KING ALFRED (*half to himself*): Ay, it is a lonely place, and savage enough and safe enough even for me.

GOOD-WIFE (*going to the door*): Look to your work now, or it will be the worse for us all. [*Exit.*

ALFRED (*resting his head on his hand, and speaking slowly, as if thinking aloud*): Ay, my

good dame, there you spoke true. I have more work to do than you think, and if it be not well done it will indeed be worse for us all. O England! . . . O my country! O my poor people, down-trodden by the bitter, false Danes, what can I, thy King, do to save thee? Here in hiding—alone—with my brave soldiers scattered—beaten—slain . . . what can I do for thee, O my down-trodden country? While there is life in me, and a brain to think and a heart to beat for thee, I will never give in . . . (*rising*). Courage. . . . Courage. . . . We will conquer these foes that come only to steal our gold and our lands, our lives and our peace. England shall be freed from these robbers. (*Sits down.*) . . . Oh, if ever I win back my crown and kingdom, I vow that the third part of my time I will give up to helping those in need—The third part of my gold shall be given to the poor—The . . .

GOOD-WIFE (*entering angrily, and rushing to the fire*): They are burnt . . . they are black. . . . I smelt them burning half-way down the path. Shame . . . shame on you, stranger! Oh, the simpleton that I was to leave them with you! . . . Oh, stupid man that you were to let them burn! Look at them. . . . Look at them. . . .

(*Shaking one in his face.*) Good-for-nothing, you would rather starve than work. . . . You would see good food burn and never trouble to lift a finger to save it. . . . A pretty fellow!

[*A knock is heard at the door.*

KING ALFRED: What was that?

GOOD-WIFE (*angrier than ever*): . . . A pretty fellow! You have eaten my food and slept under my roof for six weeks. What do you give me in return? You burn my cakes, my good rye-cakes, till they are fit for nothing but to throw to the pigs! Oh! (*Slaps him on the cheek: enter Earl Ethelred followed by Minstrel.*) Out of this house you go this very moment! . . . I will have no more to do with you and your lazy, wasteful ways. . . .

ALFRED (*interrupting*): Ah! At last! My friend, my friend, what news?

ETHELRED: Good news, my Lord!

GOOD-WIFE (*open-mouthed*): My Lord! What next, I wonder!

THE MINSTREL (*kneeling and kissing the King's hand*): Ah! your Majesty! How good it is to find thee safe and well!

GOOD-WIFE: Your Majesty! The man's mad!

KING ALFRED: The news! I pray you, if you love me, speak! I know nothing!

ETHELRED: Hubba the Dane is dead!

KING ALFRED: God be praised!

THE MINSTREL: Their Raven Standard is taken. We have it.

ETHELRED: Hubba grew too bold. Wales he invaded, leaving every town in flames. Then came he to Devon, and there he met his fate at Kenworth Castle.

THE MINSTREL: The Devon men were few but unafraid. They were bound to conquer or to die. . . .

KING ALFRED (*impatiently*): Yes, yes!

ETHELRED: By night they rushed on the enemy, and caught them sleeping. Hubba was slain, the Standard taken, and their whole army fled in fear. . . .

THE MINSTREL (*rejoicing*): 'Tis said their Raven Standard brings them fortune. Now they have lost it. I will make a song of it, O King! . . .

GOOD-WIFE (*very much frightened*): King!

THE MINSTREL: And I will sing it to thee, King, on the day when thou wilt come again to thy throne.

KING ALFRED: Ay, the tide is turned. . . . I feel it. . . . We shall conquer now. Do you, each of you, take a different path over the country and spread the news far and wide. Summon all who love England and King Alfred to come swiftly and well armed to Selwood Forest.

GOOD-WIFE: King Alfred! Burned my cakes black as cinders . . . oh, mercy . . . mercy . . . and I boxed his ears for it! . . . Woe's me! . . . Woe's me! . . .

KING ALFRED (*smiling*): This good soul hath sheltered me all these weary weeks.

GOOD-WIFE (*falling on her knees*): Mercy, mercy, Sir King!

KING ALFRED: 'Tis I who cry to you for mercy, my good dame. I burnt your cakes; but have no fear, ye shall have a gold piece for every one, and my hearty thanks for all your kindness (*raising her to her feet*). I fear my dreamy ways were not much to your liking. But come, my friends, let us go, and speedily. There is no time to be lost (*going to door*); we have each our work to do.

ETHELRED and MINSTREL (*following*): Ay, forward! Forward!

KING ALFRED: To Victory.

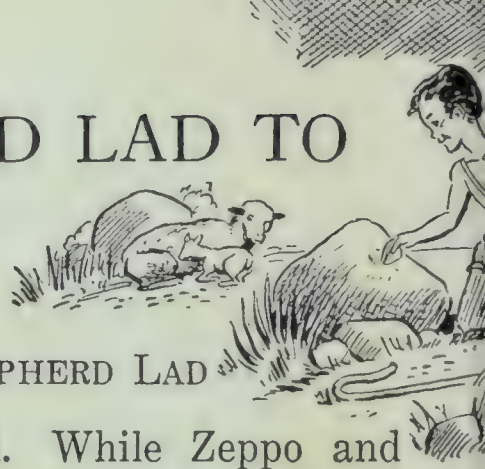
[*Exit all save Good-Wife.*

GOOD-WIFE (*at the door, watching them out of sight*): To think of it . . . to think of it . . . (*going to table*). And I never knew. . . . I never guessed (*taking up a cake*). Ay, black as a cinder . . . to think of it, and I slapped him with these very fingers . . . (*in a whisper*). Him! The King . . . our good King Alfred (*loudly*). God save him! . . . God give him victory over his enemies!

LENA DALKEITH

From *Little Plays.*

FROM SHEPHERD LAD TO ARTIST



I. Giotto, the Shepherd Lad

The sun was high overhead. While Zeppo and the sheep rested under the trees, Giotto sat close by, eating his bread and cheese. The youngest baby lamb was lying with his head in the soft down of his mother's back. Giotto reached quietly for a sharp flint to draw a picture of the tiny creature while it lay sleeping.

As he was scratching the outline carefully on a rock, Giotto was frightened by the sound of hoofs in the pathway beside him. He looked up quickly to see who was riding through the hills. Zeppo sprang up, barking loudly at the stranger on the prancing horse.

"Be still, Zeppo!" cried Giotto.

He turned and smiled at the richly dressed gentleman in a long velvet cape. "He will do no harm, sir."

"Good day, my boy."

"Good day to you, sir."

"That is a fine flock of sheep you have there. Have you brought them a long way?"

"Not far. Just over the hill."

"That is just where I am going. Do I keep to this road?"

"Yes, and straight on through the valley."

The stranger leaned from his saddle and looked closely at the outline of the lamb on the rock.

"Whose drawing is that, lad?" he asked quietly.

"It is mine, sir,—a drawing of the baby lamb of my flock."

The stranger left his saddle and stood over the rock.

"Who among these hills has taught you to draw like that, my boy? You are an artist."

"No one, sir. I only scratch into the rocks with this sharp flint." The tall stranger looked long at the small, dark-skinned shepherd boy and seated himself on the ground beside him.

"You have great power and skill in your hands, my boy. With the proper tools—brushes and a bit of pigment—what could you not do!"

"Pigment, sir?"

"Yes,—colour—as the green of the trees and blue of the sky. The druggist sells it."

"They say that the great master in the city of Florence used colour in his painting that was carried through the streets to the church."

"You have heard of it?"

"Yes. Cimabue is the great man's name."

"And what is your name, my boy?"

"They call me Giotto—Giotto di Bondone."

The richly dressed gentleman from the city smiled down at the bright-faced shepherd boy from the hills.

"Well, Giotto—I am Cimabue."

The shepherd boy was breathless with excitement. For a moment he could not speak. His eyes grew large as he looked at the master sitting on the ground beside him.

"Cimabue! You are the great painter of Florence?"

"Yes,—and in my workshop boys learn to draw. How would you like to come to live with me in the city of Florence and learn to draw, too?"

Giotto leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh, sir, I should like it more than anything else, but my father would not allow me to go."

Cimabue looked down at the small shepherd boy and nodded his head slowly.

"Yes, Giotto—you would do well, indeed. Among these hills you have learned far more than those who have worked long with me in the city."

The master painter shook the dust from his velvet garments and mounted his horse.

"Come, my boy—take me to your father and we shall see what can be done."

Giotto's mother and father were very surprised at the master painter's request. They were very pleased to send their boy to Cimabue's workshop where he was to learn to draw. For several days

Giotto was told to learn all he could by watching the other apprentices.

II. Giotto, the Artist

One morning Giotto was asked to help the oldest apprentice, Piero, who was painting the story of St. Francis. As Piero painted, he told Giotto about St. Francis. Giotto liked the story of St. Francis and sat by Piero while he painted the figure of the good monk in his long brown robe. He worked for many hours and then began to paint the animals.

"I must go to the druggist's for more pigment, Giotto, for the colour is almost gone. Take good care of everything in the shop while I am away."

After he had left, Giotto went about the large room and looked carefully at the work of the master and the boys.

He came back to Piero's panel and stood near

the brushes and pots of colour. If only he could help to paint the animals! He picked up a long brush and dipped it into the colour. Perhaps Piero would not mind if he made one small animal down in the corner where no one would notice it. He was excited and his hand trembled as he sat crouched on the floor, his face close to the panel. He must work fast to finish the mountain goat before Piero came back.

Perhaps he might even paint a lamb beside the goat for Piero was away a long time. Giotto took a fresh brush and dipped it into the last bit of dye. Now he worked faster than ever. There—it was finished! He sat on his heels and looked at his work. What would Piero say! Would he forbid him to leave the animals in the picture?

Voices sounded outside the workshop. Master Cimabue was returning with Piero and the boys!

"Well, Giotto, and how have you spent the day?"

"Piero went to get pigment and I wanted to help him paint the animals," said Giotto, sitting on the floor, still holding a brush in his hand.

"But you are not ready to paint yet," said Cimabue. "Did I not forbid you?"

"I put only the goat and sheep there in the corner, and I used the proper tools."

"You painted on Piero's panel?"

The master bent down and looked closely at the animals.

"But, my boy—this is excellent! No one in this workshop could have done so well! Most satisfactory, my boy!"

The apprentices were astonished and crowded around the panel.

"There is no harm done, Giotto. Indeed, I am pleased with your work. Now you shall begin at once to paint with me. The boys will finish the merchant's panel."

Master artists of Florence heard of Giotto's work and came to see the painting that had been done by the young shepherd boy. Never had anyone seen anything like it before. The figures in the pictures painted by the older masters did not look real. They looked as if they had been cut out and pasted flat on walls and panels. The shepherd boy's animals looked so alive that it seemed as if they could move. From now on, Giotto worked every day with Cimabue. Later he became the master story-teller in paint of all time. One of his famous paintings is called "The Flight to Egypt."

SYBIL DEUCHER AND OPAL WHEELER

Adapted from *Giotto Tended the Sheep.*

PART FIVE

Man's First Friend

THE FIRST FRIEND

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
  Pussy can climb a tree,
Or play with a silly old cork and string
  To 'muse herself, not me.
But I like Binkie my dog, because
  He knows how to behave;
So, Binkie's the same as the First Friend was
  And I am the Man in the Cave.

Pussy will play man-Friday till
  It's time to wet her paw
And make her walk on the window-sill
  (For the footprint Crusoe saw);
Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
  And scratches and won't attend.
But Binkie will play whatever I choose,
  And he is my true First Friend.

Pussy will rub my knees with her head
  Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to my bed
  Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning-light;
  So I know it is only pretend;
But Binkie, he snores at my feet all night,
  And he is my Firstest Friend!

RUDYARD KIPLING

From *Just So Stories.*

TIMOTHY IN HIS NEW HOME

I. Timothy Meets His New Friends

"Here is your new home, Timothy," said Peter, getting out of the car. He ran up the walk, calling and calling, "Grandma, Betty, Daddy, Puss! Everybody! Come and see; come and see!"

The door of the pink house opened. Out came a small thin lady with gray hair. This was Grandma. She was carrying a small fat baby with red hair. This was Betty, and she was Peter's little sister.

A tall man, wearing a blue shirt, came running from behind the house. He was carrying a hoe in his hand, for he had been working in his garden.

When he saw Peter with Timothy, he began to smile.

"This is Timothy. He is my new dog," said Peter.

Everybody laughed, but Timothy yawned and did not act excited.

"Welcome, Timothy!" said Peter's father. He patted Timothy's long brown ears. "He looks like a fine dog!"

"Welcome, Timothy," said Grandma. She patted his head. "What beautiful brown eyes!" she said.

The baby laughed and clapped her hands. "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" she laughed. She was only a baby and had never seen a puppy before.

Old Puss came walking slowly around the house. He was a very old cat and nothing surprised him. He did not look surprised to see a brown puppy jumping around on the grass.

Peter took Timothy into the house and gave him supper. He put clean water in the water bowl. He put some chopped meat mixed with spinach in the other bowl and poured some milk on top of it.

"It would not be my favourite supper," said Peter. "But that is what Mr. Maloney said to give you."

Timothy enjoyed his supper after his long travels. He ate awhile until he became sleepy. Then he took a short nap and ate some more. He kept this up until the food was all gone. Then he went to sleep again with his chin in the empty bowl.

Evening came. The red-haired baby was asleep now in her little white bed. Timothy was still asleep with his nose in his empty supper bowl.

Peter began to get sleepy, too. He yawned two or three times.

"It will soon be your bedtime," Peter's mother told him. "We must fix a place for Timothy to sleep."

Peter's father hunted around in the basement until he found a big flat basket that had once been used for sticks of wood.

Peter's mother brushed the dust from the basket. She put a pillow in the bottom of it. She folded one of the baby's old blankets and laid it on the pillow.

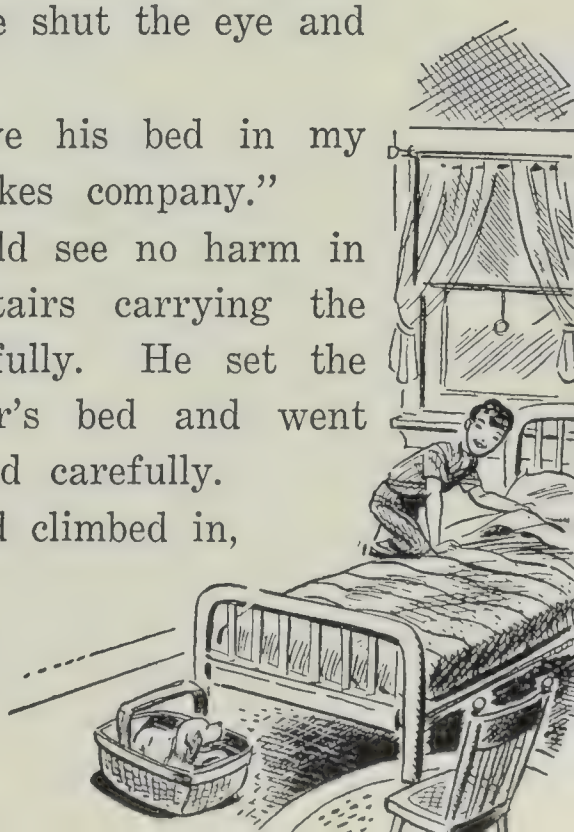
"Now Timothy's bed is ready," she said.

She picked up Timothy very carefully and put him on his bed. Timothy yawned a tiny yawn and opened one eye. Then he shut the eye and went back to sleep.

"Please, may Timothy have his bed in my room?" asked Peter. "He likes company."

His father and mother could see no harm in this. His father went upstairs carrying the basket very softly and carefully. He set the basket at the foot of Peter's bed and went downstairs, walking softly and carefully.

Peter got ready for bed and climbed in, softly and carefully.



II. Night in the Little Pink House

Night came down over the little pink house on Green Street. The lights went out. Everything was quiet. Everybody was asleep.

Timothy dreamed he was back in the pet shop, curled up with his mother and all his brothers and sisters. He pushed a little. His nose bumped against the side of the basket.

He opened his eyes quickly. Where was his mother? Where were all his warm, pushing little brothers and sisters? He was all by himself in a strange dark place. He sat up and looked for them in vain. Then he began to cry. Each cry was a little louder. He was very lonely.

Peter sat up in bed. He had dreamed there was a fire and the fire siren was blowing.

"It is not the fire siren. It is only Timothy," he thought after a moment.

He got out of bed and went to Timothy's basket. He gathered the lonely little puppy into his arms. "There, there!" said Peter. "Do not cry. You will waken Betty." Timothy licked Peter's ear and stopped crying. He shut his eyes and went to sleep. Peter laid him down again and went back to bed, walking on tiptoe.

"A puppy is no trouble," said Peter. He lay down again. Just then the sad moans started

up once more. They kept getting louder and louder. Again Peter went back and talked to Timothy. Again Timothy went to sleep. But no sooner had Peter got into bed than Timothy began to whimper for his company again!

Soon a light came on. Peter's father came in. He brought a bowl of water for Timothy. Timothy stopped crying. He drank some of the water and was ready to play. "He will be all right now," said Peter's father. He turned off the light and went back to bed. Peter went back to bed too.

Timothy began to cry again. Grandma came into the room. She brought a graham cracker as a special treat for Timothy. Timothy stopped crying and played with the graham cracker. "He will be all right now," said Grandma. She turned off the light and went back to bed. Peter went back to bed, too.

Timothy wakened and began to whimper. Soon another voice answered him. It was Betty.

Several lights went on. Peter's mother came into the room. She had the book which told how to take proper care of dogs. She looked through the book to find what could be the matter with Timothy. The book told what to do for fleas, colds, stomach-ache, and many other things, but it did not say anything at all about a cry-baby dog. "Timothy may be cold," said Peter's

mother. She filled Betty's hot water bottle with hot water and put it in Timothy's bed. Then she turned out the light and went away.

Suddenly Peter remembered about the time he had gone to visit his cousins in the country. He thought of the strange feeling he had the first night in a strange place away from his family. Peter got out of bed, softly and carefully. He picked up Timothy in his arms. Then he got back into bed. Timothy curled against his shoulder.

All the lights went off. Everything was quiet. Peter went to sleep.

Timothy went to sleep and stayed asleep, curled up against Peter's shoulder.

III. The Next Morning

The next morning they all talked about what had happened, and each one had a different idea.

"If he ever cries again, give him a drink of water," said Peter's father.

"Something to eat will make him stop crying," said Grandma.

"I am sure he was cold," said Peter's mother.

Peter did not say a word. But he was sure that Timothy would not cry any more at night!

Miriam E. Mason

From *Timothy Has Ideas.*

LEMONADE SANDY

SANDY WAS YELLOW. His small ears hung down most of the time, but they stood up sharply when you spoke to him. His hair was stiff and wiry, and grew so thick around his face and eyes that it looked like whiskers. No one could tell exactly what kind of dog he was. The first time Mr. Tolman saw him, he said, "He looks like a Scotchman. You should call him Sandy." That is how he got his name.

No one knew where he lived. Don Furber found him on the doorstep one morning. When Don came out, the dog wagged his stumpy tail and looked up, as if to say, "Good morning! This is a fine day. What shall we do?" All day long they played together—Don and the stray dog and the other children in the street.

At noon they gave him a bone with plenty of meat on it, and he ate it quietly and thankfully, like a gentleman. He followed Don home that night, but did not attempt to go into the house. Instead, he curled up under the lilac bush by the back door and went to sleep.

The next morning, instead of being on Don's doorstep, he was on Lewis Norton's. To Lewis,

too, the stray dog seemed to say, "Good morning! This is a fine day. What shall we do?"

That is how Sandy came to Kay Street. Sometimes he stayed at one house, sometimes at

another, but all day he ran back and forth playing with the children. Someone always fed him, an honoured guest, first at one house, then at another. To everybody on the street Sandy became a favourite.

One hot day a wagon came into the street, a wagon painted black, with iron bars across the back of it. Along the sidewalk went a man who carried a net at the end of a long pole. Sandy was sitting in front of Don Furber's house. Don and some of the other children were playing near the lilac bushes. Before Sandy knew what the man was going to do, he found the net over his head and the man's hand on his ear. He let out a frightened yelp that made the children look up, and then they all started on the run.

"What are you doing with Sandy?" they cried.

"I have to take him away," the man said. "He hasn't any collar. Nobody has paid his licence."

"How much is it?" asked Lewis, with round, frightened eyes.

"Two dollars," answered the man firmly. "It ought to have been paid on the first of May, if you wanted to keep him. Is he your dog?"

"He is our dog and everybody's favourite," they all cried together. Then Susie Harris spoke up.

"May we keep him if we pay for the licence?"

The man laughed. "Why, yes, I think so. Have you the money?"

"No," said Susie, "but I know how we can get it. Will you wait till next week?"

The man stopped to think a moment. Then he said, "Yes, I'll wait a week, if you will promise to keep him tied up."

Of course they promised, and the man drove away on the black wagon. Then Susie told of her plan—to make lemonade and sell it from a stand on the edge of the sidewalk.

An hour later there was a little table beside the lilac bush in the front yard of the Furber house. On it was a clean cloth, clean glasses and a big pail of lemonade. Don was behind it, calling, as people passed on their way home from the railway station, "Ice-cold lemonade here, fresh made, five cents a glass!"

It was very hot weather. As the people went by, mopping their faces and carrying their hats in their hands, the cold lemonade looked tempting. In a little while, too, they heard the story of Sandy.

The next day and the next it was the same. Before the end of the week the pasteboard box beside the lemonade pail had in it not only two dollars, but nearly four. Then, in a happy procession, with Sandy tugging at his rope, the children went to the town hall and paid the licence fee. After that they went to a hardware store. They paid some more money to a man who said that he would have the collar ready that day. Now, if you should see Sandy, you would find that instead of a rope around his neck there is a fine collar. On it is a shining brass plate that says: *Lemonade Sandy, Kay Street.*

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

From *Uncle Zeb and His Friends.*

OLD BEAR THE WATCHDOG

THERE WAS something coming. Something small and round. How tiresome that his eyesight was getting so bad! Well, he'd better give a warning, in any case. He barked a couple of times in his deep voice. The goats crowded together, listening, and the pigs stopped scratching their backs. They respected Old Bear all right.

He prowled around. He sat down again, still watching the road. Never in his life had he seen anything so queer! Perhaps he had better walk up and see what it was before he alarmed the farm. It might be nothing important, after all.

He curved his bushy tail over his back and trotted off. At any rate it was a person. It looked a little bit like Finn Katrine who used to come to the house sometimes, only it was much smaller. All you could see was a wide skirt which almost touched the ground. Beneath it you could see the tips of a pair of boots with thick stockings drawn over them. The rest was just a bundle of shawls with two red mittens sticking out. On the back of it was a bundle and in front there hung a red milk pail.

Old Bear stood still and stared. The queer figure stood still, too, as though uncertain. Old Bear walked slowly to the edge of the road and turned his head away. He did not want to frighten it, whatever it was. The funny little

figure took a few careful steps forward. Old Bear took a good look at it as they came face to face.

Pooh! Only a little girl wrapped up against the cold! Old Bear did not know who she was, but he was sure that he had seen that red pail before. There was no sense in barking at anyone so small. He began to smile in his own way, wagging his tail and sniffing at the milk pail. The little girl did not understand him. She took a step backward in fear and fell right down in the road. Old Bear ran to her, looked as friendly as he knew how, and smiled again with his tail. This time she understood him and picked herself up once more and smiled back.

By now it was quite clear to Old Bear that this odd little girl must have come on an errand to Hoel Farm, else why should she be trudging this way over the snow? In that case he must be polite and show her the way. He trotted on ahead towards the house, turning his head now and then just to make sure she was following him. The little girl trotted along behind.

And that is how little Sidsel Longskirt came for the first time to Hoel Farm.

HANS AANRUD

From *Sidsel Longskirt and Solve Suntrap.*

FRIEND OR FOE?

Is he Friend or is he Foe?
When my Master speaks, I'll know.

If he's Friend, I'll quiet stand,
Wag my tail, and lick his hand.

If he's Foe, I'll snarl and growl,
For he must be very foul.

If he's Friend, I'll do my best
To put paws upon his chest.

If he's Foe, I'll bare my teeth
And find out what lies beneath.

I'll accept him to the end,
If he is my Master's Friend.

If he's Foe, before I've done
I will have him on the run.

Is he Friend, or is he Foe?
Master, speak, and I shall know.

ELEANOR FARJEON

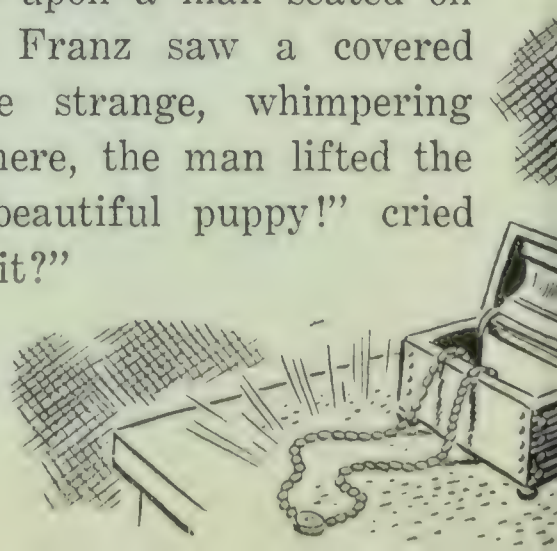
When My Master Speaks, I'll Know.

FRANZ AND PRINCE

FRANZ WAS a little Swiss boy. He lived in a tiny village with his aunt and uncle. Although he was only eight years old nearly everyone in the village knew Franz. People smiled at his bright, polite manners.

One day a prince visited the village and chanced to catch sight of the boy. "What is your name? How old are you?" he asked. The prince was very much pleased with Franz. He gave him a silver chain in memory of his visit. Franz's aunt was very proud of the present. "This is a gift from a prince, Franz," she said. "You may wear it only on special days." She put it away very carefully. Franz did not care much about a gift that had to be kept in a box.

One day Franz was taken to a fair in a nearby town. As a special favour he was allowed to wear his beautiful chain. During the afternoon Franz left his aunt for a few minutes. As he walked along, he came upon a man seated on a doorstep. Beside him Franz saw a covered basket from which came strange, whimpering sounds. As Franz stood there, the man lifted the covering. "Oh, what a beautiful puppy!" cried the boy. "What kind is it?"



"It is a Saint Bernard," answered the man, proudly. "Would you like to buy it for your companion?"

"I would, indeed," answered Franz, "but I have no money. I have nothing but this chain."

The man looked at the chain and nodded, "That

will do." He put the dog into the boy's arms to complete the bargain.

It was a very happy little boy that cuddled a fat puppy. He ran to find his aunt. To Franz's surprise she was very angry. "What a silly bargain you have made!" she cried. "Your fine chain is gone. Now you have only a poor dog that we cannot feed." Poor Franz was very unhappy. He did want the puppy. How he wished his aunt would not scold every time the dog barked! He did not intend to be mean.

Franz called his pet Prince. He spent hours brushing his coat until it shone in the sun like fine silk. He also taught him to be kind and gentle. In a few months Prince grew into a beautiful dog. He became everyone's favourite. How delighted the little boy was with his comrade! They would romp and play for hours together. Franz rolled and ruffled him, and loved to bury his face in Prince's fur. Prince always came on a gallop when Franz called.

One cold afternoon in early winter Franz and Prince set out for a nearby lodge. It was night before the two left for home. A sharp wind blew the snow into great drifts. It became very cold. Little Franz grew weary from wading through

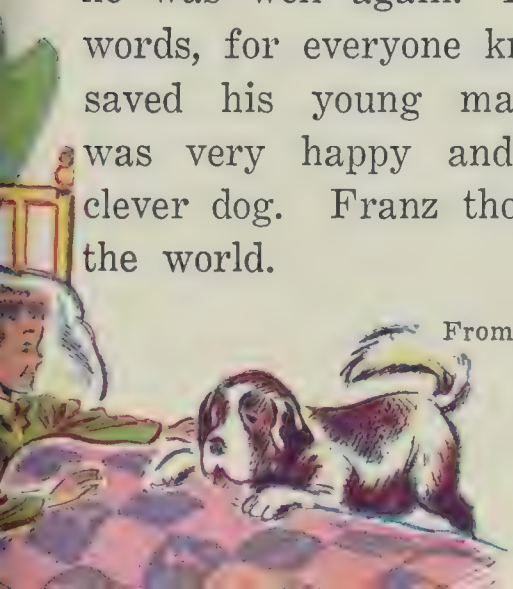
the deep snow. His hands and feet were frost-bitten. Every time Franz sat down, Prince barked as much as to say, "Come, Franz, it is not much farther!" At last too weary to go on, the little boy lay down in the soft snow. Prince seemed to know Franz's danger. Without waiting a moment, the dog dashed off for help. He knew he was his master's guard and must protect him.

As soon as he reached home, he bounded into the house barking. "Hurry! Hurry! Help! Help!" his barks said. Franz's uncle understood that something was wrong with the little boy. Quickly he followed Prince to the place where Franz lay. By this time the snow had almost covered the child. Help had come just in time.

The uncle quickly gathered the little boy in his arms. When Franz opened his eyes again he was safe and warm in his own bed. At first his hands and feet were very sore but in a few days he was well again. Prince received many kind words, for everyone knew that the good dog had saved his young master's life. Franz's aunt was very happy and thought Prince a loyal, clever dog. Franz thought him the best hero in the world.

W. J. Karr

From *Stories and Outlines for Composition.*
Adapted



WABUN—THE FAITHFUL WOLF DOG

A LONG WHILE AGO Indian tribes made their homes in the wilds of Canada. At that time in these wilds, wolves sometimes prowled very near the camps of the Redmen.

One day the hunt had been long and tiring. One of the young Indian boys lagged behind. Suddenly he was frightened by something alive on the trail before him. It was a young wolf cub which had strayed from the pack. What a

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soft coat it had! How puppy-like were its trusting eyes! The Indian boy loved the cub the moment he saw it. He hid the cub inside his skin shirt and carried it safely home. Without a word to anyone, he gave it to a mother dog and her family. The boy was delighted to find that the good dog soon mothered the baby wolf. He named him Wabun or Morning Star.

Wabun soon became a great pet. In time he was trained and went to work. No dog in the pack could carry such a load nor stand such hardships. Daily he dragged wood from the forest to the Indian lodge for winter fires. When the village moved, it was Wabun, the wolf dog, who dragged the great poles of the tepees. Soon he became known as a mighty leader among dogs and his name spread among the tribes. What a fine coat he had! How proudly he carried his beautiful tail, high over his back! Together, Wabun and his master shared each other's joys and sorrows. The Indian's dog has love for but one master, and he never forgets a kind one.

One spring the Indians wandered far across the trails of other tribes to new camping grounds. Soon they were to move south to the great rivers where they always spread the

salmon which the squaws would dry for winter food.

Just at this time a great sorrow came to Wabun's master. One night, as the whole camp lay deep in sleep, some enemy crept silently in and stole the beloved dog. How greatly his master missed him! For weeks the lost dog was trailed but all efforts to find him failed. The Indians often talked of the faithful Wabun, whom they liked to think of as a king and a chief among other dogs.

A year or so later one of the Indians went into the far north to trade furs. On his return he brought news of the wolf dog. He had seen the great Wabun in the home of a cruel young master. Wabun had become bad-tempered, snarling, half-starved, and red-eyed. His former master grew very angry when he heard the news.

After a long time, Wabun's master went into the north to trade furs. For two moons and two suns he journeyed. One day he wandered from the trail and was lost. The way grew rough and, as darkness came, he could scarcely see. His horse took fright. Suddenly he was thrown to the ground, striking his head and hurting his leg. For a long time he lay there without moving.

All around was darkness. The wind spirits sighed and sobbed in the trees. Overhead the great white loon, Mahug, screamed. Nearby, Koos-Koos-Koos, the white owl, spoke to his mate. Then in the distance another cry sounded—"Woo-o-o-o-oo." Wolves! They were coming towards the helpless Indian. He moved but could

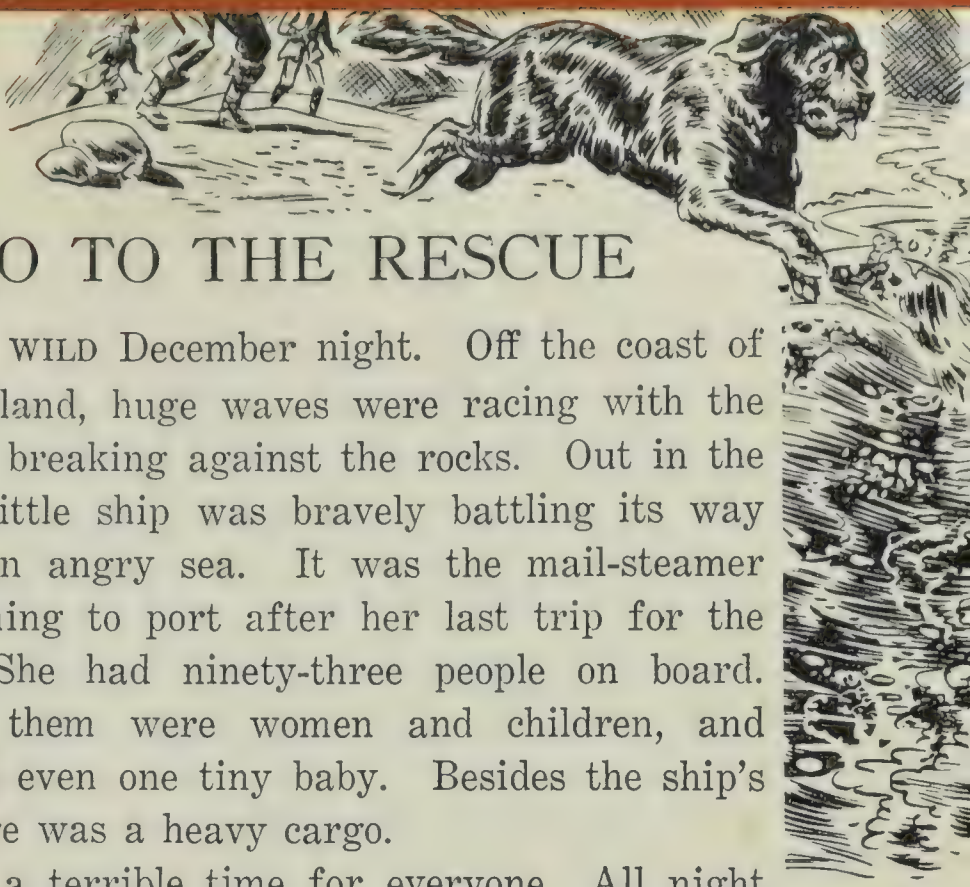
not help himself. It seemed only a moment until the pack was upon him. Leaping out of the darkness, a great wolf with glaring eyes sprang upon the Indian. Then a strange thing happened. The great leader gave a long howl—then came short, excited yelps of joy. A rough, red tongue lovingly licked the poor brave's face. Putting up a timid hand, the Indian felt about the wolf's neck. There, in the rough fur, he found the remains of an old deer-skin collar. It was he, —it was the faithful Wabun! He must have left his cruel master and gone back to the wolves.

Raising his head, Wabun snapped his jaws angrily at his followers. With a warning cry, he leaped high into the air, and ordered his followers to join him. Then, lightly touching his master, he darted swiftly into the blackness of the night and vanished.

The two companions never met again but the Indian master was happy to know that his great Wabun was free from a cruel master. He was proud, too, because Wabun had been faithful to him in his hour of need.

At sunrise the Indian brave arose and rode into the great Northland.

JEAN THOMPSON
Adapted by Vicki McNabb.



CARLO TO THE RESCUE

IT WAS A WILD December night. Off the coast of Newfoundland, huge waves were racing with the wind and breaking against the rocks. Out in the storm a little ship was bravely battling its way through an angry sea. It was the mail-steamer *Ethie* coming to port after her last trip for the season. She had ninety-three people on board. Some of them were women and children, and there was even one tiny baby. Besides the ship's crew, there was a heavy cargo.

It was a terrible time for everyone. All night long the storm raged. The wind was blowing towards the coast whose great rocks would have dashed the stoutest ship to pieces. So the captain *must* keep his boat out to sea. But how *could* he, against the strength of the storm!

All through the night, the *Ethie* fought her way against the wind. With daylight, though, came hope that the ship might find some path to safety. She was trying to edge along out of reach of the rough waves. And then, at eight o'clock, she was caught up on one of them and driven on a huge rock. There she lay, helpless, only one hundred and fifty yards from the shore!

What could be done? One hundred and fifty yards away was safety, but between rose the leaping, angry waves and the fearful rocks. No lifeboat would last a minute in those waves.

On the shore a crowd of people had gathered, eager to help. Again and again, strong fishermen tried to shove a boat out to the rescue, but each time it was tossed back on the beach. At last they had to give up *that* way. Then the little group on the beach helplessly watched the little group on the ship. Their chances of rescue seemed so very slight.

However, the ship's captain had not given up. From the top deck he shot off a rocket, hoping it would be carried to the land. But it dropped almost before it had cleared the ship. Again and again, a line was shot from the steamer, only to be swallowed up in the sea. Then the captain tied a lifebuoy to the rope, hoping it would drift ashore in the wind. Even that attempt failed!

As each rope shot from the rocket fell short of its mark, a low murmur rose from the men on the shore. It was such a short distance from the shore to the ship. Surely some way could be found to reach it!

Yes, there was one way. On the harbour was a beautiful big Newfoundland dog named Carlo.

He stood there watching every movement of the grounded ship. When the last line had been shot in vain, Carlo's master stooped down, patted the dog on the head, and pointed to the rope tossing in the sea.

"Fetch it, boy," he commanded, hoarsely.

Obediently, Carlo plunged into the icy water and started to swim towards the ship. He had

scarcely gone any distance when a great wave caught him and threw him back on the shore. He started out again, and again was swept back. It seemed impossible to fight through those giant waves. But Carlo had been given a command, and he meant to obey it. He fought his way into the waves once more, and, inch by inch, worked towards the rope. It took him an hour to swim that one hundred and fifty yards. For those sixty minutes the passengers huddled on the steamer's deck, watched him, scarcely daring to breathe. At last Carlo held the rope firmly in his strong white teeth. Then he started back. Now he was swimming with the waves, and he reached the shore in three short minutes. Panting and happy, he dropped the rope at his master's feet.

When the captain saw that a line reached shore, he fastened a strong coil of rope to the other end. This was pulled across the water and tied hard and fast to a high cliff. In this way an overhead single track was laid from the steamer to the beach. On it, the sailors changed a pilot's chair into a kind of car to carry the passengers and crew across. The very first person to leave the *Ethie* was the tiny baby! He was tucked into the little car. Then the ropes were pulled and the chair swung out over the sea.

All the watchers held their breath till the baby reached the shore. In a few minutes the car was back to the ship, ready for another passenger. One by one went the women, the children, the men, the members of the crew and, last of all, the captain. Then, from the shore, the rescuers and the rescued watched the little ship slowly break up and vanish beneath the waves with all its cargo.

The next day, papers far and wide told of the courageous Newfoundland dog who braved the Atlantic's freezing waters to save the lives of ninety-three people. An American Life Saving Society called the rescue the greatest in history, and they had a silver medal and collar made for Carlo. The mayor of the city promised that he should never want for food and shelter. The best animal doctors in the land were chosen to care for him. Carlo had become a hero. He made a trip across Canada, and even appeared in the movies. Carlo knew his greatest reward was when, with the rope from the wreck still in his teeth, his master had patted his head, saying "Good dog, Carlo."

VIOLA L. PRATT

Based on *Carlo*, a poem by E. J. Pratt.

A MESSAGE

WHEN DAD or someone else gives you a dog, you have a wonderful gift that will bring you hours of pleasure. Dogs are good companions. They love to romp and play. They are full of fun. Remember that you are the most important person in the world to them. They are always hungry for all the love you can give them. Make a pal of your dog and notice how quickly you can train him to be your companion. Never mistreat him. Play fair with him and be firm. Dogs are quick and eager to please. Their feelings are easily hurt. They look to you to keep them clean. Brush them and see that they are fed and watered. You will be rewarded by the most loyal friend any boy or girl could have.

SELECTED

PART SIX

The Bridge to Bookland

BOOKS

What worlds of wonder are our books!
As one opens them and looks,
New ideas and people rise
In our fancies and our eyes.

The room we sit in melts away,
And we find ourselves at play
With someone who, before the end,
May become our chosen friend.

Or we sail along the page
To some other land or age.
Here's our body in the chair,
But our mind is over *there.*

Each book is a magic box
Which with a touch a child unlocks.
In between their outside covers
Books hold all things for their lovers.

ELEANOR FARJEON

HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP

NOW THIS is the next tale, and it tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said "Humph!" Just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, "Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but that Humph-Thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work doubletime to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver, and an *indaba*, and a *punchayet*, and a pow-wow on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel came chewing milkweed *most* 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said "Humph!" and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic),

and he stopped to palaver and pow-wow with the Three.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "*is* it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, "that's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?"

"He says 'Humph!'" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry."

"Does he say anything else?"

"Only 'Humph!'; and he won't plough," said the Ox.

"Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute."

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the desert, and found the Camel most 'scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

"My long and bubbling friend," said the Djinn,

"what's this I hear of your doing no work, with the world so new-and-all?"

"Humph!" said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his own reflection in the pool of water.

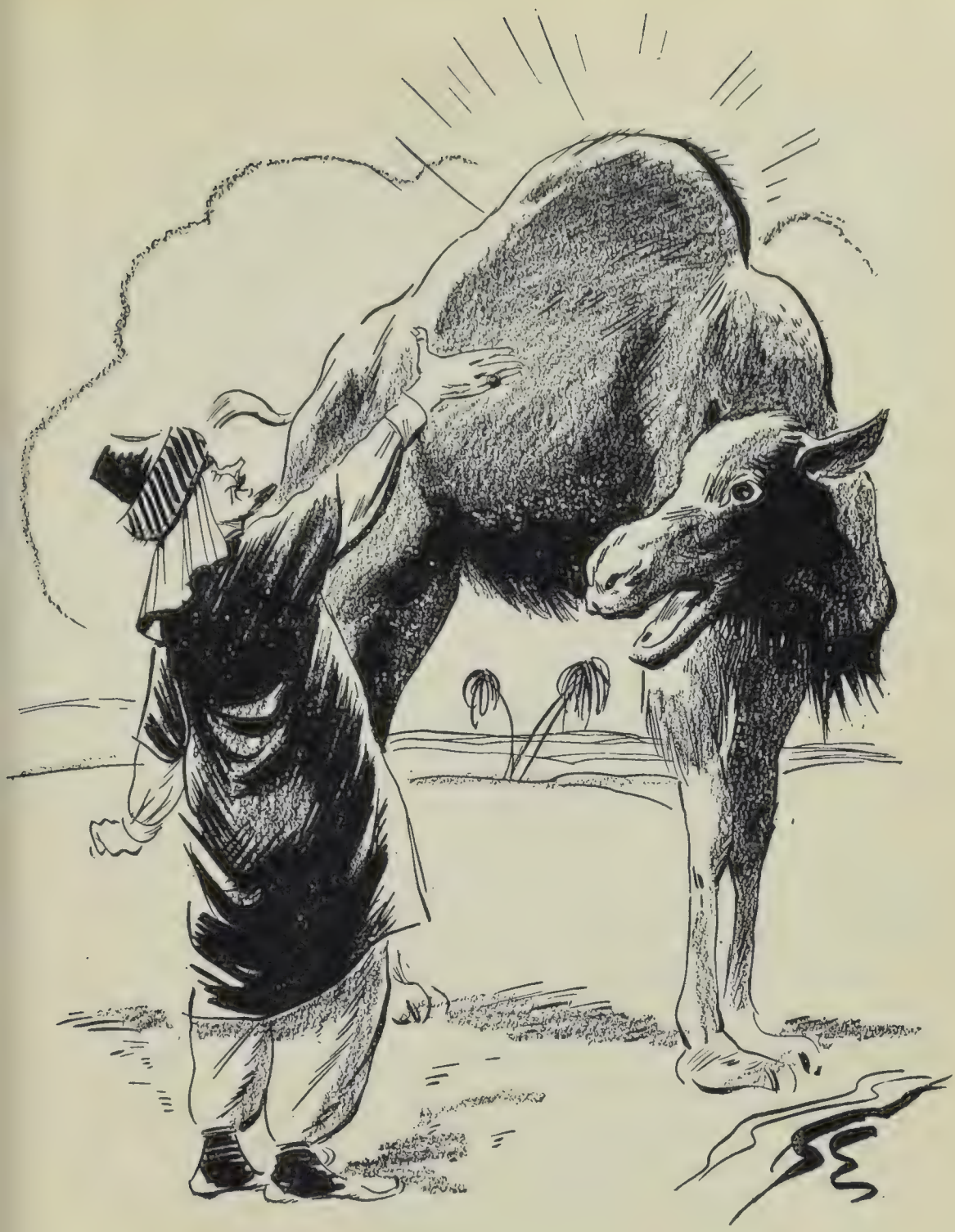
"You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness," said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

"Humph!" said the Camel.

"I shouldn't say that again if I were you," said the Djinn; "you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want you to work."

And the Camel said "Humph!" again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping humph.

"Do you see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. Today is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work."



"How can I," said the Camel, "with this humph on my back?"

"That's made a-purpose," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph. and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!"

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (we call it "hump" now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
  Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
  From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
    We get the hump—
    Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue.

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
  And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
  At our bath and our boots and our toys.

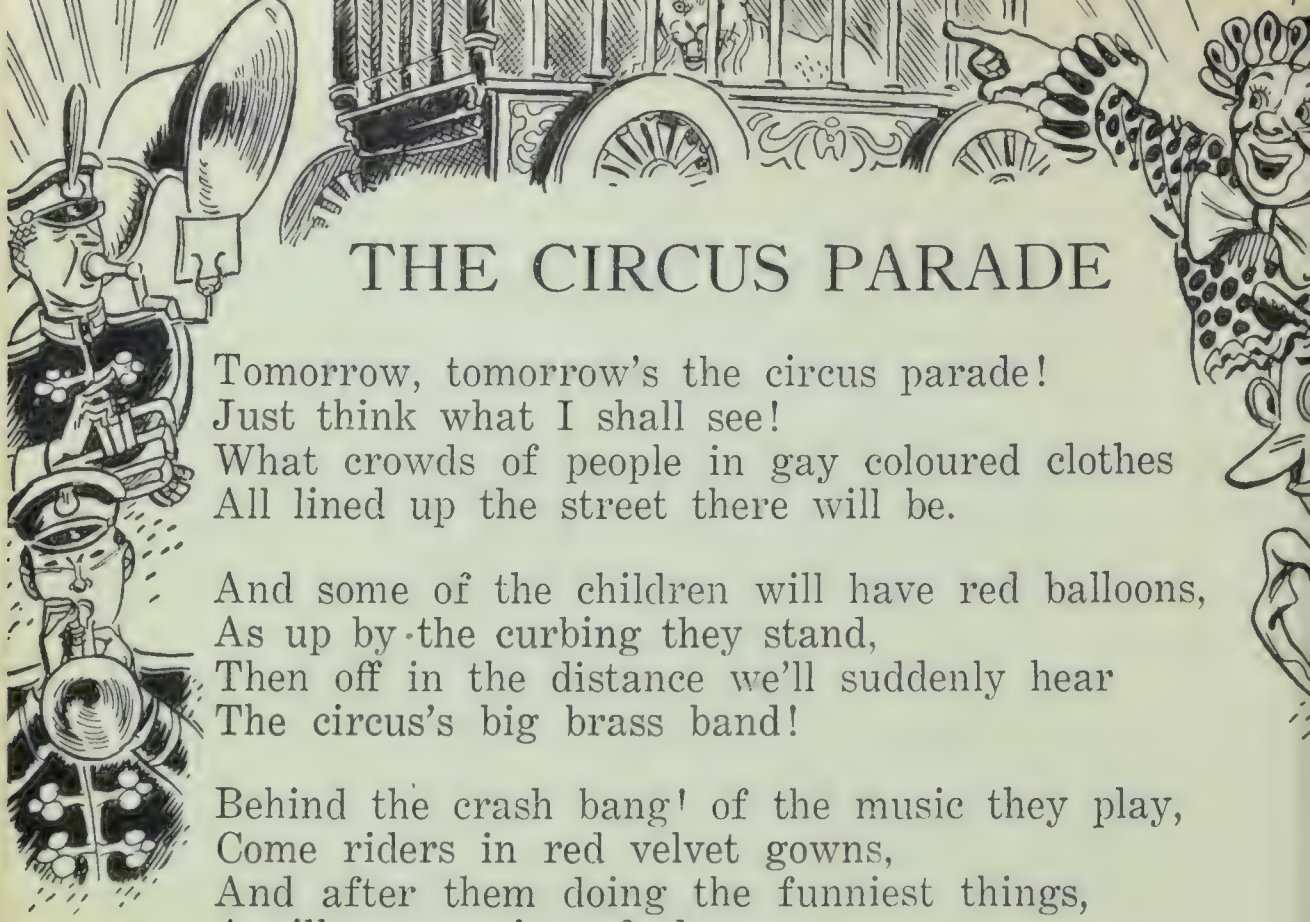
And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
    When we get the hump—
    Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue.

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
  Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
  And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
    Have lifted the hump—
    The horrible hump—
The hump that is black and blue.

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo—
    We all get hump—
    Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

RUDYARD KIPLING
From *The Just So Stories.*



THE CIRCUS PARADE

Tomorrow, tomorrow's the circus parade!
Just think what I shall see!
What crowds of people in gay coloured clothes
All lined up the street there will be.

And some of the children will have red balloons,
As up by the curbing they stand,
Then off in the distance we'll suddenly hear
The circus's big brass band!

Behind the crash bang! of the music they play,
Come riders in red velvet gowns,
And after them doing the funniest things,
A silly procession of clowns.

Then lions and tigers that pace up and down,
In wagons all painted with gold,
And monkeys a-playing just all kinds of tricks,
As they grimace and chatter and scold.

Oh, next there come camels and elephants too,
With men on their backs astride,
And queer little ponies, no bigger than dogs,
And a donkey perhaps beside.

And then there come chariots rumbling by
With horses all four in a row;
And the wheezing, old calliope is
The very tail end of the show!

OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

LOST IN THE FOG

I. Gathering Lobsters

"Hurry, Hattie. We're late now." Tommy's call echoed across the harbour. He sat in the dory, anxious to make his daily visit from the port to the lobster traps. He looked towards the wharf. Hattie came running down the path, Bones galloping at her heels.

"Come on, Bones." Hattie waited for Bones to jump into the dory. Then she shoved off. She sat beside Bones in the stern. Tommy rowed around the point to the buoy that marked his lobster pots. Here Hattie took the oars and managed the dory while Tommy pulled up the pots. Bones watched from his seat in the stern.

Tommy's hands were chilled by the wind and water. It was not easy work pulling up the traps, but he needed the money to go to school.

The first trap was empty, and Tommy lowered it into the water again. Hattie rowed to the next pot. Tommy took the lobsters out of the trap. He tossed three small crabs on a rock. He put more bait in the trap and put it over the side of the boat. It sank slowly to the bottom. The third pot held a fine lobster, and so did the fourth. The

fifth and sixth pots held lobsters, too, but there were several small ones which Tommy discarded.

The stern of the dory drifted on the flat surface of the Horsehead Rock. While Tommy and Hattie were baiting the lobster pot, Bones decided to see what was on the other side of the rock. He jumped out of the dory. A puff of wind blew a mist over the water which settled over the rock and the boat.

"Tommy!" said Hattie. "Look at the fog rolling in. We'd better go back. I can scarcely see the buoy."

"It is coming fast," exclaimed Tommy, as he lowered the lobster pot into the water. He picked up the oars and shoved off. "Can't see shore now.

We must hurry." Neither Hattie nor Tommy had been caught out in a fog before.

Hattie sat in the stern and directed Tommy. Horsehead Rock could not be seen in the heavy mist. "We ought to see the end of the point pretty soon." Hattie peered ahead, trying to catch its outline through the deep gloom.

II. An Adventure for Bones

"Ooooooooooooo, woof-woof-woof."

"What's that?" Tommy stopped rowing. Hattie looked quickly around the dory. She peered under the seat. "Tommy," she cried, "it's Bones. He isn't here. He must have jumped out on Horsehead Rock."

"We can't leave Bones, Tommy. The tide's coming in and he'll be drowned." Tommy swung the dory around and headed back into the fog. The tide slapped the nose of the dory with every pull of the oars as though to say, "Turn back, turn back."

"Ooooooooooooo." The long-drawn-out wail sounded to the right. Tommy swung the dory in the direction of the howl. "Poor Bones," said Hattie. She strained her eyes to pierce the fog. Then the howl seemed to come from the left. "Oh, dear," said Hattie. "We'll never find him."

"Ooooooooooooooooo." Tommy swung to the left and pulled harder than ever. "Here, Bones. Here, Bones," Hattie's shrill cry pierced the fog. "Hi, Bones, we're coming," shouted Hattie. There was no answer. Tommy rowed steadily in the direction from which they had heard Bones barking. Hattie looked to right and left. She could hardly see more than a boat's length through the fog and gloom.

"Oh, look out, Tommy. Stop! Back water, Tommy, or you'll run over him. He's swimming to meet us. Here, Bones." Hattie reached over the side of the dory as a very wet, but grateful dog shook his coat and barked his pleasure at being with Tommy and Hattie again.

"My! I'm glad we found him," said Tommy, taking up the oars. "We'd better start back." He rowed steadily, and the dory poked its way through the thick fog.

III. Lost in the Fog

"I can't see a thing, Tommy," said Hattie. "We ought to be quite close to that big rock at the end of the point."

"Yooo-hoooooooooooo." Hattie's voice was smothered by the fog. Their oilskins glistened, and their sou'westers dripped water. Tommy stopped rowing. No answer came to Hattie's call.

"Well, I'll row farther in. I guess I haven't gone so far as I thought." He rowed in silence. Hattie strained her eyes to see a landmark which she knew. The grey mist seemed to swallow everything. Tommy rested his oars again. He stared in all directions. He wasn't frightened, but he was puzzled. "I thought I could row home with my eyes closed," he said. Hattie shivered. "Maybe we're lost and we're not in the cove at all, Tommy. Maybe we're out to sea. Maybe we'll be run down by a steamer too." The thought made the cold shivers run up and down her spine.

"No, we're not lost." The dory drifted along. "And anyhow, no steamers ever come in this close.

I'll keep rowing. You and Bones keep your eyes open until you see something." Again Tommy picked up the oars.

"If we keep going, we'll get some place," he said, comforting her.

"Ay, we'll get some place," agreed Hattie, "but we'd better get home." Hattie put up a brave front, but she was very near tears.

"Oh, I'll get you home all right." Tommy's words were spoken as much to cheer himself as to comfort Hattie. He pulled harder than ever on the oars. Hattie and Bones huddled in the stern.

"I don't think we're getting anywhere. We're just drifting around." Hattie peered into the fog. Again cold shivers ran up and down her spine.

"Oh, sure we are," he said. "We're all right. See, the tide's coming in. All we have to do is go with it. We'll get home all right." The dory moved along! Still no sign of the coast. Nothing but fog and more fog. Hattie shivered. "I'm cold," her teeth chattered. "We're lost, Tommy." A tear rolled down Hattie's cheek.

Tommy rested the oars and dragged his hands in the water to cool his burning palms. He sighed. He had to admit to himself they were lost. Hattie was right. Things looked pretty black at the

moment. Then something brushed against his hot hands. Tommy sat up in surprise. He reached into the water and pulled out a handful of grass. One quick glance and he picked up the oars.

"Hattie," he shouted. "I know where we are. We're safe. We've missed the cove altogether. We are away around the point in the marsh back of Pophan's Beach. That's the only place around here where that grass grows." Tommy grasped the oars firmly and rowed as hard as he could. The grass grew thicker. It pushed out of the water. They were safe in the marsh.

Hattie pulled up some of the grass. Tommy was right. The tide had carried them beyond Pophan's Beach. They would soon be home. She felt like singing for joy. Bones jumped from the seat to the bottom of the dory and barked happily. In a few minutes the bottom of the dory scraped against mud and the prow ran up on the shore. Tommy jumped out and held the boat steady while Hattie and Bones got out. Hattie helped Tommy pull the dory out of reach of the water at high-tide.

"We'll leave the dory here till tomorrow," said Tommy, picking up the lobsters. "Let's go. It's getting dark. Grandma will be worried about us. Come on, Bones."

BERTA AND ELMER HADER

From *Tommy Thatcher Goes to Sea.*

HOSH-KI AT SCHOOL

(Hosh-ki, the little Navajo boy, had arrived at school for the first time. How he hated school with its rules! He was very lonely and his own desert country seemed very far away. Cheedah, another Navajo boy, had been at the school for a long time. One day at recess, he came up to Hosh-ki.)

I. Hosh-ki Learns Baseball Rules

"Hey!" said Cheedah, another Navajo boy, as soon as they were outdoors. "It's time you learned to play baseball."

Hosh-ki's eyes wandered across the grounds to where some boys were already scrambling. "What is it, this baseball?" he asked.

"It's much fun," Cheedah said. "Your legs were just made for the ball-playing games. Boys

with long nimble legs are the best. You have strong muscles, too."

"Is it a white man's game?" Hosh-ki wanted to know.

Cheedah grinned. "It was, but it's ours now. We took it. I think the Navajos play it better. They have the legs to run faster."

Hosh-ki followed the others to where the boys were playing.

"Play ball!" Cheedah shouted.

After some talk which Hosh-ki did not understand, one boy tossed a stick to another, who caught it with one hand. But the first boy seemed to want it back. The two scrambled for it a moment until the first boy got his hand on the top and kept it there. The other seemed satisfied then to let him have it.

"Cheedah!" the first boy shouted. Hosh-ki watched Cheedah run to stand beside him.

"Yazzi!" the second called out. And Yazzi got behind him.

Hosh-ki moved beside Cheedah. "What is this they do?"

"It is so they make sides," his friend explained.

Another was called, and another. "Take him," Cheedah said to the boy at the head of his row,

pointing to Hosh-ki. When Hosh-ki's name was called, Cheedah pulled him into line. It was all as strange to Hosh-ki as was the white man's language.

Before the game started, Cheedah tried to explain some of the rules. He pointed out where the pitcher, catcher and batter stood.

"It's nothing," Cheedah said. "Watch what I do. You just have to hit the ball and run like a coyote. You'll like it."

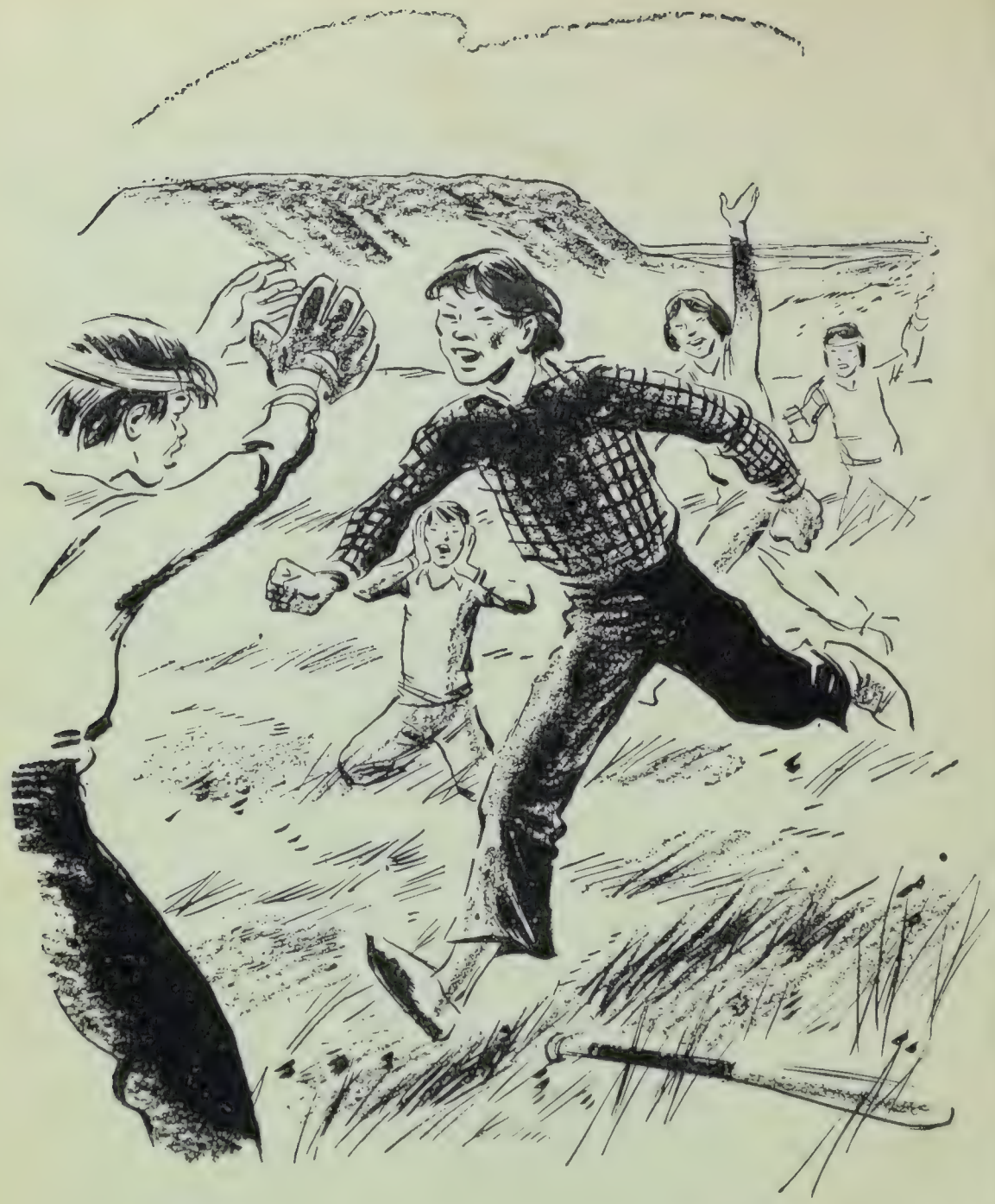
"Like the sheep against the coyotes," Cheedah said the game was. "Only sometimes a side is the sheep, sometimes the coyotes." It was all confusing to Hosh-ki. He wondered if he would ever understand as Cheedah did.

II. The Game Begins

"Play ball!" a boy shouted. Hosh-ki watched the boys who had stood in Cheedah's line gather in one place, while the others scattered about the grounds.

"Batter up!" someone yelled. Cheedah picked up the stick the two boys had been scrambling for and went over to where he told Hosh-ki the hitting-boy would stand. Yazzi was standing where he had said was the pitcher's place. Then for no reason at all, so far as Hosh-ki could see, Yazzi suddenly doubled up and drew up one knee. "Whiz-z-z!" the ball came so fast that Hosh-ki thought it would take Cheedah's head off. But Cheedah somehow realized just when it would get to the stick. Drawing his arm back, he struck hard. "Wham!" Hosh-ki, standing to the left of the boy who was catching, wondered what would have happened to the boy if Cheedah's stick had missed.

Up in the air, like an eagle, the ball went. Hosh-ki watched Cheedah drop his stick and run in the direction the ball was going, not stopping until he reached the first base. There a boy the others called Bennie was waiting for him. Bennie



was holding out both hands as though he expected the ball suddenly to drop into them.

Cheedah didn't stop to say a word to the funny-looking Bennie. Now he was running on

to second base. There a boy was jumping up and down, yelling at another who had tried to catch the ball and missed.

Now Cheedah had passed the jumping boy and was heading towards the boy who was at third base. This boy was running a few steps from the base and back, a few steps away again, then back. Cheedah and the ball almost reached third base at the same time, but the ball went high. Cheedah slid in on his side, kicking the legs from under the boy on base. The ball fell, bounced, and rolled off to one side.

Every boy who stood in Cheedah's line laughed and boasted and jumped at one time. But nobody on the other side, not even Yazzi, laughed at all. They all looked sorry, and some had wrinkles in their foreheads. Hosh-ki would ask Cheedah why that was, as soon as he came back.

III. Hosh-ki at Bat

Once more the ball got back into the hands of Yazzi. Again, Hosh-ki saw him double up, draw up his knee, and let the ball go. The boy holding the stick hadn't guessed as well as Cheedah. Hosh-ki heard a whistling noise. "Whizz!" The catcher had it.

"Strike one!" somebody behind Hosh-ki shouted.

Yazzi tried it again. He doubled up and raised his foot higher than ever. The ball and stick met again. But this time what a crack it made! Hosh-ki held his ears. The ball leaped and went back in the direction it had come from, only much higher and farther away. Hosh-ki watched the boy drop the stick and run to first base while Cheedah ran home, panting and laughing as though he knew two jokes.

All the boys crowded around Cheedah and patted him gratefully on the back, while he wiped his damp forehead on his shirt-sleeve. "You liked it, this baseball?" he asked Hosh-ki when the others had gone back to watch the boy who now had the stick.

Hosh-ki looked confused. "When do I hold the stick?" he asked.

"After him," Cheedah said, pointing to the boy who now had it.

Although Hosh-ki couldn't remember how he got there, he soon found himself on what Cheedah had told him was called the "home plate." He had the stick in his shaking hands, as firmly as he could.

There was Yazzi winding up again, as Cheedah had called it, and tighter than ever, it seemed

to Hosh-ki. "Whiz-z-z!" Hosh-ki ducked just in time to keep from getting it in the head. It was for all the world like a streak of lightning.

"Strike one!" a boy shouted.

But Cheedah ran over and put up his hand. "We won't count that. It's his first time."

Hosh-ki stood up and took a firm grasp on the stick. Again the ball came at him. He closed his eyes and struck with all his might. He heard it stop in the hand of the boy behind him. It had come directly over the centre of the plate.

"Strike two!" the boy shouted. Then he heard Cheedah, "No! Strike one. That other we don't count."

Hosh-ki tightened his grip on the stick. The ball came with terrible force. He drew back his right arm, shut his mouth tightly, and struck. The ball and the stick met. He looked all over for the ball, then he saw it was in the air. Up, up, up it was going, almost over the head of the boy on third base. He stood still, watching, the stick in his hand. Who would have thought he could have knocked a ball so far!

"Run!" he heard Cheedah yelling. Hosh-ki was ashamed to find that he had not been running, as he knew he should have been. He started

off in the direction the ball was going, his eyes trying to follow it. From behind came the shouting of many boys. He heard running feet. "No! First base first!" Cheedah shouted, panting. And grasping Hosh-ki's arm, he turned him about and they ran together towards the first base. Hosh-ki remembered the stick and let it fall.

"Go on!" "You'll make it!" All these things he heard, some in English, some in Navajo. Now the boy Bennie was jumping up and down, begging somebody to let him have the ball. He and Cheedah and the boy at the base were in a heap

on the ground. Somebody was sitting on his stomach. At last they were all untangled and on their feet again.

"Safe on first!" Cheedah shouted. Now he told Hosh-ki to put his left foot on the base place, and with his right foot reach out as near the second as possible.

Hosh-ki watched Yazzi wind himself up again. Now another boy was holding the stick. "Whang!" He had struck the ball the first time. Hosh-ki felt Cheedah whack his shoulder even before he could get started to run. His fists clenched, knuckles white, his head down, he tore on to second base. A chorus of confused shouts came to his ears.

IV. The Game Ends

Hosh-ki now kept his eyes on Yazzi. Again he threw the ball towards the bat that was now held by another boy. Hosh-ki started off towards third base, Cheedah behind him. The catching boy had the ball. Quick as lightning, Hosh-ki thought, he threw it to the boy on third base. Hosh-ki threw himself to the ground and slid to base as he had seen Cheedah do. "Safe on third!" he heard Cheedah call, as he put up three fingers. Again the sheep side shouted and

yelled. The sheep were certainly getting away from the coyotes!

Hosh-ki knew he must make one more base, the home plate, Cheedah called it. The first time the boy at bat hit the ball, Hosh-ki ran like the wind. . . . He was home! The boys on his side shouted louder than ever and crowded around him to slap his back as they had slapped Cheedah's. Hosh-ki tried hard not to let them know how happy it made him.

"Like a pony you run," one of his friends said.

"Your legs were made for the ball game," said another.

Now the noon bell rang, and the boys turned to go back to the schoolroom. "The bell, didn't it ring too soon?" Hosh-ki asked solemnly.

"The bell always rings too soon," somebody answered, and when Hosh-ki looked he saw it was Bennie, the boy on first base.

It was hard for Hosh-ki to get his mind on classroom things again. He was thinking how different he felt about the school now. It wasn't so nice as his home. Yet it wasn't so bad as he had thought it was yesterday. . . .

FLORENCE HAYES
From *Hosh-ki the Navajo.*

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields and the water, too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond;
I wish I could hop like you,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo;
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack'
The whole of the long day through.
And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea;
Please take me a ride! Oh, do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo: "I'm ready,
All in the moonlight pale;
And to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail."
So away they went with a hop and a bound;
And they hopped the whole world three times
round.
And who so happy, oh! who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

EDWARD LEAR

MR. POPPER'S PERFORMING PENGUINS

(The Popper family owned twelve penguins which gave them much pleasure during the long winter. They could do many amusing things and the Poppers and their friends liked to watch them for hours. However, their care and feeding cost so much that the Poppers had to do without many things for themselves. One day Mrs. Popper told Mr. Popper that their money was almost gone and something would have to be done. They would lose their home as well as the penguins unless he could get a job. After much worry, Mr. Popper decided that if they trained their penguins perhaps they could make some money at a theatre. For several weeks they practised in the cellar which was so cold Mrs. Popper had to wear her gloves all the time.)

I. On the Bus

"Look," said Mr. Popper at breakfast one morning. "It says in the morning paper that Mr. Greenbaum, the owner of the Palace Theatre, is in town. He has theatres all over the country. I think we had better go down and see him."

That evening the Popper family and their twelve trained penguins left the house to find the modern Palace Theatre.

The bus stopped at the corner. Before the astonished driver could complain, they had all climbed on and the bus was on its way.

"Do I pay half fare for the birds, or do they go free?" asked Mr. Popper.

"Say, mister," said the curious driver, "where do you think you're going with that procession?"

"Downtown," said Mr. Popper. "Here, let's call it fifty cents, and let it go at that."

"To tell the truth, I lost count when they went past me," said the driver.

"It's a trained penguin act," explained Mr. Popper. "They are easy to control."

"Are they really birds?" asked the driver.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Popper. "I'm just taking them down to the Palace Theatre to see Mr. Greenbaum, the big theatre owner."

"Well, if I hear any complaints, off they go at the next corner," muttered the driver.

"Fair enough," said Mr. Popper.

The penguins were behaving very well. They were sitting quietly two in a seat, while the other passengers looked on.

"Sorry," said Mr. Popper, addressing everyone in the bus, "but I'll have to open all the windows. Penguins are used to colder weather than this."

It took Mr. Popper quite a while to open the

windows, which were stuck fast. When he had succeeded, there were plenty of remarks from the other passengers. Many of them began to complain to the driver, who told Mr. Popper to take his birds off the bus. He had to repeat this several times. At last he refused to take the bus any farther until Mr. Popper got off. By this time, however, the bus had gone so far

downtown that none of them minded having to get out into the street.

II. At the Theatre

Only a block ahead of them shone the lights of the Palace Theatre.

"Hello," said the theatre manager, as the Poppers and the penguins trooped past him.

The penguins, now standing properly in two rows of six each, looked at Mr. Greenbaum. Their twenty-four white-circled eyes were very solemn.

The Poppers sat down while Mr. Greenbaum walked up and down the double row of penguins, looking them over.

"It looks like an act," he remarked.

"Oh, it's an act, all right," said Mr. Popper. "It's Popper's Performing Penguins, First Time on any Stage, Direct from the South Pole." He and Mrs. Popper had thought up this name for the act.

"There's a piano behind you," Mr. Greenbaum continued. "You may begin, madam. I want to see this act. If it's any good, you people have come to the right place. But first let's see your penguins perform. Ready, madam?"

At that moment the manager came in with a groan.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Greenbaum.

"The Marvellous Marcos, who close the programme, haven't turned up, and the audience are demanding their money back."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Greenbaum.

"Give it to them, I suppose. Here it is Saturday night, the biggest night of the week. I hate to think of losing all that money."

"I have an idea," said Mrs. Popper. "Maybe you won't have to lose it. As long as it's the end of the programme, why don't we just have the penguins rehearse in there on a real stage? We'd have more room, and I think the audience would enjoy it."

"All right," said the manager. "Let's try it."

So the penguins had their first rehearsal on a real stage.

The manager stepped out on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, raising his hand. "We are sorry that the Marvellous Marcos are unable to appear. We are going to let you see a rehearsal of the Popper Performing Penguins, instead. I thank you."

III. On the Stage

In a very proper way the Poppers and the penguins walked out on the stage, and Mrs. Popper sat down at the piano.

"Aren't you going to take off your gloves to play?" asked the manager.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Popper. "I'm so used to playing with them that I'll keep them on, if you don't mind."

When the stage manager gave the signal, Mrs. Popper started to play a stirring march. The penguins drilled very nicely until Mrs. Popper stopped playing.

The audience clapped loudly.

"You're sure you don't want to take your gloves off, madam?" asked the manager.

Mrs. Popper smilingly shook her head and began a waltz.

Ten of the penguins now formed in a semicircle as Nelson and Columbus in their midst put on a wild wrestling match. Their round black heads leaned back so that they could watch each other with both round white eyes.

"Gork," said Nelson, punching Columbus in the stomach with his right flipper, and then trying to push him over with his left flipper.

"Gaw," said Columbus, going into a clinch and

hanging his head over Nelson's shoulder as he tried to punch him in the back.

"Not fair!" said the manager. Columbus and Nelson broke loose as the other ten penguins, looking on, clapped with their flippers.

Columbus now wrestled politely with Nelson until Nelson hit him on the eye. Then Columbus lashed back with a loud "Ork." The other penguins began to clap, and the audience joined them. As Mrs. Popper finished the waltz, both Nelson and Columbus stopped fighting, put down their flippers and stood still, facing each other.

"Which bird won? Who's ahead?" shouted the curious audience.

"Gook!" said all the ten penguins in the semicircle.

This must have meant "Look!" for Nelson turned to look at them. Columbus immediately punched him in the stomach with one flipper and knocked him down with the other. Nelson lay there, with his eyes closed. Columbus then counted ten over Nelson, and again the ten other penguins clapped.

Nelson now rose to his feet, and all the penguins formed in a row and bowed to the manager.

"Thank you," said the manager, bowing back.

"Part three next," announced Mr. Popper.

In no time at all a pair of ladders and a board were brought in. Mr. Popper and the children showed them how the ladders had to be set up with the board resting on top. Then Mrs. Popper began playing the pretty piece, "By the Brook."

At this point in the act the penguins always forgot their training and got very excited. They would all begin shoving at once to see which could be the first to climb the ladders. The children had always told Mr. Popper that the act was all the funnier for all this pushing and scrambling, and Mr. Popper supposed it was.

So now with a great deal of squawking the penguins fought and climbed the ladders and ran across the board. Often they knocked each other off to the floor below. Then they hurried to slide down the other ladder and knock off any penguins who were trying to climb up there. This part of the act was very wild and noisy in spite of Mrs. Popper's pretty waltz. The manager and the audience were all holding their sides, laughing. At last Mrs. Popper got to the end of the music and took off her gloves.

"You'll have to get those ladders off the stage, or I'll never get these birds under control," remarked Mr. Popper. "The curtain is supposed to fall at this point."

So the manager gave the signal for the curtain to go down, and the audience stood up and cheered.

IV. A Great Success

Mr. Greenbaum was the first to congratulate the Poppers, on their very satisfactory number.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Popper, that I consider your act is a great success. Now to come to terms, Mr. Popper," he continued. "Would you consider a ten-week contract?"

"Is that all right, Mamma?" asked Mr. Popper.

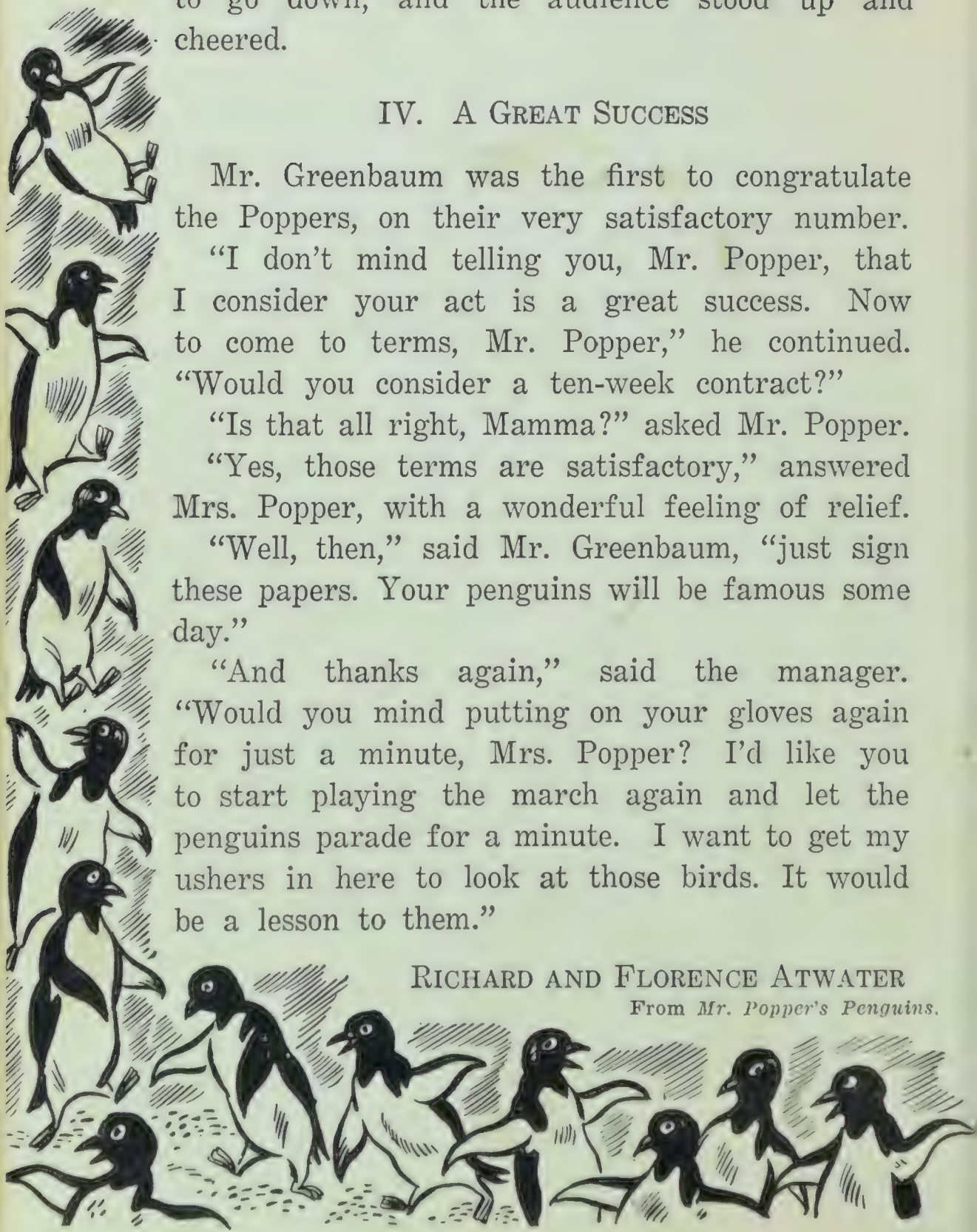
"Yes, those terms are satisfactory," answered Mrs. Popper, with a wonderful feeling of relief.

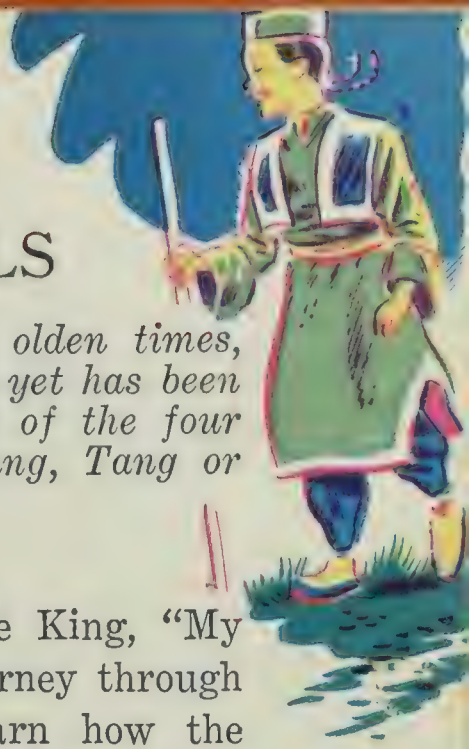
"Well, then," said Mr. Greenbaum, "just sign these papers. Your penguins will be famous some day."

"And thanks again," said the manager. "Would you mind putting on your gloves again for just a minute, Mrs. Popper? I'd like you to start playing the march again and let the penguins parade for a minute. I want to get my ushers in here to look at those birds. It would be a lesson to them."

Richard and Florence Atwater

From *Mr. Popper's Penguins.*





FOUR GENERALS

(Although this story happened in olden times, a thousand years or more ago, no one yet has been able to answer this question—Which of the four generals was the greatest, Lang, Mang, Tang or Wang? Can you find the answer?)

I. Prince Chang

Prince Chang asked his father, the King, "My Honoured Parent, may I make a journey through the kingdom? I would like to learn how the people live and if they are happy or unhappy. Then I shall know what to do when I am King."

The king agreed. "Your plan is good, my son. I shall immediately order that new gold tires be put upon the royal carriage and send for ten troops of soldiers to guard you."

But the prince would not listen to him. "Oh, no, sire, I mean to go alone and in disguise. I shall use a stick for a carriage. The same stick will guard me. Please grant me this request."

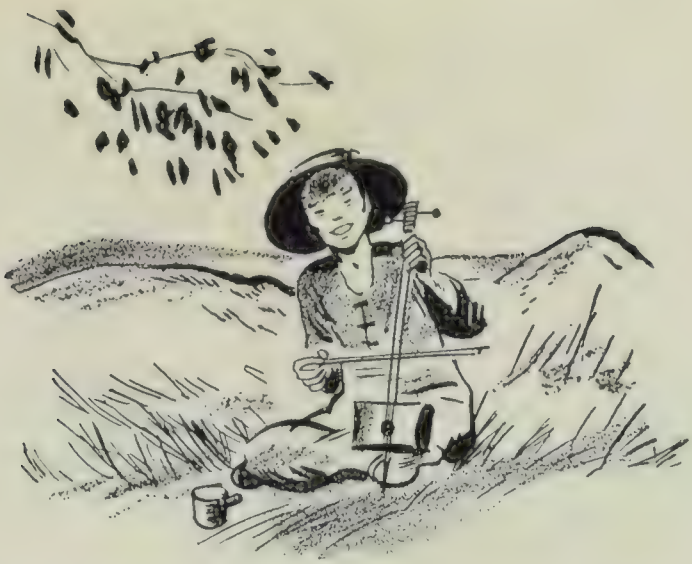
"Then do as you wish, my only and much beloved son," said the King unwillingly. "There is danger in all the provinces. May your stick be as strong as a magic wand and guide you safely."

"Farewell, my royal father."

"Farewell, my noble son."

Remember, Prince Chang was only twelve. When he reached the edge of the forest he stopped. The woodland was so dense. . . . So dark. The wolves howled "Oo-o-o-o-o wh— we starve." All he had was his little stick to guard him, and he was homesick. He turned around to go home when he heard a merry voice, "Ho, Brother, tell me if my fiddle be in tune?" A funny fellow hopped down from a stump and started to play a merry song. As he played, he danced and sang. Prince Chang thought he had never heard or seen anything so funny. No wolves came. Fear vanished and homesickness was a thing of the past.

"Let me give you some money, merry stranger,"



said Chang when they came to a fork in the road.

"Not now," said the player, "I think you are poorer than I."

"Indeed?" laughed the prince. "When I am King, I shall reward you well. I am at your service."

"Ho! Ho!" shrieked the beggar. "When you are King! When you are King, sire, make me general in your army."

"It shall be done," said Chang. "What is your very nice name?"

"My miserable name is Tang, Tang the fiddler. Farewell, my little King who rides a bamboo horse." So they parted, both merry.

Soon afterwards a band of robbers sprang up from behind Chang and struck him. They seized his stick, his clothing and the little bag of coins

that hung from his neck. They left him in the road for dead.

Shortly afterwards another traveller chanced by. He took Prince Chang on his shoulder to a village. There he set out food and clothing and told the prince to ask for anything more he wished.

"How can I ever pay you for this service?" asked the thankful Chang.

"It is nothing. What is a bit of food? And what is a bit of clothing?"

"When I become King," exclaimed Chang—

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared the tailor. "When you become King! Ho! When you are King you may reward me. You may make me a general in your army."

"It shall be done," promised Chang. "What is your honourable name?"

"Wang is my miserable name, Wang the tailor. Farewell and good luck be with you, my future King." So they parted, each laughing at the excellent joke.

Prince Chang continued his journey. For three days he saw no man nor house. At the end of the third day he was weak from hunger. He lay beside the road waiting for death. Instead, along came a shepherd with sheep and goats. He picked up Chang and carried him off to a cave. He gave him milk from bottles of leather hung on the walls. The more Chang drank, the more he thanked the shepherd.

"You have done me a great favour," said Chang, with relief. "If I had money I—"

"Pish tush!" said the shepherd. "It is nothing. I thought of no reward. I am at your service."

"However," declared Chang, "when I am made King, I will decorate you."

The shepherd burst into a loud laugh. "Ho! Ho! Ho! When you are made King. What a merry chap you seem to be! Very well, when you are made King you may reward me. Make me a general in your army. Ho! Ho!"

"I shall, I shall," said the prince firmly. "What is your honourable name?"

"My miserable name? Most folk call me Mang—Mang, the shepherd. And here, you must carry some food with you. Take this cheese and may good luck be your friend, my King of the wandering road."

Prince Chang now travelled slowly, as the cheese was heavy. When a troop of soldiers drove up the road, he was delighted and asked them to take him on their horses to the nearest village. Alas, they were not his father's soldiers, but from a neighbouring country. "Off with his head, my braves," shouted their captain. Just as the swords were lifted to strike, swish came an arrow. After it, quickly, another, and another. For each arrow a soldier fell. The others dug heels in their horses, turned around, and rode off at a mad gallop to save their lives.

A youth stepped out from behind a pine tree.

"The border of our country lies a mile back. You had better go quickly," he said to Chang.

"I thank you with all my heart, and shall reward you when I am King," replied Prince Chang.

"When you are King!" said the other with a laugh. "Very well, make me a general when you become King, and that will be reward enough."

"It shall be done," promised the prince. "What brave name do you bear?"

"Name? Oh, you may call me Lang. Lang, the miserable archer. Now you must go for more soldiers will come. My arrows are few, and the villains are many."

II. King Chang

Prince Chang was not long returned from his journey when the King passed away in an illness. Then the crown was placed upon Chang's brow, and all the people shouted "Hail!" Almost with their next breath they shouted "The enemy!"

Now the King had to see about raising an army. The old army was too small and had too many generals who did nothing. Yet King Chang

added four more generals to the army. His new generals were named Tang, Wang, Mang and Lang who, it seemed, were all old friends of the King.

When the new generals approached the capital, they saw a huge army of the enemy camped on the far side of the river that bordered on the city. It was as well that the river held the enemy back. The King and his generals stared across the river. Said he, "It is easily seen that the enemy has twenty men for each of ours. What are your plans?"

Of all his generals, only Wang seemed to have so much as the shadow of a plan. Wang said, "Give me all the tailors in the city, and all the cloth stored in the royal cellars."

"Take them," said King Chang. "If you don't the enemy will."

All through the night General Wang and his tailors slaved with needle and thread. The click of thimbles made a strange humming sound. The enemy on the far shore wondered what strange warlike engines King Chang might be preparing.

With day's coming, Chang moved all his troops in parade along the bank of the river. (He had only a thousand.) Their uniforms were old and torn and threadbare. On them were badges with

the words, *We Are Brave.* Without bonnet or helmet they marched. They were very tired. Many would lag far behind, and wander away. The enemy burst into loud laughs.

But lo! another thousand circled past the river, stepping smartly. Their uniforms were made of gold cloth and on them were printed the words *Very Brave.* The enemy were not so quick to laugh or brag now.

Another thousand men followed dressed in trim scarlet uniforms with the words *Extremely Brave* on their breasts. They marched smartly, shouting dares across the river with rumble and roar. The enemy replied with little heart. They made no attempt to be gay.

Another thousand followed in trim green uniforms and the words *Still Braver* upon their breasts. Still another thousand in crow's-wing black and on their uniforms the words *Braver by Far.* The enemy now remained silent.

A thousand men in pink, the same number in blue! Came white uniforms, then orange, then brown and violet and lilac and some yellow like marigolds. The enemy thought it hardly fair. King Chang must have a million soldiers. How could they fight against a million? The tents came down and the enemy vanished. without

bothering to come to terms. King Chang was very glad to have them out of his kingdom. All his people rejoiced, singing songs of praise.

General Wang sewed until the last enemy vanished. He and his tailors were terribly tired. But the thousand soldiers were even more tired. All day long they had marched and changed uniforms, then marched again. But King Chang was merry and blessed the day that had sent him General Wang, the tailor.

In a month or so King Chang's happiness turned to gloom. The enemy had learned of Wang's clever trick and they returned again for battle. There they camped on the other side of the river, their bonfires gaily burning, waiting for the waters to lower.

King Chang asked his generals who had a plan. None of them parted their lips except General Tang who said he had a small plan. "Draw on the treasury for whatever you may desire," said the King. But all Tang requested of the treasury was two cents' worth of resin!

At night General Tang sat upon a rock that towered above the river. A little breeze sprang up at his back. Then Tang, the fiddler, played a tune sweetly sad. The violin sang of home. Across the river ten thousand warriors wept. Why had they left their warm homes for this

strange country? Homesickness and longing for their loved ones swept over them. Morning found the camp empty.

King Chang spoke high praise of Tang. Then he asked his generals what plans they had if the enemy returned. General Mang, once a shepherd, spoke up. "Send away all the horses and bring mountain sheep without delay."

General Lang said, "I suggest all legal cases, sire, be decided by trial with bow and arrow."

"So be it," said the King. "I grant both requests without delay." The generals saluted him.

The enemy soon approached in greater numbers than before. Could a mountain shepherd save the country?

That night the question was answered. Mang herded the sheep in a huge body towards the enemy camp. He raised a great noise and frightened the sheep. Away they went through the camp and on and on. The soldiers were hungry. Here was food for the catching. Away went the soldiers as if given a signal.

While the camp was empty, Mang and a few daring men set fire to the tents. The tents were burned and all the spears and the bows. Nothing was spared. That night the enemy stole away without delay, very ashamed of themselves.

So far General Lang had done nothing war-

like but step on the toes of a citizen. The citizen was very angry and went to court. There the judge said, "Take this bow and arrow and shoot five arrows in yonder target. He who shoots best has the right on his side." Strangely enough, General Lang's aim was no better than the citizen's. The case was not settled by this trial and the young citizen went home to spend many hours learning how to be an archer.

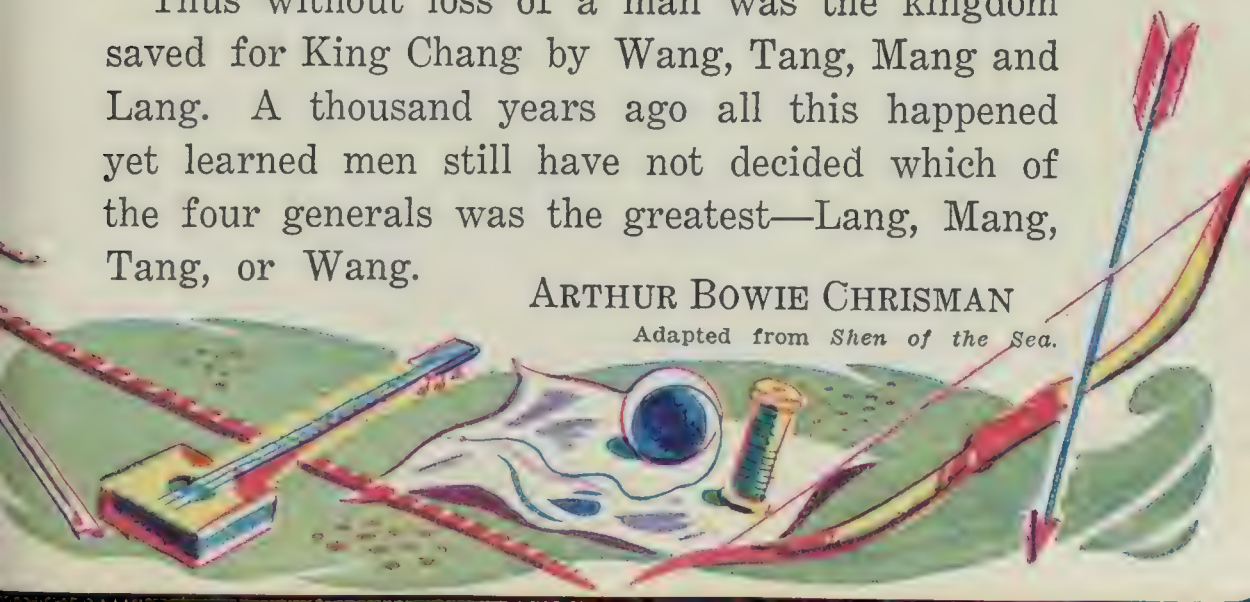
After that the courts were flooded with cases. Those who were wise first spent much time with their bows and arrows preparing for the trial. Many became excellent archers.

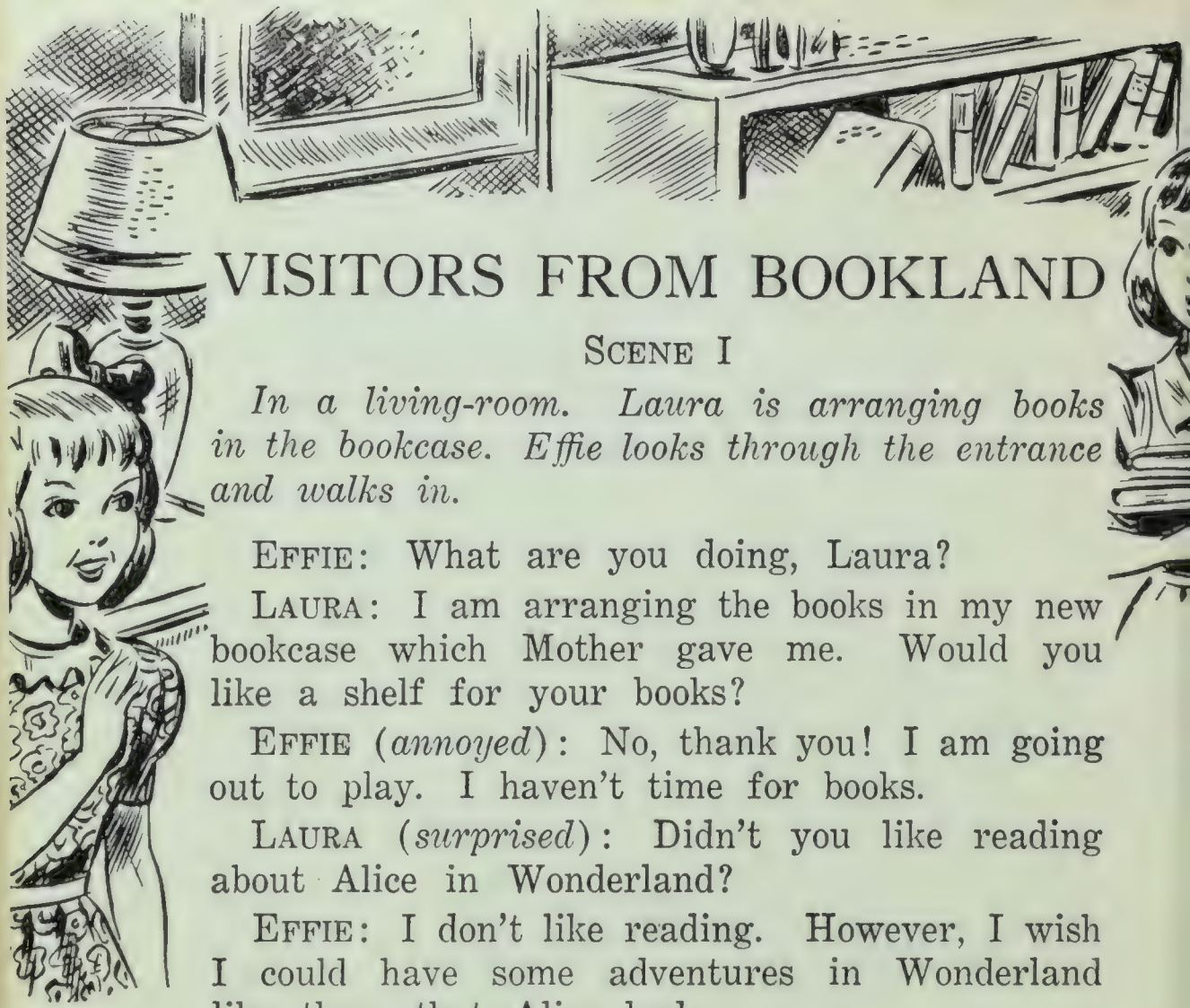
King Chang ordered them all to join his army. Soon he had a large force and he waited for the enemy's return. But no enemy came. Spies had sent messages that King Chang was prepared. So the country was troubled no more by warlike enemies. The happy people celebrated their good fortune.

Thus without loss of a man was the kingdom saved for King Chang by Wang, Tang, Mang and Lang. A thousand years ago all this happened yet learned men still have not decided which of the four generals was the greatest—Lang, Mang, Tang, or Wang.

ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN

Adapted from *Shen of the Sea.*





VISITORS FROM BOOKLAND

Scene I

In a living-room. Laura is arranging books in the bookcase. Effie looks through the entrance and walks in.

Effie: What are you doing, Laura?

Laura: I am arranging the books in my new bookcase which Mother gave me. Would you like a shelf for your books?

Effie (*annoyed*): No, thank you! I am going out to play. I haven't time for books.

Laura (*surprised*): Didn't you like reading about Alice in Wonderland?

Effie: I don't like reading. However, I wish I could have some adventures in Wonderland like those that Alice had.

Laura: You know Bookland is a Wonderland, too. I do wish you would read more books.

Effie (*quickly*): I would much rather play. Good-bye! [*Skips out as Mother enters.*

Mother: How tidy everything looks! Here are some books from Daddy's library that you haven't read. Would you like to keep them for a while?

Laura: Oh, thank you, Mother. I can put them on this shelf.

MOTHER: Where is Effie?

LAURA: She went out to play. She doesn't like books. No wonder she dislikes going to the library.

MOTHER: Perhaps you could interest her in some of your books.

LAURA: How could I do that? (*pause*). Do you think I could dress up and pretend to be a character in a book and tell her something about myself? Then, she might like to read that book.

MOTHER: Fine! Would you like to have some of your friends help you?

LAURA: Oh, yes! We can practise and be ready for the first stormy day that Effie can't play out of doors.

Scene II

Same room as Scene I. Mother is sewing.

Effie (*grumbling*): It is raining, Mother. What shall I do? Will you play checkers with me?

Mother: I must start dinner in a moment, Effie. Why don't you read until Laura comes home? Perhaps she will play with you, then.

Effie (*Sits on a cushion before the bookcase and looks rapidly through several library books. She discards a history book hastily and mutters angrily*): There is no book here that I like. (*Picks up a ball and plays with it.*)

Laura (*enters*): Hello, Effie! Here are some visitors to see you. (*Book characters enter and stand in the background near the bookcase As each comes forward he brings a book with him.*)

Effie (*jumping up*): Who—who are all these people?

Laura: These are some of my book friends, Effie. I invited them to visit you. May I introduce them? Do you remember Dr. Dolittle?

Dr. Dolittle (*coming forward*): Effie, have you ever heard how the lions, antelopes, elephants, zebras and many other animals helped me cure the sick monkeys in Africa?

EFFIE: No, and I should like to know more about that. I did read about you crossing on a monkey bridge in Africa, and I thought you were a very brave man, Dr. Dolittle.

PADRE PORKO (*coming forward*): How do you do, Effie? I am Padre Porko. When people in Spain are in trouble, and wish hard enough, I come and help them.

EFFIE: Oh, yes, Padre Porko. You are the kind fairy who helped Pablo's sick goose. I remember now.

PADRE PORKO: Perhaps, you might like to read about how I helped cure the General's sick horse.

EFFIE: Yes, indeed (*turning*). And who are you?

CAMEL (*sadly*): Hello, Effie! Do you remember me? I am the lazy camel and have this big hump because I wouldn't work. You might like to read about my friends in the book *Just So Stories.* [*Effie shakes hands and turns.*

LAURA (*introducing Little Jonathan*): You remember Little Jonathan, don't you, Effie?

EFFIE: Oh, yes! (*smiling*). I read about your tonic curing the preacher's horse.

LITTLE JONATHAN (*carrying a bottle of tonic*): Would you like to read about how our family years ago had to ford a river on their way to their new pioneer home? It was an exciting trip.

EFFIE: Yes, I think it would be interesting. Thank you, Little Jonathan.

GIOTTO (*coming forward*): My name is Giotto, Effie. Do you remember me?

EFFIE (*slowly*): No-o. I am not very sure.

GIOTTO: I was the shepherd boy who became an artist.

EFFIE: Perhaps I missed that story. I think I saw the title From Shepherd Lad to Artist.

LAURA: Effie, there are many books in the library about famous musicians and artists. I am sure you would like them.

EFFIE: Perhaps. I have never liked books, Laura, but (*smiling*) I think I should like to know you better, Giotto.

TIMOTHY (*barking*): Bow wow! Bow wow wow! Bow wow wow!

EFFIE (*patting the puppy*): I know you, Timothy, you funny little dog. You had a hard time getting to sleep that first night, didn't you?

LAURA: Look who is here, Effie!

TOMMY THATCHER: I am Tommy Thatcher, Effie. I wish you would let me take you to the coast. You could help me trap lobsters.

EFFIE: All right, Tommy, thank you. As long as I do not get lost in a fog.

LAURA (*introducing Mr. Popper*): Here is the man who owns such unusual and funny pets.

MR. POPPER (*coming forward*): Hello, Effie! Would you like to meet my performing penguins? You should read about the time one of the penguins pulled me downstairs.

EFFIE: That would be fun, Mr. Popper. (*To herself*) I must become acquainted with these people.

HOSH-KI (*shyly*): Do you like school, Effie? My name is Hosh-ki.

EFFIE: I like playing games, but I have never liked reading. The people never seemed real before. I don't remember you.

HOSH-KI: I am Hosh-ki, and I hated school at first, but now I am used to it and like it much better.

EFFIE: Perhaps if I read more, I should enjoy

library periods. I shall try to read about you, Hosh-ki. (*To all.*) This is just like a party.

BOOK VISITORS: We are sorry we cannot stay any longer, Effie. Remember us, won't you?

EFFIE: Please wait until I tell you something.

I thank you each and every one
For showing me your story fun.
I'm sure that I'll be glad indeed
To have such splendid books to read.

SCENE III

Same. Effie is reading. Mother and Laura enter.

MOTHER: Are you enjoying your book, Effie?

EFFIE: Oh yes, Mother. It was good of Laura and her friends to introduce me to those book characters.

LAURA: We had a good time doing it, Effie. The girls and boys liked dressing up and pretending to be characters from their story books.

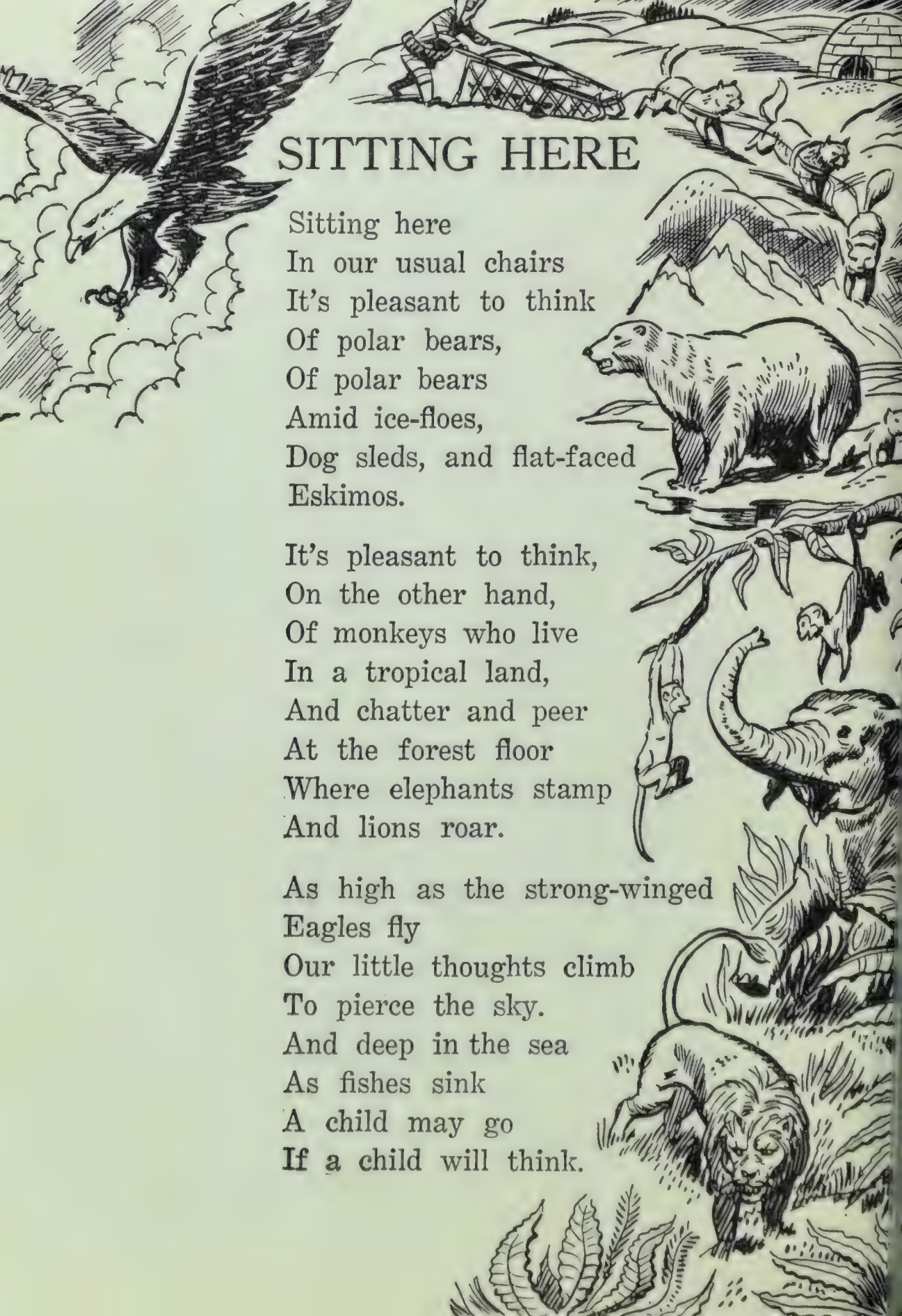
MOTHER: Very few children do not like to read. When they say they haven't time for books, it is usually because they haven't found out how interesting books can be.

[CURTAIN]

MARY F. SANDERLIN
Adapted.

PART SEVEN

The Bridge to Other Lands



SITTING HERE

Sitting here
In our usual chairs
It's pleasant to think
Of polar bears,
Of polar bears
Amid ice-floes,
Dog sleds, and flat-faced
Eskimos.

It's pleasant to think,
On the other hand,
Of monkeys who live
In a tropical land,
And chatter and peer
At the forest floor
Where elephants stamp
And lions roar.

As high as the strong-winged
Eagles fly
Our little thoughts climb
To pierce the sky.
And deep in the sea
As fishes sink
A child may go
If a child will think.

High and low
And far and wide
Swift and nimble
A thought will ride,
But what it brings back
At the saddle bow,
Only the mind that sent it
Will know.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

SUN YO OF CHINA

AH KIM AND his wife were very proud of their oldest son. The boy's bird cages brought a fine price in the Hankow Market. For this reason there was always plenty of rice in the bamboo house. Every member of the family had two suits of clothes. It was because of little Sun Yo's skill that his family was so much better off than most of their Chinese neighbours.

The market-place was very noisy. Sun Yo and his family were bothered by the noise, the bright colours, and the crowds of people. The baby, fastened to her mother's back, opened her

eyes and began to cry. Little Lu clasped his mother's hand. Carrying the bird cages, Ah Kim and Sun Yo went ahead.

All around them were men selling crab-apples dipped in honey and strung on long sticks. There were men carrying bamboo poles over their shoulders, and birds that were tied only by a string on their legs. They passed shops full of beautiful silks. Sun Yo heard a man playing on a bamboo flute. In another place he saw a man being shaved with a bamboo razor.

The boy and his father entered the bird-cage shop. Sun Yo looked about him in surprise. Bird cages of all shapes and sizes hung on the walls. Some of them were so beautiful that Sun Yo was sure he would never be able to make any so fine. But the merchant spoke to Ah Kim kindly, and patted Sun Yo on the head. "Let us see what you have done this time," he said. Sun Yo wasn't sure that he liked the bird-cage merchant. He stood unable to speak as his father handed the bird cages to the man, who began to compare them.

The merchant examined each one carefully. So long did he take about it that Sun Yo stood first on one foot, and then on the other. Would

the man never buy his bird cages? What was the matter? What was it? The boy did not dare to look at his father. He held his breath and waited.

At last the merchant said, "I'll take these three bird cages, and discard the other."

"But—but, Honourable Sir," Ah Kim said slowly, "Why not this one? It's the best one my son has ever made. Why—"

"The round shape of it does not please me," the merchant replied. "It looks more like a balloon than a bird cage."

"But—" began Ah Kim.

"Enough!" snapped the other. "It is three or none! Make up your mind!"

There was nothing Sun Yo and his father could do but take the money for the three bird cages. Where could they sell the fourth—the beautiful round one? There were no other bird-cage shops in Hankow. Sun Yo stood there, wondering where to go next, trying not to see the sad look on his father's face. Together they moved out into the crowded street. Mother, the baby and little Lu were waiting for them. Sun Yo read the question in his mother's eyes when she saw the round bird cage. He was unable to speak a single word and lagged behind her.

And then—the boy thought surely he must be dreaming! A coolie was trotting down the street pulling a ricksha. In the ricksha sat a beautiful white lady. Her hair was the colour of wheat and her eyes were as blue as bits of sky. Little

Sun Yo stood there, with his bird cage in one hand, and his eyes round with wonder. The lady's blue eyes met the little boy's black ones. Her lips parted and she smiled at him. She called to the coolie to stop.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird cage!" she exclaimed. "Do let me see it." Sun Yo, hardly knowing what he was doing, handed it up to her.

"How much is it?" she asked. "I love it!"

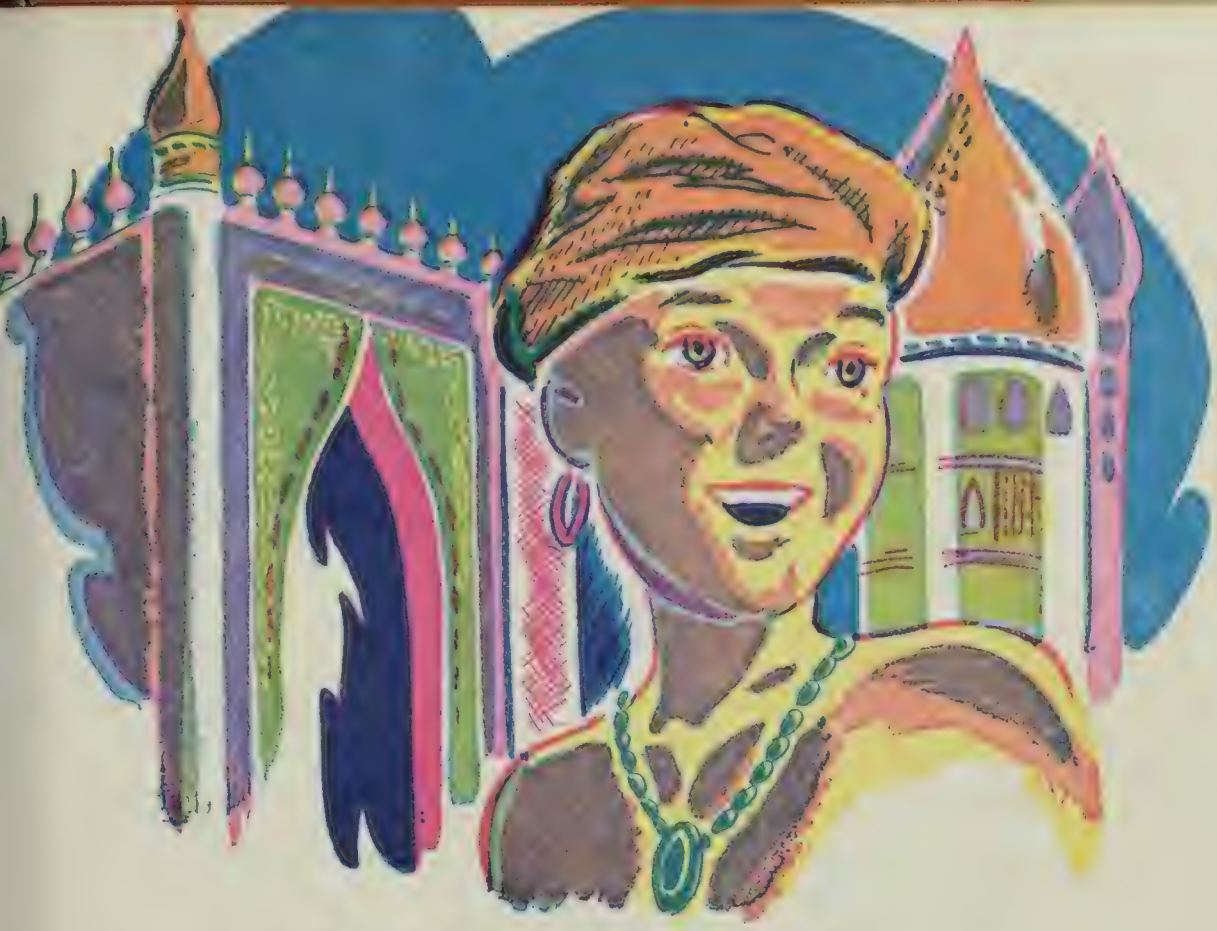
The little boy shook his head and smiled. He felt very foolish indeed. How strangely the white people spoke! All the words seemed to run together. The lady took a five-dollar bill and handed it to Sun Yo. He had no idea that it might be money, nor how much it was worth. A Chinese man, who spoke English, stepped up and explained the slip of green paper to Sun Yo and Ah Kim.

"Why, it's more than the merchant gave for the other three put together!" exclaimed Ah Kim. "We do not deserve all this money."

Sun Yo was so delighted that he almost forgot to bow to the beautiful white lady. In his mind he could imagine all the honeyed crab-apples the money would buy. He imagined a beautiful kite cut like a dragon. Then Ah Kim thought of the pounds and pounds of rice which the money would buy. He imagined cloth for new winter clothes—. The man and his son stood there, wondering at their good fortune. Before the ricksha vanished into the crowd, the beautiful lady turned and waved to them happily.

ARMSTRONG SPERRY

From *Bamboo, the Grass Tree.*



RAMA OF INDIA

I. Rama Dreams by the Grinding Stones

Rama always woke soon after his mother did. No matter how early it was, no matter how quietly she moved, in a few minutes he would know that she had gone. Raising himself on one elbow, he would look around the room. His father and his brothers were all stretched out on the floor. To protect themselves from insects, they were wrapped all around with a sheet. This sheet covered them from head to toe. Mother's

place was empty. Rama knew where she was. Getting up quickly, he crept quietly out of the room, as his mother had done.

He walked down the stairway into the courtyard at the back of the house. As he came near, he heard a soft buzzing sound and also the sound of his mother singing. She was grinding the whole-wheat flour for the day's bread. (The wheat was grown on the farm of Rama's father, and stored in home-made bins, taller than he was.) Every morning his mother would take out some of the golden grain and grind it into flour on her flat round grinding stones. Now she looked up as Rama stood in the doorway, rubbing his sleepy eyes with his fists.

"What do you want, son?" she asked.

Rama answered in a scolding tone, "I wanted to know where you were."

His mother smiled. Just as if Rama did not know where she was every morning between four and five o'clock!

Because he was still so very drowsy, the boy stretched out on the floor beside her. With his head on his mother's lap, Rama said, "Please sing for me, 'Who opened the gates of my temple?'" He listened to the sweet tones of her voice.

She sang all the time she was grinding. She was a very strong woman and the hard work did not seem to tire her. The grinding stones were heavy, round stones about two feet across. There were two stones, one arranged above the other. In the top stone there was a hole into which Rama's mother poured the grain, which went down between the stones. She took hold of a wooden handle, which stuck up from the top stone, and sent it flying around and around. The grain became flour and sifted out between the upper and lower stone. Rama's mother sat on the floor in front of the grindstone, with her legs folded flat in front of her.

As Rama dropped off to sleep again, he remembered the harvest time when they had had such gay romps and such fun. All the people of the village who had done any work for his father, since the last harvest, came for their share of the wheat. His father gave five shares to one man, three to another, and two to yet another, as he thought each one needed it. The village carpenter had come that day, and the blacksmith and the potter. Even more learned people came too. There were the teacher, the priest, the man who studied the stars and told their fortunes, and others. Then drowsy Rama

remembered no more for he was asleep and his mother gently pushed his head off her lap.

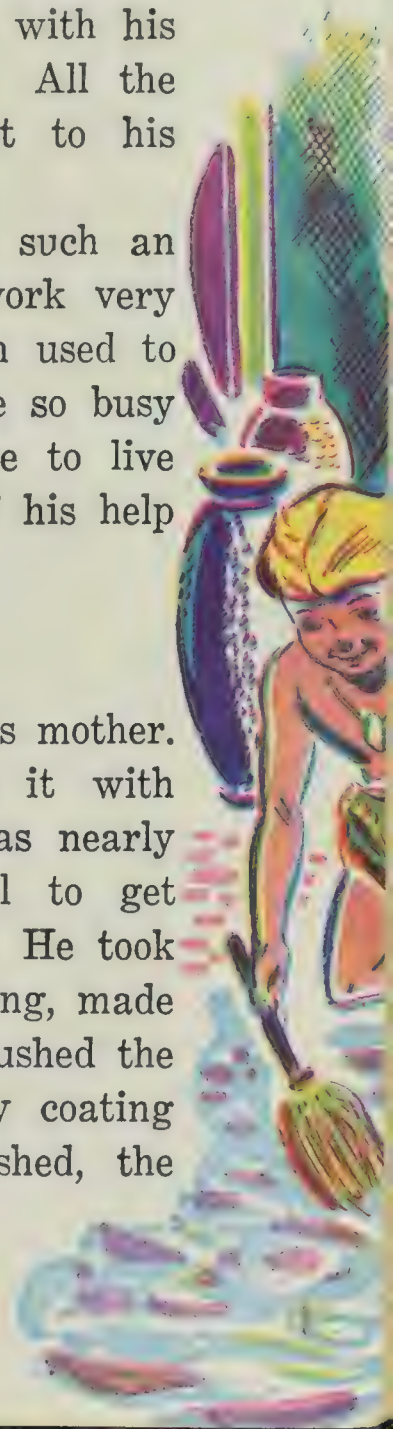
When Rama woke for the second time, the light was clear and bright and the whole family was awake. He went to the well, washed his face, and brushed his teeth with his finger. As he came back to the house he saw that his father and eldest brother had eaten and were going off to the farm. Rama saw that some wheat cakes were left over from his father's breakfast. His father and older brothers always ate first, and the women and children ate afterwards. Rama took some of the cakes, which were

still warm, and a glass of milk. As his mother was churning now, Rama went to coax her for some butter. The butter had just turned and his mother was about to empty the churn. She took a lump of butter and popped it into Rama's mouth. Then she told him to be quick with his breakfast because she needed his help. All the work must be done before they went to his cousin's wedding in the afternoon.

Rama needed no ordering. He was such an active boy that he got through any work very quickly. As he had no sisters, he often used to help his mother. He had not been quite so busy since his elder brother's wife had come to live with them, yet mother was still glad of his help sometimes.

II. How Rama Helped

"First finish the floor, Rama," said his mother. His sister-in-law had been plastering it with yellow clay and other things and it was nearly dry. She had now gone to the well to get water, so Rama finished the plastering. He took a little short broom, only a foot or so long, made of shredded palm leaves. With it he brushed the floor carefully. As he did so, the clay coating became smooth. When Rama had finished, the



floor looked as though it were a carpet of yellow satin. Rama and his sister-in-law had done their work very well.

"There is just one more thing to be done and then the floor will be perfect," Rama's mother told him. She poured a few red lentils into his palm and these he scattered over the floor. If Lady Luck could see what kind-hearted people lived there she would be sure to come and arrange a good harvest for them.

This reminded Rama's mother that no one had been to the village temple that morning to take a wreath of flowers, so she asked Rama to go. First he must take his bath. Then his mother gave him a penny for flowers, which he would take as an offering. Rama hurried down the street, buying a wreath as he went. The temple was not far. Soon he stepped into its cool darkness. He laid his wreath before one of the great images that stood there. He rang a bell, bowed his head over his clasped hands and said the prayer his mother had taught him. When he had finished, the priest put a little mark of ashes on his forehead. Then Rama hurried out of the temple into the bright sunshine once more.

Just then the big elephant, that lived in the

yard of the richest man in the village, was coming down the street. Rama knew the keeper of the elephant very well, and said "Good morning" to him.

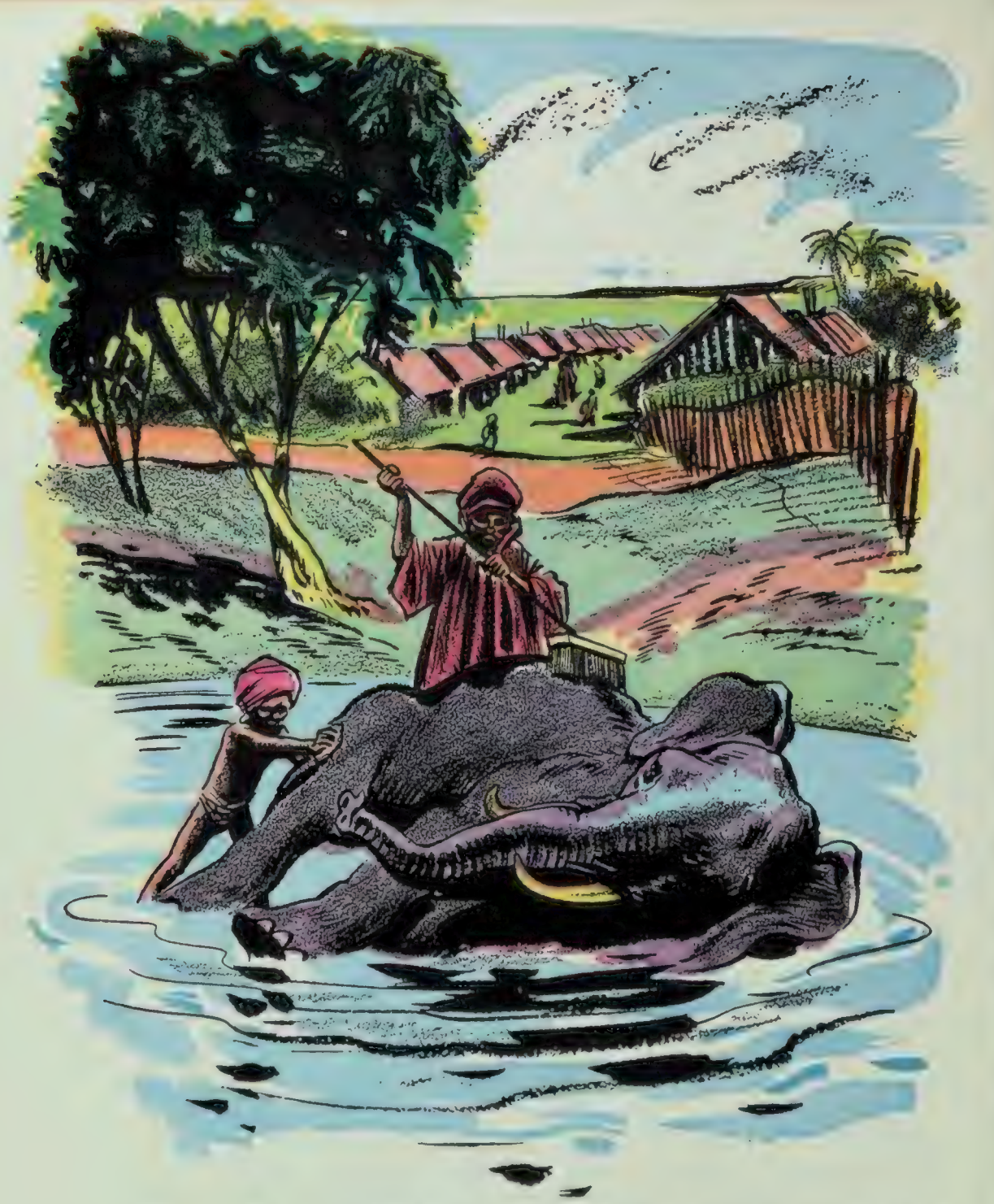
"Would you like to help me this morning?" asked the elephant keeper.

"Of course," said Rama, "What would you like me to do?"

"I should like you to help me give the elephant his bath," said the keeper. "He is wanted for a wedding this afternoon, and I am in a hurry."

Rama was delighted. Without stopping the elephant, the keeper, who was riding on his neck, gave an order. Rama had been running beside him while they talked. Now the elephant's long grey trunk came curling down and around Rama and lifted him gently. There was Rama, seated behind the keeper on the back of the elephant. "It is rather like sitting balanced on a roof," he thought.

They went outside the village to a large pond, where they began to give the elephant his bath. The elephant lay down on one side in the water, while his keeper and Rama scrubbed his thick hide with a long brush and flat stones. Then the great animal got up and lay down on the



other side, and Rama and the keeper scrubbed again. Last of all, the elephant stood up and with his trunk gave himself a complete shower

bath. There stood the nicest, cleanest elephant that you ever saw, looking solemnly around him.

III. How Rama Went to the Wedding

Rama began to think it was time he was home again, so he took a short cut down a lane. He got to the house just as his mother was wondering out loud where Rama could be. She sent him to the attic to bring a jar of the pickles she stored there. Rama took just one minute to peep out of the window and see what was going on in the village. No other house had such a high attic, and from it you could see almost everything that was going on.

When he came down, his mother had laid out for him his best clothes to wear to the wedding. There was a wide piece of soft muslin which he wore around his legs to look like trousers. With this he wore a pink satin coat, and a velvet cap sewn with silver thread.

That very afternoon, as they set out to go to the wedding, along came the elephant. He was all painted up and was wearing a necklace and bracelets (elephant size, of course). Because Rama had helped to give the elephant its bath, the keeper invited him to ride to the wedding.

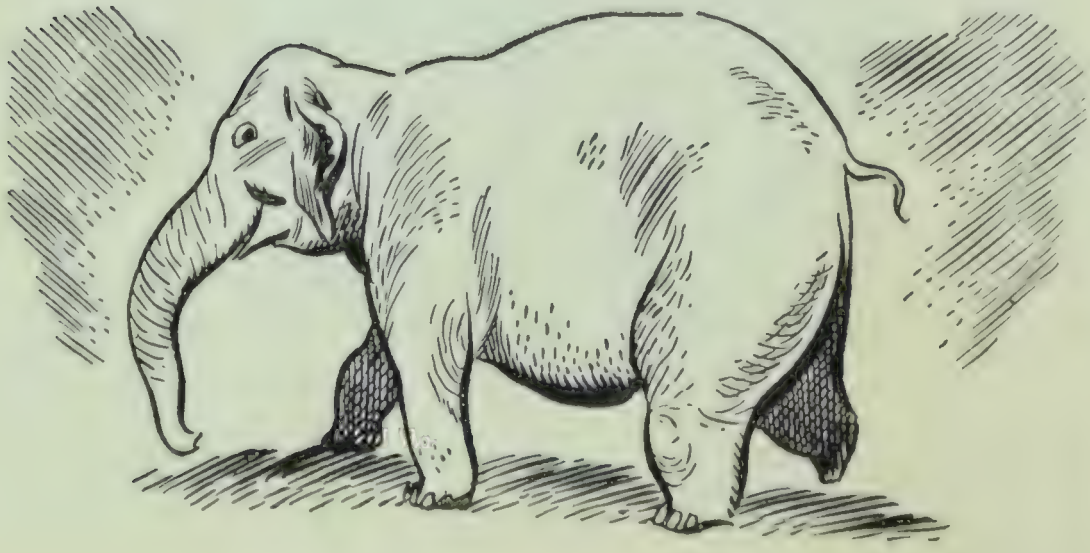
The elephant was going there, too. This time Rama got on very differently. The elephant knelt down in the street. The keeper put a little ladder against its side and Rama climbed up into a soft seat on the elephant's back. Very proudly they swung off down the street. Rama had had a very busy morning, and now he enjoyed being very, very grand!

L. WINIFRED BRYCE

THE ELEPHANT

When people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a *little* tail behind,
So LARGE a trunk before.

HILAIRE BELLOC



SAILING DAY

A ship in the harbour
Is sailing today
But where it is going
The captain won't say.

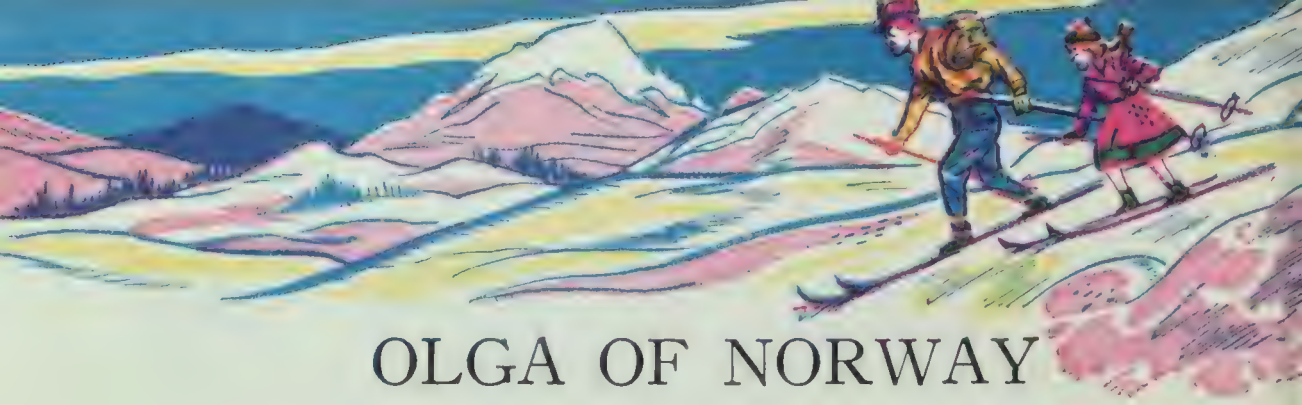
Maybe it's China
To bring us some rice;
Maybe the Indies
To bring us some spice.

Maybe it's Egypt
To bring us some dates;
Maybe it's England
To bring dinner plates.

Wherever he's going
He's sailing today;
Wherever the place
He simply won't say.

"Adios!" he calls out,
Now boarding his ship.
I'll just have to ask him
The same thing next trip.

MARION I. HOOD



OLGA OF NORWAY

"FATHER, MAY I go fishing with you today?" asked Olga, a little girl who lives in Norway.

"Yes," said her father, "you may come along, but you must put on your warmest clothes."

In a few minutes Olga was ready. You could only see two blue eyes and a little nose in a bundle of wool. Olga and her father slipped their feet into the loops on their long narrow skis. They carried long poles, to help them keep their balance. Then they went skimming over the top of the deep snow. Norway is a country so far north, that there is deep snow all winter. Olga learned to ski, almost as soon as she learned to walk.

Soon they came to a fiord. A fiord is a long, narrow opening from the sea. In summer, boats sail on the green water of the fiords, between high mountains. There are many beautiful fiords in Norway. They are deep and narrow.

There were ice boats and ice skaters on the fiord. Fish were swimming under the ice. How could they be caught? First, Olga's father

chopped a round hole in the ice. Then, beside the hole, he put a stick that could easily be bent. That was to be his fishpole. He tied his fishing line to that. There were many hooks on the line. Each hook was a bright colour. Down into the water went the hooks without any bait.

"Now we shall wait for a bite," said Olga's father. "I have put this tent on the ice to keep the cold wind from us."

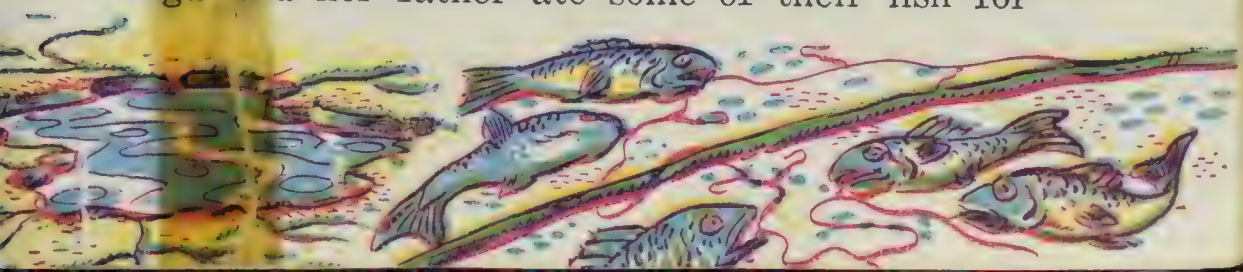
Suddenly her father said, "Look, Olga, the pole is moving up and down." Olga watched him pull the line up out of the water. There were many fish on it.

All afternoon Olga and her father took turns fishing, until they had all the fish they could carry. It was dark when they started home. The winter days in Norway are very short. "See the northern lights!" said her father.

Olga smiled and said, "I am glad I live away up north I look for the northern lights every winter night. I pretend that the sky fairies dance along those beautiful lines of pink and yellow and white in the sky."

"To me," said her father, "they look like bright ribbons in the sky."

Olga and her father ate some of their fish for



dinner. With it they ate some strange-looking bread which was large, round and flat.

One day Olga's mother said, "Spring is coming. The days are getting longer. The snow has melted off the mountains. Tomorrow we shall

take the animals to the fresh, green grass up there."

Olga was glad it was time to go to the dairy pasture in the mountains. All winter long she had played with the toys her father had carved for her out of wood. Now she could be in the lovely green mountains. There she could play on the moss, beside the sparkling streams.

Early next morning a long parade of farm animals started up the mountains. There were horses, cows, calves, sheep, goats and pigs. In front of the parade the head milkmaid rode on a horse. She sat on a high saddle. She wore a white 'kerchief on her head.

Olga walked behind the animals, with her lunch on her back. With a heavy staff, she kept them in line. Up, up they went over the stony mountain roads. At last they came to the dairy farm in the mountains.

All summer Olga's work seemed like play to her. Every morning and evening, she helped milk the cows and goats. Then the milk was put in a small barrel, or churn. Olga turned the handle round and round, until the milk turned to butter.

Sometimes goat cheese was made in large iron pots. When the water in the goats' milk had

boiled away, the milk turned brown. Goat cheese looks like big pieces of brown soap. Milk was put away in wooden tubs, until it turned into cheese. The tubs would contain white, yellow and pink cheese. Every one on the saeter was busy from morning till night, storing food for the long winter.

Olga liked to help in the hay fields. She picked up the hay and put it on the wooden racks. There the sun and air dried it.

In the evening Olga blew on her horn. When the animals far away heard it, they came to her.

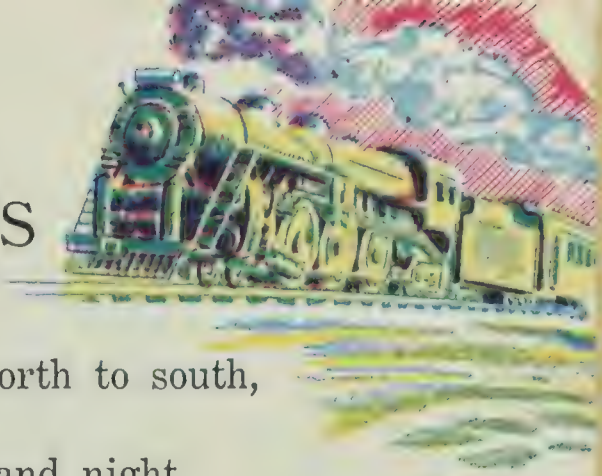
Some days in June were so long! There was no night at all. At midnight the sun shone brightly. At times children from another saeter came to see Olga. Olga played her musical horn and the children danced on the moss. They also had many good times, picking wild flowers and berries.

Finally there came a day when summer was over. Tubs, containing cheese and butter, were packed on the horses. The parade started down to the red farmhouse, with its many little sheds, in the lowlands. There the people would store the butter and cheese in the wooden storehouse for the long cold winter. Olga said farewell to the saeter she loved so dearly.

ELIZABETH F. MCCRADY

From *Children of Foreign Lands.*

TRAINS



From east to west, from north to south,
On singing, shining rails,
The busy trains rush day and night
With speed that never fails.

They carry people quickly,
Just where they wish to go,
They bring the fruits of sunny lands
To lands of ice and snow.

The letter dropped into a box
Upon a city street,
Soon in a sack upon a train
Goes hurrying off to greet

A distant friend who opens it
Beneath a country tree,
And smiles to feel so near to one
Whom he would gladly see.

What gifts and news and visitors
Trains bring to those at home!
What pleasant comrades trains must seem
To all who wish to roam.

ALFARATA HILTON

ACROSS THE U.S.A. BY TRAIN

(PADDLE-TO-THE-SEA *is a book written and illustrated by Mr. H. C. Holling. In this story we meet an Indian boy who lives near Lake Nipigon in Ontario. During the winter he carved a little cedar figure of an Indian seated in a canoe and named it Paddle-To-The-Sea. As he placed Paddle on a melting snow-bank, he dreamed of the trip Paddle might take from there through the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. His dream came true for Paddle did reach the Atlantic Ocean after many long and exciting adventures.*)

(*A class interested in this story about Paddle wrote letters to Mr. Holling telling him how much they liked using his book. The following letter is his reply.*)

Dear Friends of Brant Street School:

Your letters gave me a "good" feeling. They pleased me very much. They were well written, in straight lines across the pages like good strong fences. The letters making the words stood up straight like strong fence posts. The other lines, holding the letters together, made the wires of the fences look trim and neat. Sometimes writing can look like fences that have no care at all. The posts sag down this way and that.

The wires are snarled and full of weeds and grass. But your letters were not this way!

What you said in your letters was interesting. You told what you had done in a project using my book, *Paddle-To-The-Sea.* Some of you told about making the beaver dam and pond, like those in the book, out of flour and salt and water. In this way I was able to see, through your telling about it, just about what had gone on while you made those things. And I could guess how busy you had been, illustrating, carving, pasting, putting every part together just right. In the photograph you sent me, the sawmill and beaver pond and the dog sled

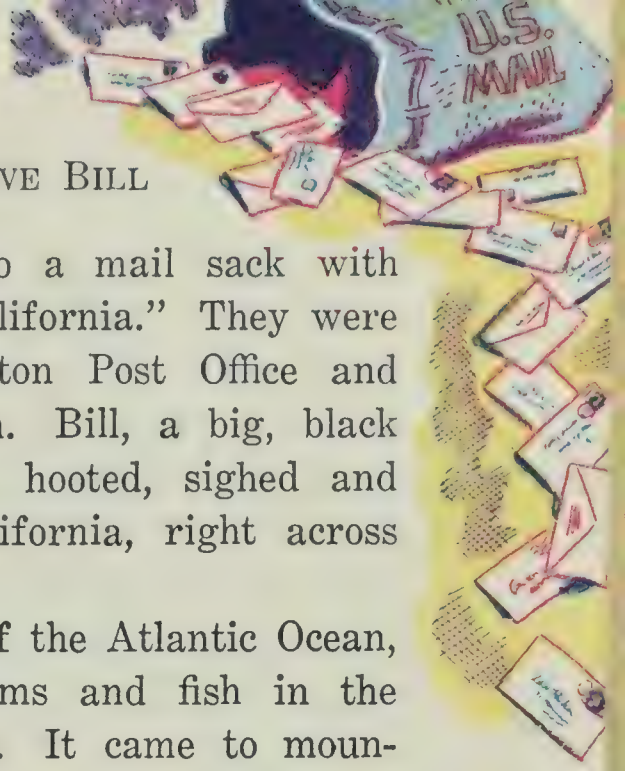
looked quite finished, too. And whoever took the time to carve Paddle in his canoe had quite a job, I can tell you. I know, because I do quite a bit of carving myself. No doubt many of you wrote neat papers about the project, too. You young people must have worked hard. I hope you had as much fun in working out the project as I had when I wrote the book and made the pictures to illustrate it. It *was* fun.

You may have wondered why I did not write sooner. Your letters reached me many days after you wrote them. This in itself makes a story, something like the story of PADDLE-TO-THE-SEA. It is this way.

First your letters travelled southeast. By train they roared over a bridge across the St. Lawrence River, and on through forests, mountains and farms. When they reached Boston, on the Atlantic Ocean, they were taken to the Houghton Mifflin Company.

There somebody said, "Here are leters for Mr. Holling. Many people must like his books because this bundle is from Canada. But where is Mr. Holling now?"

"Oh, Mr. Holling?" said someone else. "He is at his home in California."



So your letters went into a mail sack with other letters marked "for California." They were taken by truck to the Boston Post Office and from there to a train again. Bill, a big, black locomotive, clanged his bell, hooted, sighed and headed west, bound for California, right across the continent.

The train left the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, with its lobsters, crabs, clams and fish in the markets and on the beaches. It came to mountain ranges of the east, one after another. Some of these it wandered over and some it squeezed between. In places it went through tunnels. All the time it wheezed and puffed, "Letters, Room Six, Brant Street School,—Letters, Room Six, Brant Street School—" as it went west.

After the mountains, the train huffed and puffed through more farms and more meadows and more woods and towns, and towns and towns.

It was in the Midwest now. If your letters had crawled out of the sack to a window, they would have seen the Great Lakes where Paddle travelled on his way to the sea. But, after all, what did Paddle do that your letters were not doing right

now? They were on their way to a sea on the other side of the continent.

With Locomotive Sam

Your letters left the Great Lakes shining in the sun. Some time that night they were rolling through corn fields in prairie country, with Sam, the new locomotive. Suddenly there was a deep, long groan and roar, and Sam hooted, "We are now crossing the Great Mississippi River, Father of Waterrrrrrrs!" There was just one farm after another, and one field after another out there in the darkness. The startled letters awakened and then went to sleep again.

Then came a time, on another night, when there was no smell of any farm anywhere. The locomotive gave a long, long, lonesome wail in the darkness. From somewhere another wail came back, but it was not another locomotive.

"Why did you yell like that?" exclaimed your letters in a very loud voice. (It would take a loud voice to reach from a mail sack in a mail car up to the locomotive.) "What," they continued, "was that other wail we heard? Or did we hear another wail?"

"Yes, you heard another wail," said the locomotive, whose name was now Fernando. "We are out on the wide-open plains called the Great Plains. It is so lonely out here that I have to do something, so I howl. And the other howl you heard came from my friends, the coyotes, answering from the sage bushes and cactus plants. That is sage you are smelling now, sage from the great open spaces where men are men, and all the men are cowboys."

One morning the locomotive wheezed in great pain, and yelled for help, and two locomotives named Pedro and Juan answered the call. It was all rather puzzling to your letters. "This is a mountain pass," grunted Fernando between wheezes, "ten thousand feet above sea level. That means you are almost two miles up in the air from where you were in Boston. Woo! Woo! Woo-ooo!"

"It is not called a mountain top though, but a plateau. You are high up, maybe a mile in the air, but you don't know it, because everything else is that high, too. Why am I telling you these things with my breath so short? Keep your eyes open!"

"What can we see from a mail sack?" wailed your letters.

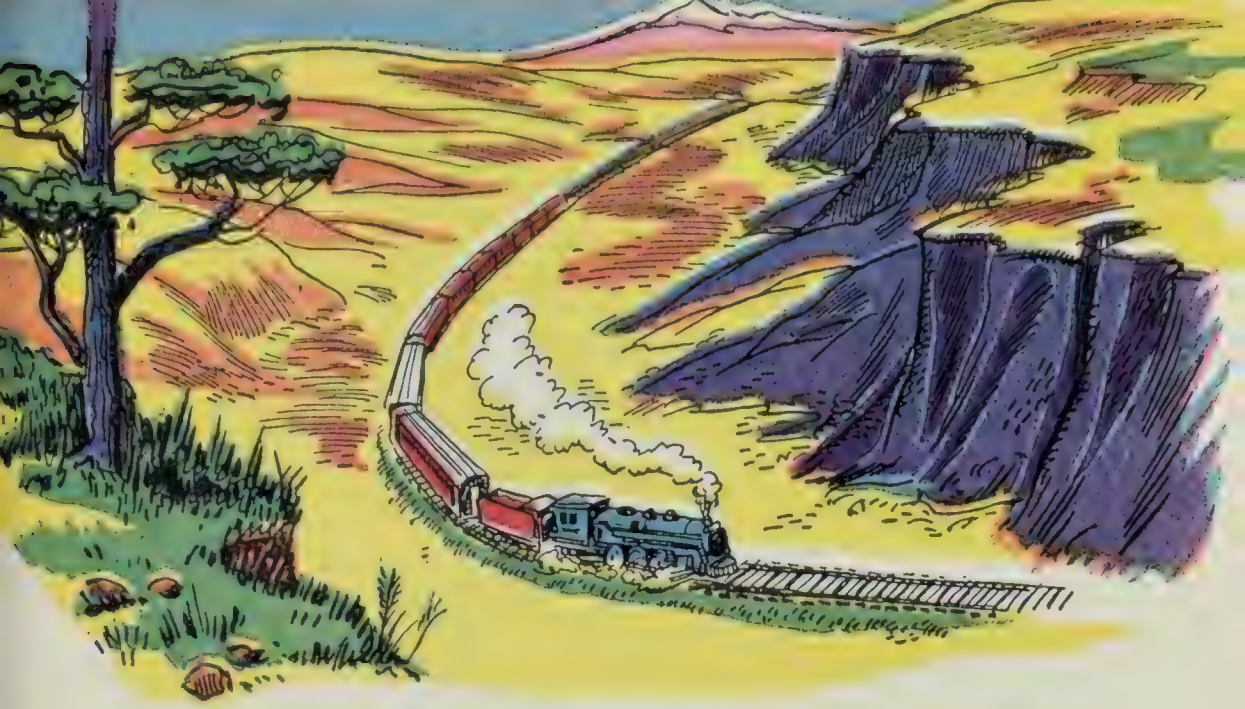
"That's right, I forgot. Pardon me while I scream for this breakneck bend—wwhOOOOOO! . . . Now, all of you sniff a bit and you'll get the idea. That smell is pine and cedar forest growing on these mountains. That cold air with forget-me-not perfume on it is a wind from the snowy caps of the Rockies. You can also smell sage, flowers, more pine and cedar. Soon you will be on the desert plateau, and there you will smell dust and cactus plants. WHOO! WHOO!"

Farther west, the train wandered downhill following long curves of the track. It came to the muddy Colorado River, and roared across a bridge. Now your letters were crossing a California desert which was another plateau. Then finally it began to creak, grind and go downstairs in winding loops.

With Locomotive Pancho

"Another pass," grunted the locomotive now named Pancho. "The last one!"

And it was, too. Soon the train came to San Bernardino. Then it chugged along a level stretch fenced in to the north by long mountains with snow on some of them. The train went through



a hot, dry valley, not too hot nor too dry. Off to the north were mountains with tall pines on them.

In a couple of hours, Pancho, the locomotive, gave a long shriek and yelled "Pasadena, California! Cali-for-nia!" Then he slowed down and stopped, puffing, "pas-ah-deen-ah pas-ah-deen-ah, here's where you get off!"

"But we don't go to Pasadena but Altadena," yelled the letters. "We go to 699 East Foothill Blvd., Altadena!"

"Oh, shusshhhh!" sighed the locomotive. "You get off here. A mail truck takes you three miles north. You never know when you are out of Pasadena and in Altadena. Good-bye, because in a few minutes I am due in Los Angeles over the hills." He was off again.

And that is how your letters came to me. Here they lie, right in front of me on the porch. Good letters they are, from friends who have liked my book. See, I hold them up. They can look south and west from the porch. They almost see Los Angeles, a scattering of white buildings. They see Hollywood and Burbank. Burbank is the place where Walt Disney's studio makes Donald Duck talk and run on the screen. The letters can look north a few blocks where a wall of mountains rises against the sky. In winter, snow on those mountains is deep enough for skiing and tobogganing. At the foot of the mountains, oranges like golden balls hang on their green trees.

Out beyond the hills to the south and west there is a ribbon of silver. That is the Pacific Ocean. It is even larger than the Atlantic, where Paddle went. Besides, your letters have doubled Paddle's trip. Your letters have crossed a continent and have seen two seas!

Well, I have written quite a long letter. Thank you for your trouble in writing to me. And, as we sometimes say in California, "ADIOS"—which means, "GO WITH GOD."

Sincerely your friend,

HOLLING CLANCY HOLLING

THE BIRD FROM THE NORTH

THE BIRD from the north flew round the church steeple. He was a small white bird, with black wings, a black tail and some black feathers on his back. At the top of the church steeple was a weathercock. Just below him were four big gold letters—N for north, E for east, S for south, and W for west.

The bird from the north perched on the letter N (for north) and said to the weathercock: "Good morning. Perhaps *you* can tell me what's going on here. I've asked the way of a dozen different birds, but they all say: 'I'm sorry. I'm a stranger here myself.' Now *you* look like a resident."

"Yes, I am," said the weathercock. "I don't go away much. Someone has to stay and keep an eye on things. There are a lot of strangers about now. It's the autumn you know, and the swallows are leaving, and the wild geese will be here soon. But where do you come from? I don't think I've met anyone quite like you before."

"I'm a snow-bunting from Greenland," said the bird from the north. "All the summer I lived not far from the North Pole, but when the summer was over the weather got too cold even for me. I thought I'd try to find a warmer place, but a great north wind came and I lost my way, and here I am."

"Well, how do you like the place now you're here?" said the weathercock.

"It's the queerest place I've ever seen in all my life," said the snow-bunting, and he hopped on to the letter E (for east).

"There aren't any mountains, and there's no ice on the sea, and I can't see any snow at all. All over the country are big boxes made of stone and brick. Whatever are they?"

"Those are houses," said the weathercock.

"Houses!" said the snow-bunting. "I should never have guessed that. Where I come from everyone builds houses of snow. I suppose there isn't enough snow here to make houses, and people have to use stone and brick instead. Poor things! It must be very hard for them, and if there isn't any snow, however do men get their sledges along?"

"Do you see that thing down there?" said the weathercock, turning round to point to it.

W
N
S
E

"That's a road, and those things moving along it are motor cars. People here use them instead of the sledges used in northern countries."

"What a strange idea!" said the snow-bunting, and he hopped to the letter S (for south).

"Those motor car things have to stay on the road, but anyone in my country who has a sledge can go wherever he likes. Then there's another thing, if there's no ice on the sea, how do the men catch seals? In my country the men make a little hole in the ice and wait beside it. Then when the seal comes up to breathe they spear him. They couldn't do that if there wasn't any ice."

"No one catches seals here," said the weathercock.

"Good gracious!" said the snow-bunting. "Then what in the world do the polar bears live on?"

"Well, you see, there aren't any polar bears," said the weathercock.

"No polar bears!" said the snow-bunting. "You must be joking. You'll be telling me next that there aren't any musk-oxen or walruses," and he hopped on to the letter W (for west).

"As a matter of fact, there aren't," said the weathercock.

"I can't understand it at all," said the snow-

bunting. "If there aren't any seals or walruses or polar bears or musk-oxen, what do all the men do? In my country men spend all their time hunting seals and walruses and polar bears and musk-oxen, but you say there aren't any here. What do the men have to eat?"

"Do you see that man down there?" said the weathercock, and he swung round until he pointed towards him. "He's ploughing. He has two horses, and they pull a plough behind them that turns the earth over. When all the earth in that field has been turned over, he will sow seeds in it. The next year the seeds will grow into a field of wheat. Then, when the wheat is ripe, he'll cut it and thresh it so as to separate the straw and chaff from the grain. After that he will take the grain to the miller who will grind it into flour. Next he will take the flour home and make it into loaves, and he will bake

them in the oven. When he bakes them, he will eat them."

"Well, I never!" said the snow-bunting. "In this country men have to plough and sow and then wait a year for the seeds to come up. Then they have to cut the grain and thresh it and grind it into flour and bake it before they can eat it. Now, in my country, men just go out and catch a seal and bring it home and eat it."

"But what happens if there aren't any seals to catch?" said the weathercock.

"Then it *is* very awkward," said the snow-bunting, and he hopped back on the letter N (for north) once more.

"I expect you will get used to this country," said the weathercock. "We should find yours queer at first, you know."

"Dear me," said the snow-bunting, "I suppose you would. I hadn't thought of that." And he looked all round him, north, south, east, and west.

"Do the people here like birds?" said the snow-bunting curiously.

"Do you see that little girl and her mother in the garden down there?" said the weathercock, turning around so as to point towards them. "They are scattering bread-crumbs for the birds to eat. They like their company."

"Oh!" said the snow-bunting. "I wonder if bread-crumbs are good," and he flew down to the garden.

"Look, Mother!" said the little girl. "Whatever is that pretty white bird with black wings and a black tail, and some black feathers on his back?" She threw him some bread-crumbs.

"I don't know," said the little girl's mother, and she threw him another lot of bread-crumbs.

"I like bread-crumbs," said the snow-bunting finally, to himself. "Compared to my country, perhaps this isn't such a bad country after all."

STEPHEN BONE AND MARY ADSHEAD
From *The Silly Snail.*

THE KOALA OF AUSTRALIA

IN AUSTRALIA, a land so strange as to celebrate Christmas in summer weather, there are many strange animals. Among these animals are lovable, entertaining little creatures called koalas, tree bears, or monkey bears.

The soft, grey-furred koalas make their home

in the hollow trunks or among the thick-leaved branches of giant eucalyptus trees. A eucalyptus tree is a gum tree and Australian boys and girls use the leaves of the eucalyptus for chewing gum. The koalas use them for food.

If you were walking in a forest of eucalyptus trees, you would sometimes hear a sound like a baby's cry. As you would look up into the

branches, you might see two soft, brown, little eyes examining you solemnly.

The toes of these live "teddy bears," with a cry like a baby, are divided into groups of twos and threes. This grouping helps the koala to hang on tightly to the branches of his tree home. Any koala, to be happy, must have large trees to climb and play in. Sometimes the little bears romp up and down, exploring the whole tree. Other times they perch on branches like little guards.

Since these two-foot-long koalas do not like bright sunshine, they travel about at night.

The mother koala carries her floppy-eared baby in a pouch for a few months. When it is stronger, it rides on its mother's back and sometimes falls asleep there. The mother koala holds her baby in her arms like a cot and snuggles it while she sleeps on a branch. When the baby cries it says, "Koala, koala, koala!"

There is a bear farm not very far from the city of Adelaide. Some day you may visit it and see some of the chubby, tailless, snub-nosed koalas and maybe, who knows, snuggle a baby bear close to you!

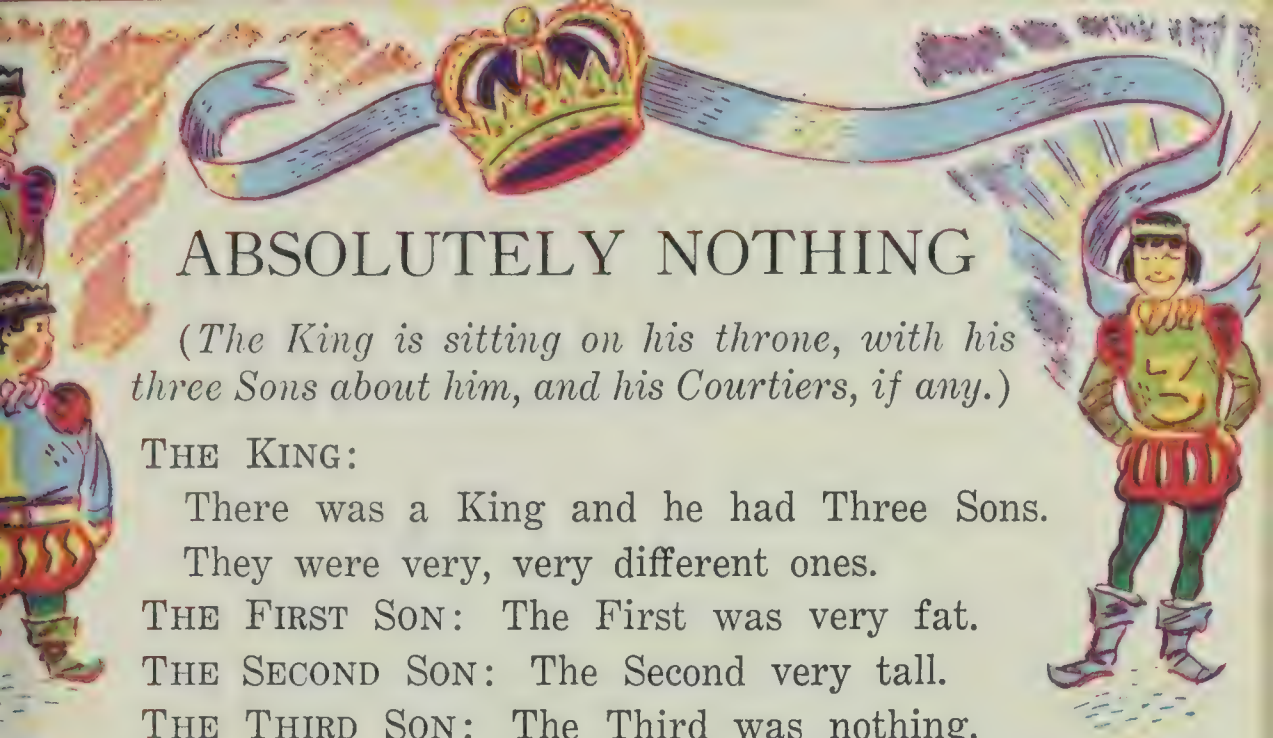
BEATRICE LOGAN

WELCOME

Little new neighbour, have you come to be
A playmate of mine from over the sea?
I'm glad you are here. Oh, won't it be fine
To learn all your games, and I'll teach you mine!
We won't understand all the words that we say,
But I'm sure that we both will know how to play.

So will you come now and swing while I swing,
And we'll sing all the songs that we love to sing.

ROSE WALDO



ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

(The King is sitting on his throne, with his three Sons about him, and his Courtiers, if any.)

THE KING:

There was a King and he had Three Sons.
They were very, very different ones.

THE FIRST SON: The First was very fat.

THE SECOND SON: The Second very tall.

THE THIRD SON: The Third was nothing,

CHORUS: Absolutely nothing,

THE THIRD SON: The Third was nothing in particular at all.

[*The King signs to his Sons, who rise and present themselves. The Third Son maintains an entirely nonchalant manner throughout.*

THE KING:

The King he sent for his One, Two, Three,
And bade them go around the world to see
what they could see.

THE FIRST SON: The First he said "Ah!"

THE SECOND SON: The Second he said "Oh!"

THE THIRD SON: The Third said nothing,

CHORUS: Absolutely nothing,

THE THIRD SON: He held up his finger to see how the wind did blow.

[*The three Sons start on their journey, which need be no more than marching round and round in a ring. In this way they come at last to China, where the Red Mah-Jong Dragon appears.*

THE DRAGON:

When they came to China, the first thing they did spy
Was the Red Mah-Jong Dragon with a ruby for his eye.

THE FIRST SON: The First gave a shout!

THE SECOND SON: The Second gave a squeal!

THE THIRD SON: The Third said nothing,

CHORUS: Absolutely nothing,

THE THIRD SON: He held up his finger, and the Dragon came to heel.

[*The Dragon falls in behind the Third Son, and the circular tour continues until they reach Timbuctoo, where the Cannibal Chief is discovered.*

THE CANNIBAL CHIEF:

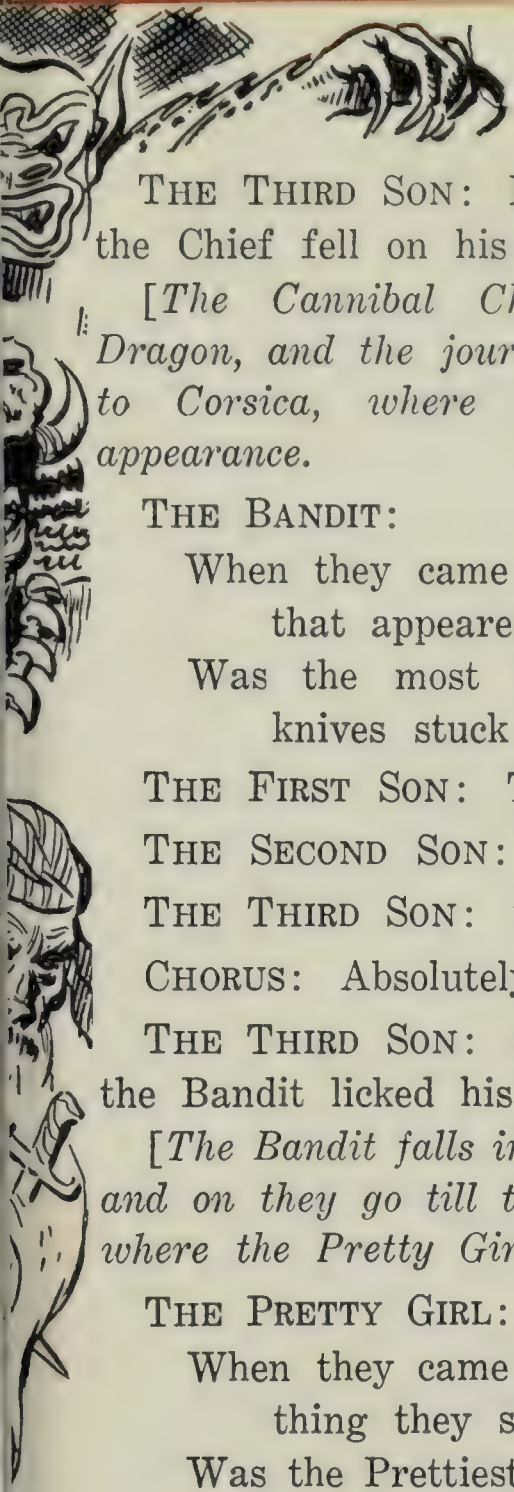
When they came to Timbuctoo, the first thing they did see
Was the Chief of the Cannibals who measured ten-foot-three.

THE FIRST SON: The First gave a gasp!

THE SECOND SON: The Second gave a wheeze!

THE THIRD SON: The Third said nothing,

CHORUS: Absolutely nothing,



THE THIRD SON: He held up his finger, and the Chief fell on his knees.

[*The Cannibal Chief falls in behind the Dragon, and the journey goes on till they come to Corsica, where the Bandit puts in an appearance.*

THE BANDIT:

When they came to Corsica, the first thing that appeared
Was the most ferocious Bandit with his knives stuck in his beard.

THE FIRST SON: The First gave a howl!

THE SECOND SON: The Second gave a hoot!

THE THIRD SON: The Third said nothing,

CHORUS: Absolutely nothing,

THE THIRD SON: He held up his finger, and the Bandit licked his boot.

[*The Bandit falls in behind the Cannibal Chief, and on they go till they come to London Town, where the Pretty Girl is waiting.*

THE PRETTY GIRL:

When they came to London Town, the first thing they saw there
Was the Prettiest Girl in England a-plaiting of her hair.

THE FIRST SON: The First he turned white!

THE SECOND SON: The Second he turned red!

THE THIRD SON: The Third said nothing,

CHORUS: Absolutely nothing,

THE THIRD SON: He held up his finger . . .

THE PRETTY GIRL: And "Of course I will!" she said.

[*The Third Son takes the Pretty Girl by the hand, and round they go again. The world-tour at last comes full circle in the King's court, where it began.*

THE KING:

The King's Three Sons journeyed back the way they came,
And the King asked them how they had done honour to his name.

THE FIRST SON: The First gave a sigh!

THE SECOND SON: The Second gave a groan!

THE DRAGON: The Third said nothing,

THE CANNIBAL CHIEF: Absolutely nothing,

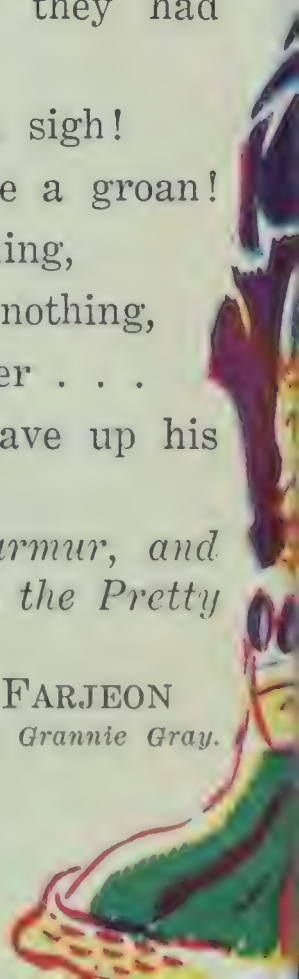
THE BANDIT: He held up his finger . . .

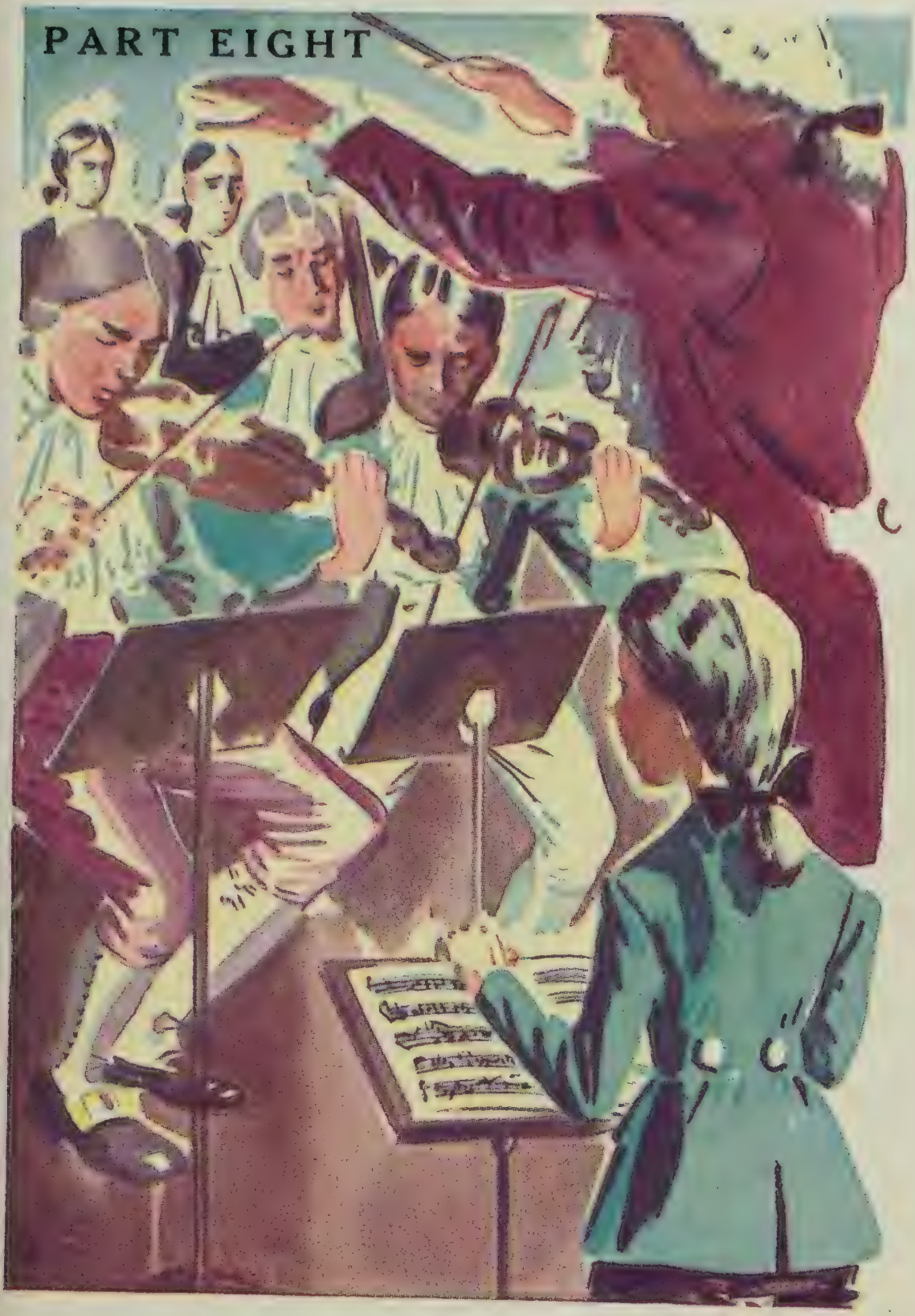
THE PRETTY GIRL: And the King gave up his throne.

[*The King abdicates without a murmur, and the Third Son sits on the throne, with the Pretty Girl beside him.*

ELEANOR FARJEON

From *Grannie Gray.*





Beautiful Things

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

God has made all things beautiful
In His good time—so many things
I cannot count them all. The clouds,
The feathers in a pigeon's wings,
The clear blue sea, the green-fringed ferns.
The look of sunlight on the hills,
Red roses by the garden wall,
Daisies and daffodils;
Pink shells, and little polished stones,
The silver moon that sails the sky,
The star beyond my window sill,
The colours of a butterfly,
The dark, black, velvet night, the way
The yellow sun goes down the west,
The song a happy robin sings,
Beside its little nest.
I could not ever count them all—
The shining of our fire-place,
The shadows leaping on the wall,
The baby's eyes, my mother's face,
The way the wind goes through the leaves,
All light and stepping, like a rhyme—
Such lovely, lovely things God made
For us in His good time.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

A PSALM OF PRAISE

UNISON: Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.

LIGHT VOICES: Serve the LORD with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.

DEEP VOICES: Know ye that the LORD he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

LIGHT VOICES: Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

UNISON: For the LORD is good;
His mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

THE BIBLE [Psalm 100.]

A SONG OF THANKFULNESS

Father, we thank Thee,
Father, we thank Thee,
Thank Thee for all that is happy and gay!
For all our pleasures.
For all our treasures,
Music and laughter and games that we play!

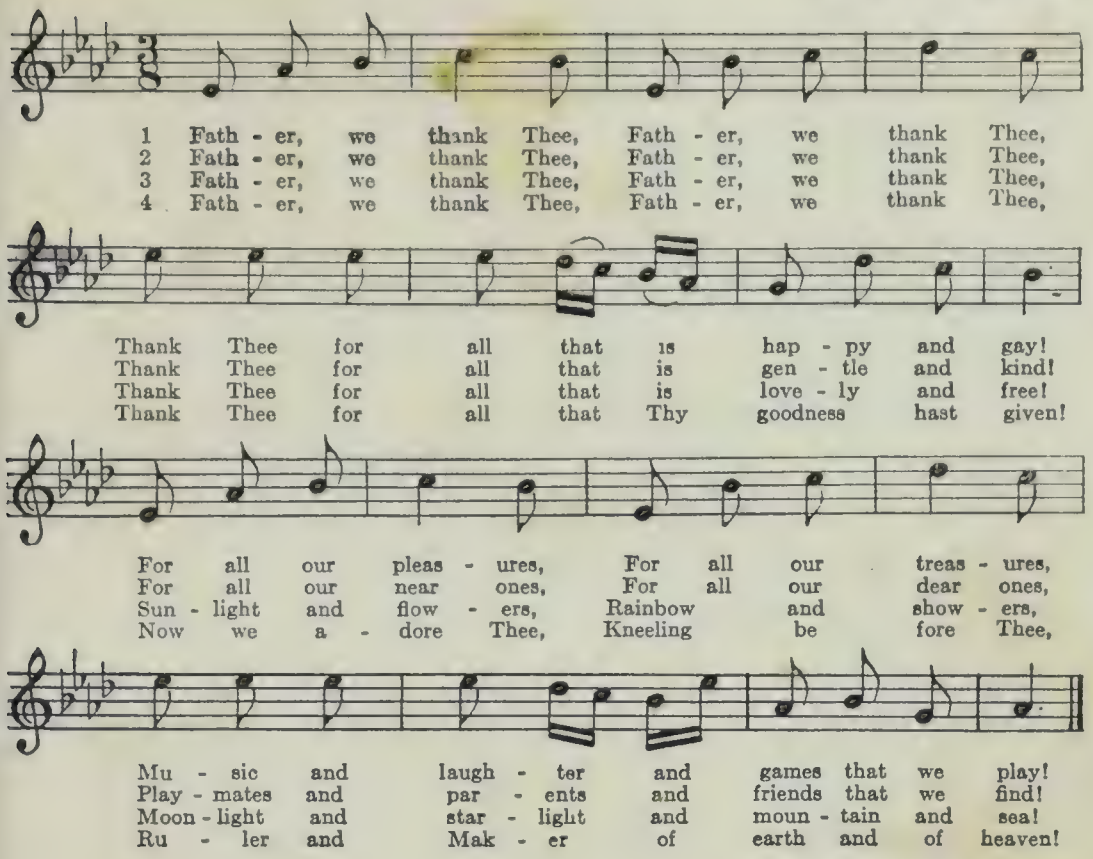
Father, we thank Thee,
Father, we thank Thee,
Thank Thee for all that is gentle and kind!
For all our near ones,
For all our dear ones,
Playmates and parents and friends that we find!

Father, we thank Thee,
Father, we thank Thee,
Thank Thee for all that is lovely and free!
Sunlight and flowers,
Rainbow and showers,
Moonlight and starlight and mountain and sea!

Father, we thank Thee,
Father, we thank Thee,
Thank Thee for all that Thy goodness hast given!
Now we adore Thee,
Kneeling before Thee,
Ruler and Maker of earth and of heaven!

CLARE GIFFIN

Music by J. S. Bach.



MUSIC

Mark the note that rises, mark the notes that fall,
Mark the time when broken, and the swing of it all.
So when night is come, and you will have gone to bed,
All the songs you love to sing shall echo in your head.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

FIRST GROUP:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them,

SOLO:

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

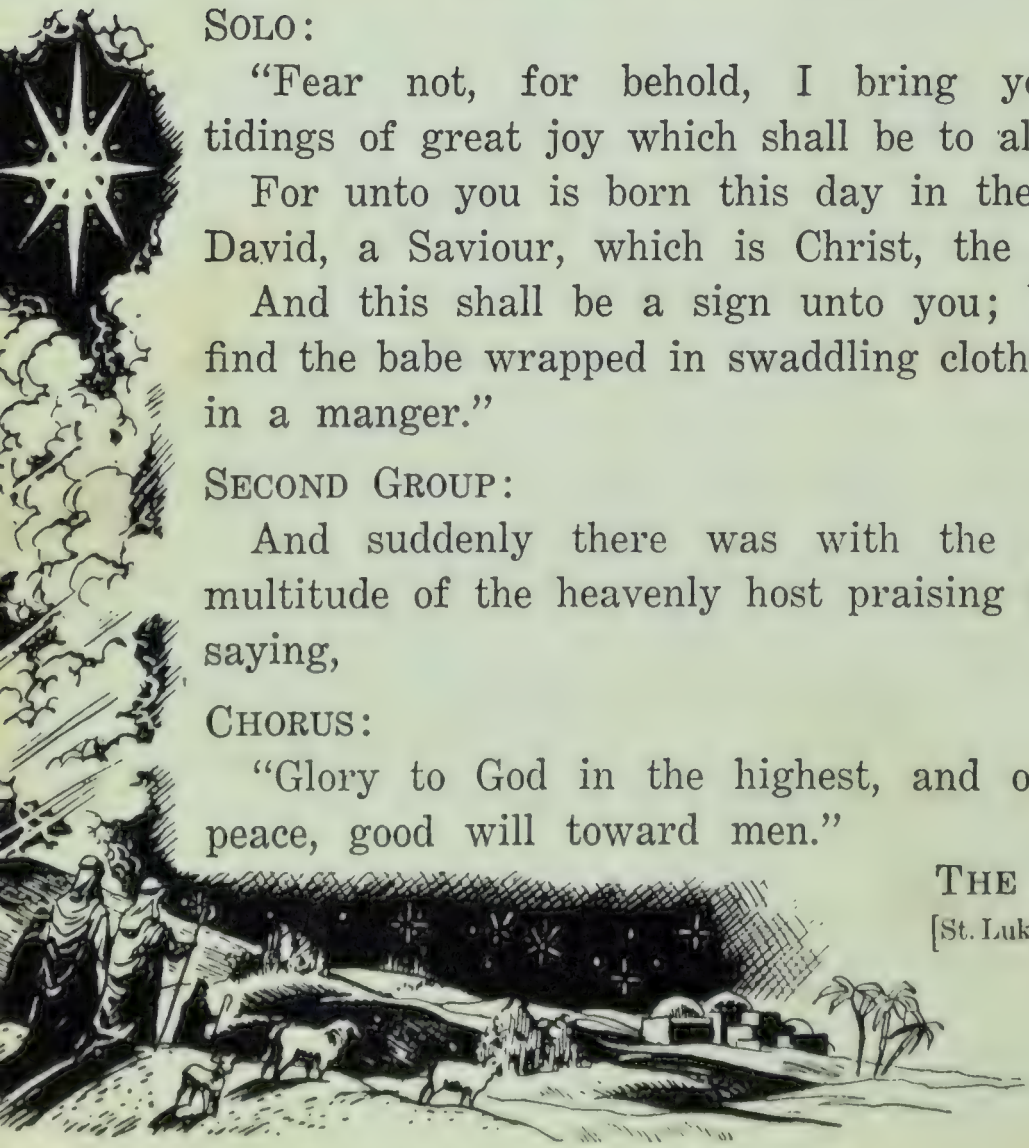
SECOND GROUP:

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

CHORUS:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

THE BIBLE
[St. Luke 2: 8-14.]



THE DISCONTENTED PIG

EVER SO LONG AGO, in the time when there were fairies, and men and animals talked together, there was a curly-tailed Pig. He lived by himself in a house at the edge of the village. Every day he worked in his garden. When the sun shone or the rain fell, he hoed and dug and weeded. He turned the earth around his tomato vines and loosened the soil of the carrot plot. Word of his fine vegetables travelled through seven counties. Each year he won the royal prize at the fair.

After a time, Little Pig grew tired of the endless toil. He thought he would like to roam.

"What matters it if I do have the finest vegetables in the kingdom," he thought, "since I must work myself to death getting them to grow? I mean to go out and see the world and find an easier way of making my living for the future."

He locked the door of his house, shut the gate of his garden and started down the road. As he went, he congratulated himself for having a wise idea.

A good three miles he travelled. Then he came to a cottage almost hidden in a grove of trees. Lovely music sounded around him, and Little Pig smiled, for he had an ear for sweet sounds.

"I shall go and find it," he said, following in the direction from which it seemed to come.

Now it happened that in the cottage dwelt Thomas the Cat, who made his living playing on the violin. Little Pig saw him standing in the door, pushing the bow up and down across the strings. It put a thought into his head. Surely this must be easier and far more pleasant than digging in a garden! He would exchange gardening for this!

"Will you teach me to play the violin, friend Cat?" he asked earnestly.

Thomas looked up and nodded his head.

"To be sure," he answered; "just do as I am doing," and he gave him the bow and fiddle.

Little Pig took them and began to saw. —*Squeak! Quang!* No sweet music fell upon his ear. The sounds he heard were like the squealing of his baby-brother pigs when a wolf came near them, looking for a snack.

"Oh!" he squawked. "This is horrible! It isn't music!" He gave the instrument in his hand a little shake.

Thomas the Cat shook his head.

"Of course not," he said. "You haven't tried long enough. He who would play the violin must toil."

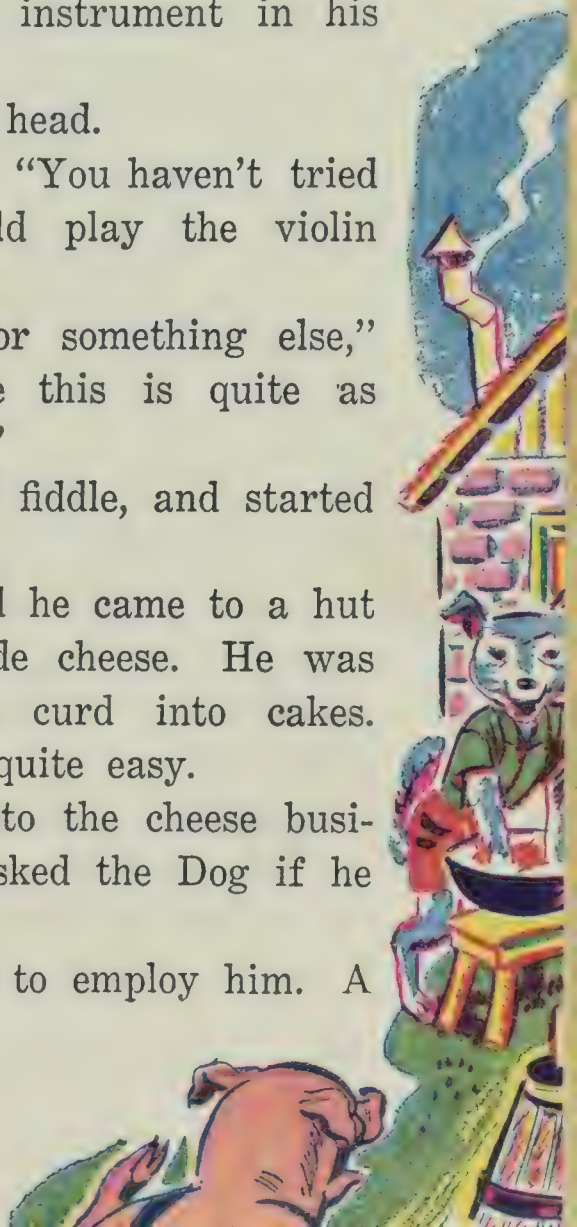
"Then I think I'll look for something else," Piggywig answered, "because this is quite as hard as weeding my garden."

He gave back the bow and fiddle, and started down the road.

He walked on and on, until he came to a hut where lived a Dog who made cheese. He was kneading and moulding the curd into cakes. Little Pig thought it looked quite easy.

"I think I'd like to go into the cheese business myself," he said. He asked the Dog if he would employ him.

The Dog was quite willing to employ him. A



moment later Little Pig was beside him, kneading and moulding the curd.

Soon the Pig grew hot and tired. He stopped to rest and fan himself as he usually did when working.

"No, no!" exclaimed the Dog. "You will spoil the cheese! There can be no rest time until the curd is made into cakes.

Little Pig opened his eyes in amazement.

"Indeed!" he replied. "Then this is just as hard as growing vegetables or learning to play a violin. I intend to look for something easier."

And he started down the road at a much slower rate.

On the other side of the river, in a sweet green field, a man was taking honey out of beehives. Little Pig saw him as he crossed the bridge. He thought that, of all the trades he had seen, this suited him best. It must be lovely there in the meadow under the flowers. Honey was not heavy to lift and once in a while he could have a mouthful of it. He ran as fast as he could go, to ask the man if he would employ him, and thus grant his dearest desire.

This plan pleased the Bee-man as much as it pleased the pig.

"I've been looking for a helper for a year and a day," he said. "Begin work at once."

He gave Little Pig a veil and a pair of gloves, telling him to fasten them on well. Then he told him to lift a honeycomb out of a hive.

Little Pig ran to do it, twisting his curly tail in the joy of having at last found a business that suited him. But—*buzz, buzz!* The bees crept under his veil and inside his gloves. They stung him on his legs, his mouth, his ears, and the end of his nose. He squealed and dropped the honey and ran.

"Come back, come back!" the man called.

"No, no!" Little Pig bellowed with a big roar. "No, no! I do not deserve to be treated like this! The bees hurt me!"

The man nodded his head.

"Of course they do," he said. "They hurt me too! That is part of the business. You cannot be a bee-keeper without being stung."

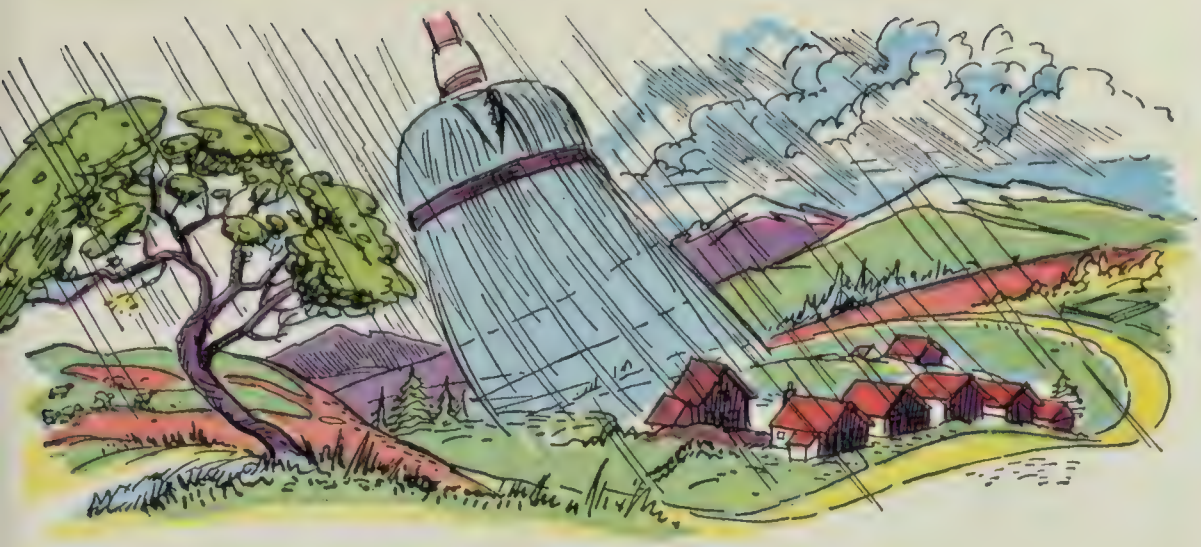
Little Pig was ruffled, not to say disappointed.

"It seems that every kind of work has something unpleasant about it. To play the violin, you must practise until your arm aches. When you make cheese, you dare not stop a minute until the work is done. And in taking honey from a hive the bees sting you until your head is on fire. Work in my garden is not so bad after all. I am going back to it."

He returned the veil and gloves and said good-bye to the Bee-man. Soon he was back in his carrot patch. He hoed and raked in earnest, singing as he toiled. There was no more contented Pig in all that kingdom. Every autumn he took his vegetables to the fair and brought home the royal prize. Sometimes, on holidays, the Cat and the Dog and the Bee-man came to call.

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

From *Educating by Story-Telling.*



THE RAIN SHE HAS A SILVER BROOM

The rain she has a silver broom,
  A silver broom has she;
She sweeps the flat broad countryside
  And house and street and tree.

She sweeps away the blowing dust
  Till every leaf is clean,
And tree trunks shine a dripping black
  And fields a dazzling green.

Even the dusty sheep that stand
  Backs humped against the rain,
Under her broom turn fair and white
  Like little lambs again.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

PATRICK O'FLAHERTY AND THE LEPRECHAUN

It was a warm summer afternoon. Patrick O'Flaherty was busy hoeing Mr. McGonogal's big potato field. It was a whole week since he had found the Leprechaun—the fairy shoemaker—sitting under the hedge in the dell, making shoes. He was clad in a green muslin suit, a shawl and a little scarlet cap.

"How grand it would be," said Patrick to himself, "if the wee shoemaker were to teach me how to make shoes. I'd like that. Oh, I should. But alas, he said that before I could learn a thing about it, I'd have to show I was brave. Now, how shall I ever have a chance to be brave, when I have to work all day in a potato field hoeing nettles?"

So thought Patrick to himself, and he thought, too, "I hope Mr. McGonogal doesn't find the wee man. He'd be wanting to steal his pot of gold from him." Patrick hoed busily, and the sun warmed his back as he made short work of the nettles.

All of a sudden there was an uproar at the

other end of the field. Mr. McGonogal was there, dancing madly up and down, with his eyes fixed on the hedge, and bellowing at the top of his voice: "I have you, now! I have you!"

"Oh!" cried Patrick. "He's found the Leprechaun! He's found the little shoemaker!" He picked up his hoe, and ran for all he was worth down the entire length of the long field.

He came up close behind Mr. McGonogal, and paused to get his breath again. Mr. McGonogal didn't notice him; he was too busy being rude to the Leprechaun. "I have you now," he was saying, "and soon I'll be having your pot of gold. Everybody knows that if you keep your eyes on a Leprechaun, he can't get away. So I'm going to keep mine on you—you may count on that. Now, then, tell me where your pot containing the gold is buried, and be quick about it."

"Under the ground, to be sure," said the Leprechaun quietly. He went on hammering at his little shoe.

"Whereabouts, under the ground?" bellowed Mr. McGonogal, rudely.

"You wouldn't be asking me that, would you?" said the Leprechaun.

"Of course I would," replied Mr. McGonogal, rudely. "It's the only way to find out."

The Leprechaun said nothing.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" thought Patrick. "What's to be done now to save the wee man? I could give Mr. McGonogal a scare, maybe, so that he'd jump, and forget to keep his eyes on him. Then the little shoemaker could get away. But if I did that I'd get a thrashing for myself. Maybe the Leprechaun can get himself out of the pickle."

"Hurry up!" Mr. McGonogal was shouting.

"I suppose I'll have to tell you," said the Leprechaun, with a sigh.

"No, you won't," thought Patrick, measuring the space with his eye.

He crept up quietly behind Mr. McGonogal, stood on tiptoe, cupped his hands around his mouth, took a deep breath, and shouted with all his might, "Hoooo!"

The startled Mr. McGonogal jumped in surprise and forgot all about keeping his eyes on the Leprechaun. When he remembered, it was too late. The little man had entirely disappeared.

With a roar of anger Mr. McGonogal turned on Patrick, and gave him a thrashing.

However, as he walked home to his supper, he gave hardly a thought to his bruises, so glad was he that the Leprechaun had escaped from strict and greedy Mr. McGonogal.

That evening, just after Patrick got into bed, there was a knock at the door.

It was the Leprechaun who greeted him.

"Good night to you, Patrick O'Flaherty," said he. "Thank you for saving me. It's a brave boy you were to do it, and take the thrashing for yourself. I like your spirit, and I thank you very much, Patrick O'Flaherty. You came just in time to prevent me from telling that rude man where my gold is buried. Tomorrow I'll grant your wish about learning to make shoes. I am sorry about your bruises."

"That's a funny thing," murmured Patrick drowsily. "I didn't think I was being brave. I didn't think about it at all. I hadn't thought anybody could be brave in a potato field. It's a queer, queer thing. It is, to be sure." With that, he fell fast asleep.

FRANCES E. RUSSELL

FUN-LOVING, MUSIC-MAKING "PAPA" HAYDN

I. Joseph's Make-Believe Violin

The great red sun was just beginning to light the narrow streets of a little market town in Austria.

Everyone was asleep in the Haydn cottage but little Sepperl, as Franz Joseph was often called. He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. It was time for the market! Quickly he hurried out into the early morning light and ran down to

the market square. "Ho, there, young Sepperl! You are always up with the sun. Come and have a bit of breakfast with me," called Kreutter, the fruit man. He was piling the ripe fruit and vegetables higher on his stall.

Perched on an old barrel with his bare feet dangling, Sepperl ate bright red apples and talked happily for some time. "We are to have a concert at our house tonight, Herr Kreutter. You must come to hear us for Cousin Matthias Frankh is coming to play on his violin. Perhaps he is here now. I must go and see. Good-bye, Herr Kreutter."

Away Sepperl hurried to the shop where his father was then working and singing as he fitted together the parts of a new wagon.

Just at that very moment Cousin Frankh came striding down the street carrying his violin case under his arm. The Haydns were always delighted with Cousin Frankh's visits for he knew much about music. He could even compose new pieces with skill, and always had an entertaining story to tell.

Evening could hardly come quickly enough for Sepperl. Although the family were all taking part in the concert, Sepperl was the first one ready to begin. His violin was only make-believe

for it was just two small pieces of wood. You see he was only a little boy five years old, but he loved music, and he loved to pretend. So all evening he sat by his cousin playing his own make-believe instrument, bending and swaying to the music, with the other musicians of the family.

"My greatest desire is to play on a real violin like yours, Cousin Frankh. Will you teach me, please?" asked the boy after the concert.

Later, Father and Mother Haydn talked over with Cousin Frankh the wish of their little son. They decided that he should be given a chance to learn about music. Before many weeks Sepperl said good-bye to father and mother and home and went away to another village to live in the home of Cousin Frankh. There he learned to read music, and to sing in the village choir. However, there were greater things in store for Sepperl, whom we may now think of as Joseph.

II. Joseph in the Cathedral Choir

One day Herr Reutter, an important visitor, arrived in the village. He was looking for boys to sing in his choir at St. Stephen's Cathedral. He heard of Sepperl and came to see him.

"Yes, Herr Reutter, I have just the boy for

you. He is only seven but he sings like an angel. Will you hear him?" asked Cousin Frankh.

Herr Reutter took from his pocket a sheet of written music, which Joseph had never seen.

Without even stopping once, Joseph sang the difficult music in clear fine tones.

Then Herr Reutter asked him to do something which even his teacher could not do. He asked him to trill. Herr Reutter sang the trill just once while Joseph listened carefully. He was always so willing to try anything, and this time he delighted both men by trilling perfectly.

Herr Reutter rewarded Joseph by filling his hat with big bright red cherries from a dish on a table close by. Better far than this reward was an invitation to sing in the great cathedral of St. Stephen's.

Joseph's dreams came true when he heard the bells of St. Stephen's ring out on the frosty morning air. Joseph loved it all—the carved doorway, the light coming softly through the high, stained glass windows, and the music of the great organ. He could hardly believe that this was to be his life from now on and he was happier than he ever thought he could be.

His life was not easy, of course. He was often cold and hungry, for the city of Vienna could not give the choir boys all the food and clothing they needed. However, he had his music to love and he worked at it many hours each day.

Looking over his glasses one day, strict Herr Reutter announced, "Joseph, you will sing the solo parts in the services this morning, and mind there are no mistakes!"

Everyone listened eagerly to Joseph's lovely singing. When the last notes of the organ died away, the boys started back to school. Joseph deserved the high praise which he received.

III. Haydn, the Composer

Joseph liked the feasts at the homes of noblemen where the boys entertained the guests by playing and singing gay tunes. Best of all the entertainment, Joseph thought, was the orchestra. He liked to stand close to the musicians and listen to the sounds of the different instruments playing together. As he strode along the avenue, the music kept ringing in his ears and he wished that he might some day write music for an orchestra. He wished Herr Reutter would teach him to write music. As Herr Reutter was very busy, Joseph decided to find out for himself how to compose music.

He bought books and studied how to compose music. Steadily he worked away, never becoming weary of finding new ways to make his tunes

more beautiful. It was well that Joseph was learning to work alone, because soon he was forced to face the world with only his music by which to earn a living.

One day the boys were busy practising the music for the following day. Fun-loving Joseph was as usual up to mischief. This time he was trying out a new pair of scissors to see how sharp they were. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the pigtail of the boy in front of him. Snip! went the scissors. The pigtail fell to the floor!

That was enough for strict Herr Reutter. Joseph was caned and sent away from the choir. Thus on a cold night in November Joseph Haydn left the choir of St. Stephen's and found himself alone and hungry in the great city. This was the beginning of his effort to earn a living by writing music.

When you read more about the life of Haydn, you will learn that he wrote so many pieces of music that he was given the name of "Papa" Haydn by his friends. Finally, the merry little peasant boy grew to be the great composer, Franz Joseph Haydn. Today we call him the father of orchestra music. This kind, fun-loving musician gave the world much beautiful music to enjoy.

(Two of "Papa" Haydn's famous pieces for the orchestra are "Surprise Symphony" and "Clock Symphony." Sometimes in church you hear the choir sing "The Heavens Are Telling." This piece is from a work of Haydn's called "The Creation.")

OPAL WHEELER AND SYBIL DEUCHER

Adapted from *Joseph Haydn, The Merry Little Peasant.*

COLOUR

Colour is a lovely thing,
Given to soothe our sight:
Blue for sky, green for grass,
And brown for roads where tired folk pass;
Silver for moon, for sunset red,
Soft cool black for night.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

PIGWIGGIN THE BRAVE

CHARACTERS

PIGWIGGIN — THE KING

FIVE VILLAGERS — THE KING'S ATTENDANTS

A CROWD OF VILLAGERS

SCENE: *A market-place. Pigwiggin is standing on the steps of the market cross addressing a crowd of assembled villagers. He is in the middle of his story.*

PIGWIGGIN: Well, then, after I had slain both the lions, there was the dragon!

CROWD (*very interested*): Oo—ooh!

PIGWIGGIN: He was worse than the lions, because he was bigger than the two of them put together. Huge, he was!

1ST VILLAGER: How huge?

PIGWIGGIN (*stretching out his arms*): As long as—no, much longer than that.

2ND VILLAGER: How long?

PIGWIGGIN: Well, about as long as from the market cross here to the inn (*pointing*) at the bottom of the hill there.

[*Crowd gasps and whistles, exclaims: "Well, I never!" "How awful!" etc.*

3RD VILLAGER (*a woman*): Weren't you afraid?

PIGWIGGIN: Afraid? Bless you, no, not a bit. Well, there he was, stretching right across the road, and he began to crawl towards me, lashing his tail, with his green eyes rolling. I drew my sword, and, as he came nearer, he puffed a great cloud of fire and smoke at me. I didn't mind that a bit. He was so surprised that I did not draw back, that he stopped short and stared at me. I seized my chance, and I rushed in and thrust my sword into his gills. (*Cheers.*) Then there was a fearful struggle. (*Cheers.*)

4TH VILLAGER: Weren't you hurt?

PIGWIGGIN: Just a scratch or two, nothing much. The dragon was pretty badly wounded with my first thrust. Then with one mighty blow I cut off his head. (*Loud cheering.*)

5TH VILLAGER: Where is the head?

2ND VILLAGER: Yes, let's see the head.

PIGWIGGIN: Oh, it was much too large to carry home. Besides, I had the Princess to look after.

1ST VILLAGER: Where is the Princess?

PIGWIGGIN: At home, resting. She's worn out

with excitement and fright. But I can show you the spike from the tip of the dragon's tail. (*Shows the spike. All cheer.*)

4TH VILLAGER: Three cheers for Pigwiggin! Pigwiggin the Brave! (*All cheer.*)

PIGWIGGIN (*smiling and bowing*): Thank you. I expect the King will be pleased. He may make me a knight—or a lord even. I shall kneel before him. He will touch me on the shoulder with his sword and say: "Rise up, Lord Pigwig of Wiggin. Pigwiggin the Brave!" (*Cheers.*)

[*Enter the King, unnoticed, with attendants.*

"I thank you, sire, for rescuing my daughter from the frightful dragon," he will say. Then he will give me golden spurs and a golden sword, and he will say—

KING (*to an attendant*): Bring that bragging brat to me.

[*Attendant brings Pigwiggin by the ear.*

KING: Is your name Pigwiggin?

PIGWIGGIN: Yes, Your Majesty.

KING: You are the boy who looks after the Princess's pet baby dragon, aren't you?

PIGWIGGIN: Yes, Your Majesty.

KING: Your job is to feed him, clean out his cage, and take him for walks, isn't it?

PIGWIGGIN: Yes, Your Majesty.

KING: And not to tease him, and twist his tail, eh?

PIGWIGGIN: No, Your Majesty.

KING: Where is the spike of the baby dragon's tail?

PIGWIGGIN: Here it is, Your Majesty.

KING: Very well. Go and stick it on again. Afterwards go to the Princess and say you are very sorry. Then for the rest of the week you must clean out ALL the cages: the dragon's, the rabbits', and the white mice's. And write out fifty times, "I must not tease the baby dragon." Go!

[PIGWIGGIN *hurries away, left. The* KING *goes out, right.* THE VILLAGERS *bow and curtsy to him as he passes. When he has gone, they all rush and point, left, after* PIGWIGGIN, *mocking and laughing.*

CROWD (*Mocking*): Three cheers for Pigwiggin the Brave! (*Again in a mocking voice.*) Three cheers for Pigwiggin the Brave! Ha, ha, ha!

J. FRANCES MACKENZIE

From *Little Plays of Pigwiggin and Others.*

PART NINE

From Sea to Sea

FLOWERS OF CANADA

"The Maple Leaf our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever."

ALL OF US know that the maple leaf is the emblem of Canada. Do you know that most of the nine provinces have emblems, too? They are flower emblems, the lovely wild blossoms that colour our fields and woods through the long sunny days of summer.

THE MAYFLOWER

Nova Scotia has as its emblem the earliest wild flower of them all, the Mayflower. This wild little blossom often opens its pink-tipped eyes under the very snow banks that shelter it. It is a shy plant, liking the sand under the evergreens or the moss of rocky places. As early as March, these little pink blossoms open beneath the dull green leaves. A breath of spring is the Mayflower, and a farewell to winter.

The Violet

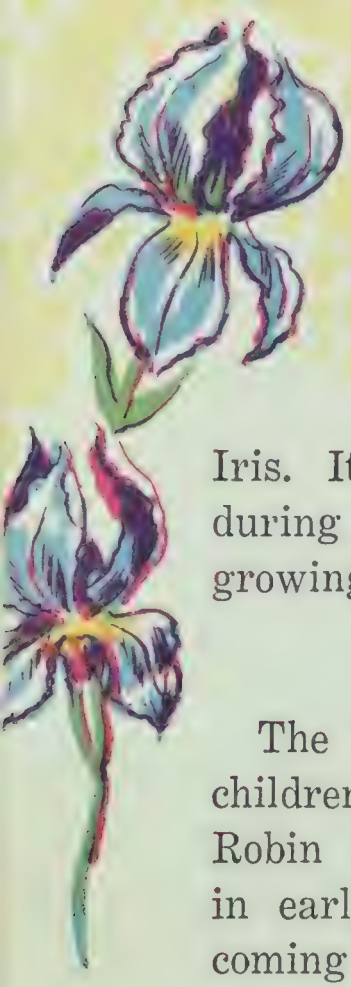
The flower that New Brunswick has chosen is the Violet, the common, purple, meadow violet. During May and June, waysides, meadows and marshes are blue with these blossoms. In New Brunswick there are sixteen different kinds of violets. The white violets with the purple throats have a sweeter perfume, but the purple violet has a special place in the hearts of all.

Garden of the Gulf

The small island province, Prince Edward Island, is sometimes called "Garden of the Gulf." In summer it is a mass of bloom. There they have many lovely wild flowers from which some day they may choose their emblem. Prince Edward Island is in the gulf of the St. Lawrence River.

Fleur-de-Lis

Quebec has no flower emblem but uses the flower on its coat of arms, instead. This design is called a Fleur-de-Lis but is really the Blue



Iris. It blooms in the marshes and wet meadows during May, June and July. It is a royal flower growing among the tall grasses.

The Trillium

The flower of Ontario is one that all school children in Ontario know. It is the lovely Wake-Robin or Trillium. When you visit the woods in early spring, you will see this lovely flower coming through the snow. Look for the flower with the three white petals, the three sepals and the three leaves. Do not disturb the roots. In them lie next year's leaves and flower. When the Trillium comes, the robin is supposed to sing his first song.

The Anemone

The pale Anemone is Manitoba's emblem. These dainty star-like flowers bloom very early in spring. They are beautiful while growing, but if they are picked they wither quickly. Our Canadian Anemone is the best known of spring wild flowers.

The Flame Lily

One of the brightest of our wild flowers is the Red Wood or Flame Lily. It has been chosen as the emblem of Saskatchewan. All through June and July these reddish-orange lilies bloom. The Wood Lily attracts colour-loving bees and butterflies. On the inside of its petals are spots and lines which lead the insects to the nectar. Even in dry weather these brilliant flowers do not droop. Thus the Wood Lily is the prairie's own emblem for there dry woods and sandy soils are often found.

The Wild Rose

Alberta has a very lovely emblem, the Wild Rose. People of Alberta call it the Prairie Rose. During the long summer days the mountain slopes and valleys are bright with these flowers. Many

beautiful roses brought to North America by the early settlers have run wild. They cover waste land with green leaves and dainty pink blossoms through June and July. Truly, the rose is a fitting emblem for a Canadian province.

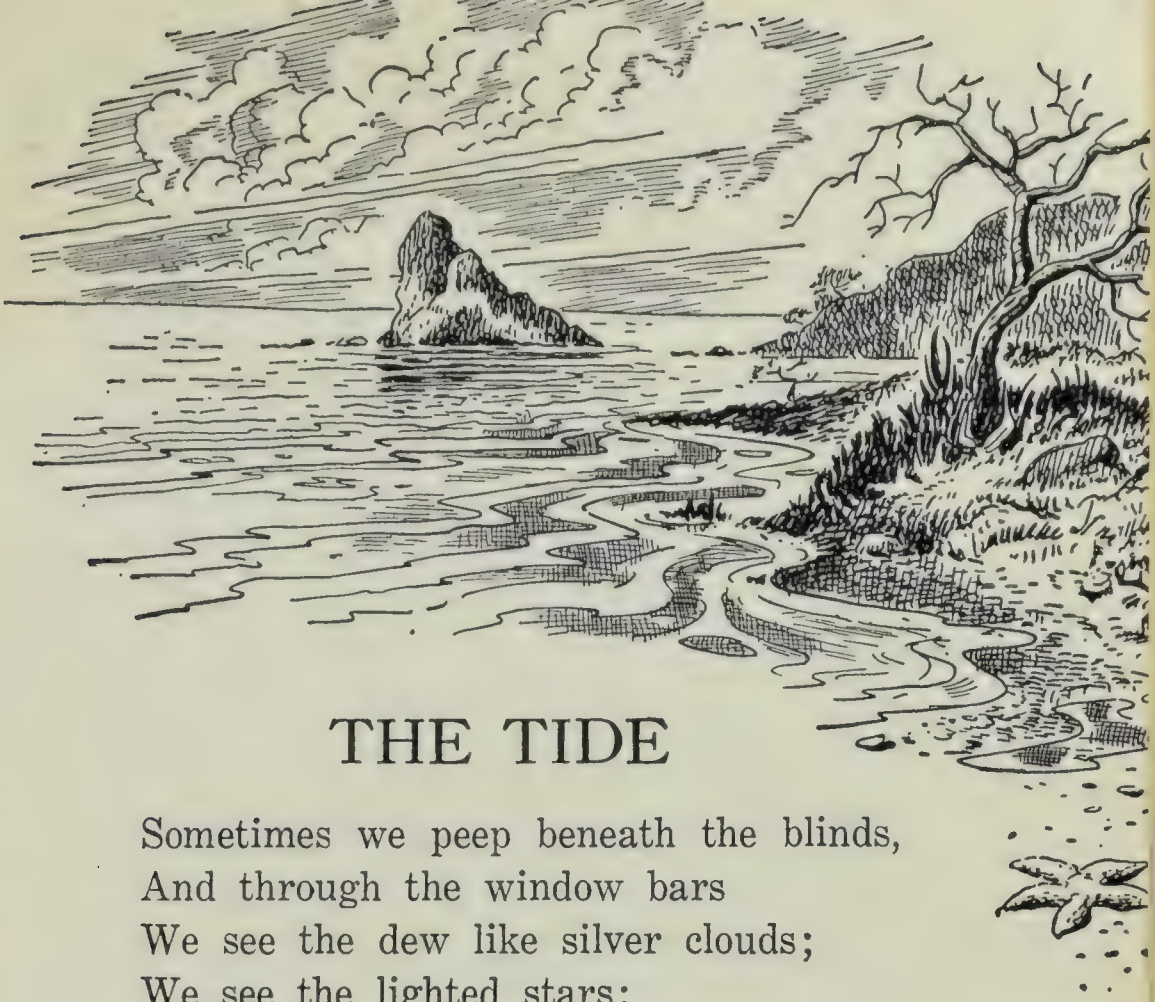
Dogwood

British Columbia's emblem, the Flowering Dogwood, is not a wild flower but a lovely flowering tree. It grows at the edge of roads and covers the hills. These lovely white or pale pink petals cover the land like a late snow-storm. In the autumn the Flowering Dogwood turns scarlet and gold. Bunches of red berries hang among the bright leaves. This lovely flowering tree is one of the most beautiful in Nature's garden.

Down through the ages, in all parts of the world, nations and people have taken certain designs as emblems. Often these designs were suggested by plants in Nature. Therefore, we, in Canada, do well to choose native wild flowers as our emblems.

Our wild flowers are very precious and when picked wither quickly. They are much prettier growing in Nature's garden than drooping in our homes.

Vera L. Daye



THE TIDE

Sometimes we peep beneath the blinds,
And through the window bars
We see the dew like silver clouds;
We see the lighted stars:

And down among the seaweed pools
Where little fishes hide,
Swift coming through the dark we hear
The footsteps of the tide.

We know, when night is tucked away,
Tomorrow there will be
Across the flat and shining sand,
The footprints of the sea.

MARJORIE WILSON

ANN'S LITTLE HOUSE

I. Roundabout House

It was Christmas Eve. Snow had fallen all night and all day. The little house, Roundabout, stood perched on the slope like a decoration on a frosted Christmas cake. Ann Martin stood in the bay window looking through the boughs of the snowy apple trees to the snowy beach. It was growing dark, and across Saint Mary's Bay twinkled the lights of the town.

"Ann," said her mother, "I think we had better see a lawyer about this property. We haven't done a thing about it, and I don't like the letter that came from the captain's nephew. He seems to think the property is his."

"But it isn't his," said Ann. "It's mine. He must know that. Captain Enos gave it to me because we were kind to him when he lived with us in the other town. We do not need a lawyer."

As Ann spoke, there was a loud knock at the kitchen door.

A tall man stood on the doorstep.

"You seem to be having a good time in my house," he said.

"Your house?" gasped Ann. "It's mine."

"Not so as you'd know it," said the man. "This was Captain Enos Moorehead's place, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Ann.

"As I am his nephew, I claim this place. Didn't you get my letter?"

By this time Ann's mother was standing beside her. Captain Daniel, their neighbour, was there, too, his blue eyes snapping. He was very displeased.

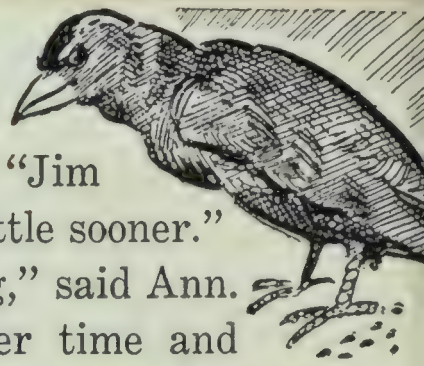
"Captain Enos left the house to me," said Ann. "Mother's china business failed and we had to move. The captain said he would never need this house again and he gave it to us."

"What proof have you?" asked the tall man. "It's all right with me if you have the proof."

"Of course I have it," said Ann. She ran upstairs to her room and pulled out the drawer of the table. She put her hand into the drawer, then brought it out—empty. The locket was gone! The captain's paper was gone with it.

Ann went slowly downstairs, a lump in her throat. When she saw her mother, she burst into tears.

"It's gone!" she sobbed. "My locket's gone! The paper's gone, too."



"I know!" said Captain Daniel. "Jim Crow! Wish I'd got my gun out a little sooner."

"He was on my table one morning," said Ann. "I guess he went there some other time and found the drawer open. O Mother, what shall I do? I can't give up Roundabout."

"Don't give up yet," comforted Captain Daniel. "The locket was so heavy that Jim Crow couldn't carry it far. Maybe he hid it right in your own yard."

"We can't hunt for it in this snow," said Ann.

The captain's nephew seemed rather puzzled.

"What's all this about a crow?" he asked.

"We think a crow stole my locket," explained Ann. "The paper that said the house was mine was in the locket. I think we'll find it in the spring, if you can wait until then."

The tall man smiled. "I'll think it over. I don't really want to take a little girl's house away from her, but I may as well claim what belongs to me. Good night, folks, I won't disturb you any longer." He opened the door and went out into the snow.

Ann watched him through the bay window. Then she dropped her head on her arm and sobbed, she was so worried and disappointed.

"O Roundabout," she said, "you're my house! I can't let you go. I'll find the proof."

II. The Next Spring

After the snow was gone and the warm spring days had come, everyone in the village helped in the search for the locket. One person or another looked under and in the apple trees, on the roof and in the attic, and even went over every inch of the garden. There was not a sign of the locket anywhere.

It was very lovely at Roundabout these days. Daffodils were pushing their green shoots up through the ground, and the buds were swelling on the apple trees. Every morning Ann looked out of the window hoping to see Jim Crow sitting on the fence. If only he would come back, perhaps he would fly to the place where he had put the locket. In the fall, though, Jim Crow had flown far away, and he did not return.

"If Jim Crow hid the locket in a tree this wind should shake it down," thought Ann. In the morning she went carefully over the ground under the trees, but no locket did she find. She looked up to see her little chum, Zeb, sitting

on the lobster pots watching her. He was laughing.

"Ann," said Zeb, "have you seen Mrs. Scarecrow this morning?"

"No!" said Ann.

She looked over at the vegetable garden. Mrs. Scarecrow had been badly blown about in the

wind-storm, and she had lost her hat. She looked very odd indeed.

"Where do you think her hat is?" asked Zeb. "In your back yard!"

Ann went to the back of the house. There was the battered hat lying on the ground. She picked it up and climbed over the fence into Zeb's yard.

"Wait! I'll get a kitchen chair so we can climb up and put it on properly," said Zeb.

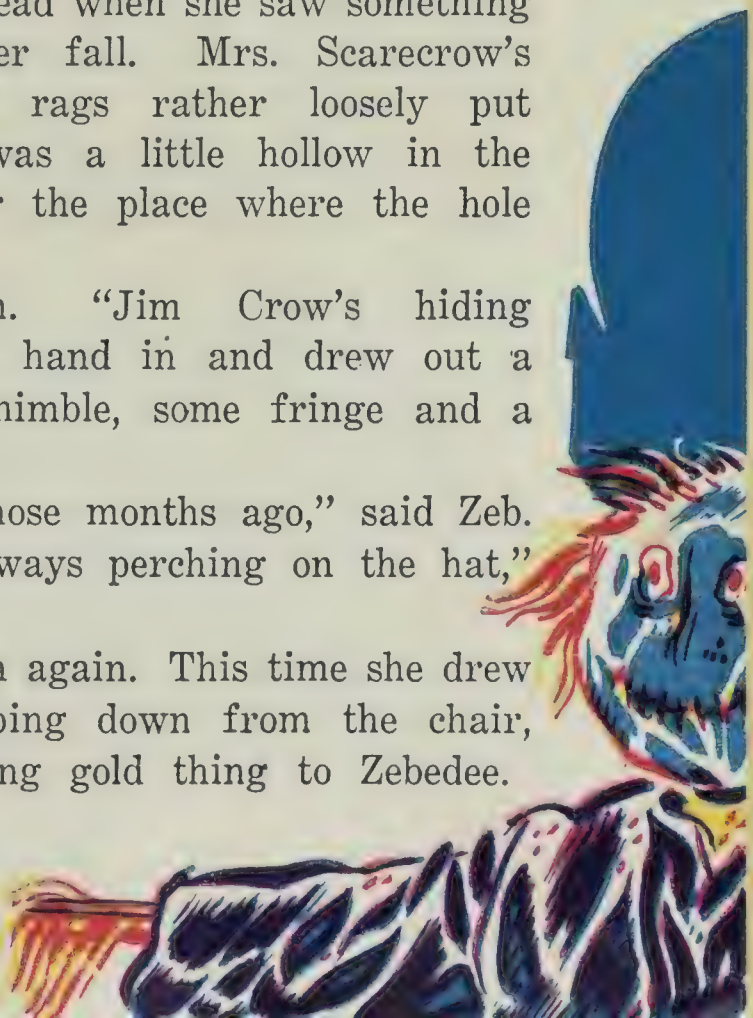
When he came out with the chair, Ann stood on it. She was just going to put the felt hat on Mrs. Scarecrow's head when she saw something that almost made her fall. Mrs. Scarecrow's head was made of rags rather loosely put together and there was a little hollow in the top of it, just under the place where the hole in the hat had been.

"Oh!" cried Ann. "Jim Crow's hiding place!" She put her hand in and drew out a pair of scissors, a thimble, some fringe and a bracelet.

"My mother lost those months ago," said Zeb.

"Jim Crow was always perching on the hat," said Ann.

She put her hand in again. This time she drew out the locket! Jumping down from the chair, she handed the shining gold thing to Zebedee.



"Open it, Zeb! I can't. Suppose the paper isn't there!"

Zeb opened the locket. He took out a piece of paper and handed it to Ann. She smoothed it out and read the words in Captain Enos' fine, careful handwriting.

> I, Enos Moorehead, being of sound mind do bequeath to my friend, Ann Martin, my cottage at Sandy Cove, Nova Scotia.
>
> *James Brown* *Enos Moorehead.*
> *Hugh Evans*

"And there, down at the bottom, are the names of the witnesses," said Ann. "Captain Enos said if two people signed their names there it would be—would be—*legal.* Now no one can take my property away from me. Oh, Zeb, now I can live here all my life and claim the house for my very own. Let us celebrate!"

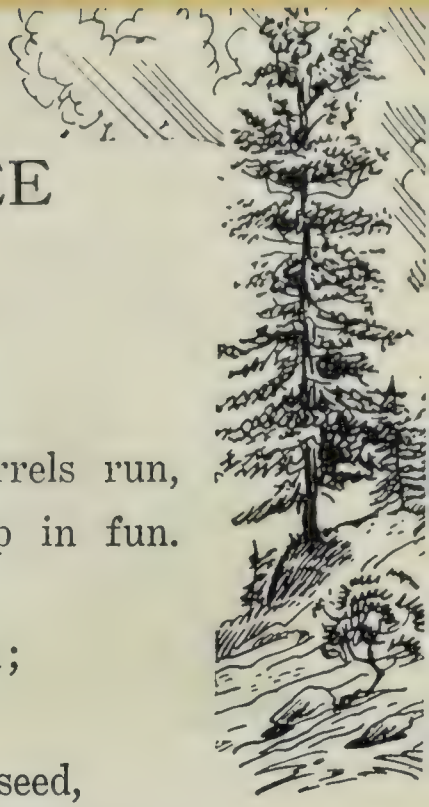
Zeb did not know exactly what to say, so he said nothing at all; but Ann knew he was glad.

"Let's go in to tell Mother," said Ann. "Good old Mrs. Scarecrow! We'll have to get her a new spring hat decorated with flowers!"

ALICE DALGLIESH

From *Roundabout.*

THE SPRUCE TREE



I am a spruce tree tall and strong;
Over my branches all day long
The blackbirds hop and the red squirrels run,
And the chipmunks chatter and chirp in fun.

I am the spruce tree wide and green;
Birds in my branches hide unseen;
My cones are treasures of tempting seed,
In their winter garner, the squirrels to feed.

I am a spruce tree white with snow;
Over my head the tempests blow,
But warm and green are my arms, to care
For the birds, when maples and elms are bare.

I am a spruce tree green and wide;
Close to my heart the wood-folks hide;
By day they flutter and fly and run,
And I guard their sleep when the day is done.

DOROTHY HERRIMAN

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES IN QUEBEC

I. The Tourist Lady Paints a Picture

Suzanne came running along the beach, her hair blowing, her jacket open, and her hands full of shells she had gathered. Just as she reached the rack where the fish nets were drying, she stopped short. A strange lady sat on an old dead tree. Suzanne could tell from the way she looked that she was a "tourist lady." She had a paint brush in her hand, another in her mouth, and she was so interested in what she was doing that at first she didn't see little Suzanne. She

squinted her eyes and gazed off down the beach towards the harbour where the men were loading seaweed. Then she made swift strokes of colour on the pad in her lap.

As she looked, Suzanne could see the picture grow and crept a step nearer. There, caught in a few lines of brilliant colour, were rocks with the waves at their feet, and the men loading the seaweed. Suzanne could see Jean with his blue jumper, Louis in his red sweater and the others. The horse and cart were there, even the spray shining in the sun, and the gulls wheeling against the blue sky. Suzanne was delighted.

She crept still nearer. The lady looked up and smiled. She put down her brushes and drew Suzanne towards her as she asked, "And what is your name?" Suzanne pushed back her hair and said, "It is Suzanne Cecile Pouliot, but Uncle Jacques, he always calls me Ti-Su! I would love to paint!"

"And can you paint, Ti-Su?" The tourist lady kept hold of Suzanne's hand as if she would like to make friends with her.

"Oh, yes." Suzanne always said it like that. "Oh, yes. Only, I do not have the paint, I have jus' the crayon. If I have the paint, I can paint, oh, yes!"

The tourist lady laughed as if that were very

funny. "You may watch if you like," she said, and took up her brushes again, but, as she turned, she upset the little cup of water she was using for her paint brushes.

"Now see what I have done!" she said. "Would you like to go and bring me some more water?"

"Oh, yes. But see, let me get it in this wide shell, then it won't spill again." Suzanne showed her one of the shells, a lovely fluted one, and was off like a flash down the beach.

Suzanne was used to tourists. For some years they had been coming to the Gaspé Coast, more

of them each year. Some of them were teachers, some were artists and many were just travellers. Never before had Suzanne been so close to an artist at work. She was very excited, because she loved to draw pictures herself, and felt important helping a real artist who used such lovely coloured paints.

She carried the water back to the lady, who quickly began to paint, as if she could hardly wait to finish. For some time the lady scarcely seemed to know that Suzanne was there. The picture was almost finished before she spoke again.

"Now, I must go," said the lady as she gathered her brushes and paints and put them into the box and started off. Suzanne watched her until she turned down the road. It was easy becoming acquainted with her. How she wished she might meet the tourist lady again!

II. Another Beautiful Picture

Not long afterwards Suzanne met the tourist lady in a car one afternoon. "Would you like to go with me in the car this afternoon? I'll take very good care of you," she said.

"Oh, yes!" Suzanne answered and clapped her hands.

That afternoon they saw the great rock that

looks like a ship. It almost took Ti-Su's breath away, it was so grand and so beautiful. The tourist lady exclaimed at the colour.

"Such brilliant blues, such rich greens!" she said. "And look at the colour of the rock! The most gorgeous reds and violets I ever saw!" Suzanne didn't always understand the words the tourist lady used, but she knew what she meant.

Later they drove up a steep road as far as they could, and then went on foot up a hill. "It must be a wonderful view from here," said the tourist lady.

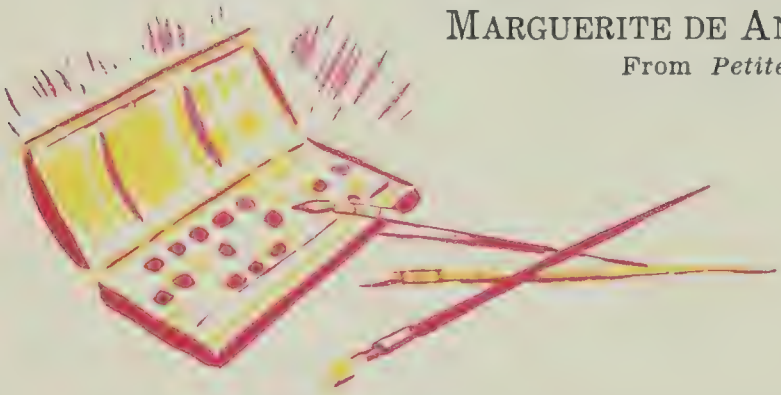
"Oh, yes, it is wonderful!" said Suzanne as they walked clear to the edge of the cliff. The whole mountainside swept up from the sea, clothed with grass that was a deep emerald because the sea air was always damp. Farther up the mountain were the dark spruces, and beyond the opening the land dropped off straight to the sea. Suzanne and the tourist lady stood and gazed and gazed out to sea, across the rock and over to an island that was almost hidden by the mist.

Then the tourist lady said, "It is getting late. We must hurry or we won't be able to see our way. I have seen many beautiful pictures today. If only I could paint them as I saw them! Have you had a good time, little Suzanne?"

Suzanne sighed happily, "Oh, yes! I've had a beautiful time seeing such beautiful pictures. Oh, thank you."

Months later, on Christmas Day, Suzanne was watching Uncle Jacques at the Christmas Tree. He reached up to a high bough and handed to Suzanne a parcel from the United States. Everyone watched to see what was in that package! Suzanne accepted it gratefully and opened it. The card read: "For Ti-Su, who would love to paint!" And there was a box containing beautiful water colours and brushes from the tourist lady!

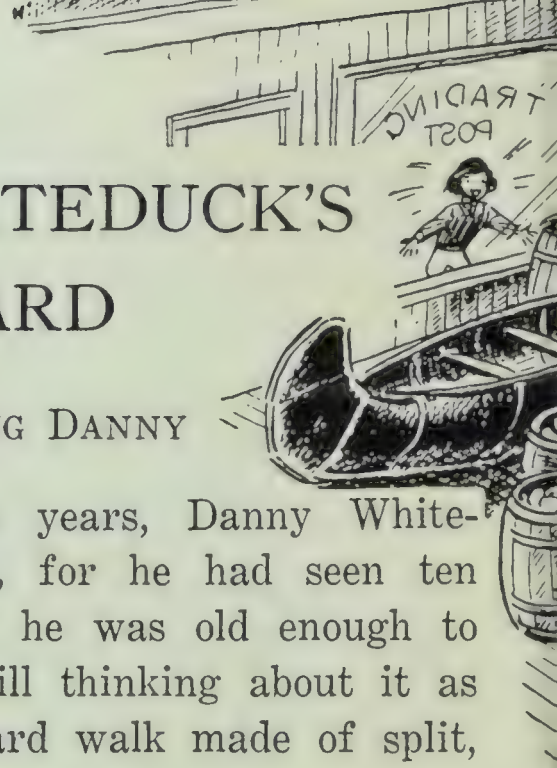
MARGUERITE DE ANGELI
From *Petite Suzanne.*



THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

O Canada, my song is thine,
  And long as Time shall be,
My waters murmuring thy name
  Shall flow into the sea.

LILY ALICE LEFEVRE



DANNY WHITEDUCK'S REWARD

I. Introducing Danny

As the Ojibways count years, Danny Whiteduck was ten years old, for he had seen ten big snows. He felt that he was old enough to own a canoe. He was still thinking about it as he trudged along the board walk made of split, white birch logs.

When he came to the cabin of his father, Big Brownbear, Danny stopped. He stood watching his father mending his fishing tackle.

Big Brownbear didn't look up; so Danny spoke.

"I want a canoe, a red one—the one at the trading post," he muttered.

His father went right on with his work.

"I want a canoe! I want a canoe! I want a canoe!" Danny spoke again, more loudly this time.

He spoke so close to his father's ear that it was impossible for Big Brownbear not to hear.

"What are you saying?" asked his father as though he could not believe his ears.

Again Danny demanded, "I want a canoe! A

canoe! A canoe! I want the big red one at the trading post!"

"Ugh!" grunted his father, and went on mending his tackle.

Disappointed, Danny stood looking at the wide blue lake and thought how nice it would be to skim over the water in his own canoe.

Soon Big Brownbear got up from under the trees where he had been sitting.

"You help put tackle away," he said. "You get canoe in future, maybe, when you grow up."

This seemed to settle things in his father's mind—but to Danny matters were still the same.

Danny Whiteduck sat down on the doorstep of the cabin. He offered Blue Cornflower, his sister, peanuts out of his striped bag. Then he ate some himself.

Danny spoke to Blue Cornflower as she worked on her scarlet mitten.

"Today my father and all the men leave the Island," he said. "All the boys who are big enough to paddle canoes will go with them. They will go in their canoes and bring back fish to last through the winter. The women and girls will dry the fish and salt it. Women and girls and papooses have to stay home."

Blue Cornflower didn't reply.

Pretty soon Danny said, "More than anything in the whole world, I want a red canoe!"

"What was that you said, my son?" asked Yellow Sunflower, the squaw, coming to the cabin door. "What is it you want?"

"I want a red canoe!" repeated Danny.

"Oh!" said Yellow Sunflower, sewing a green bead on a doeskin moccasin. "Oh!"

And that was all Yellow Sunflower said.

II. Time for Sleep

For a long time Danny Whiteduck sat sadly at the cabin door with his chin in his hands.

After supper Danny had to feed the sled dogs.

Tonight Danny thought the dogs seemed restless. They sniffed at the food he brought them. They pricked up their ears as though something unusual hung in the air and they were trying to catch the scent of it. Danny patted the dogs and talked to them, trying to quiet them.

Then he went down the hill, past the cabin, and to the trading post. The store was closed but he pressed his nose against the glass of the window. He could just make out the lines of the red canoe in the corner. He was glad it was still there.

Other children had gone to their cabins and Danny was alone. He heard a distant cry of a loon across the lake. A twig snapped behind him and Danny turned. It was his mother. Her moccasins made no sound but now and then a twig snapped as she trod over it.

"Time for sleep, my son," the squaw said.

Together they went silently back to the cabin.

Soon Danny was rolled up in his blanket. Sunflower and Blue Cornflower were fast asleep.

Laughing Eyes, the papoose, slept soundly, too. But Danny Whiteduck was restless.

Finally he drifted into a light slumber and dreams. Suddenly he heard a cry. He sat up, half awake. What was the cry he had heard? There it was again, a long, low wail. Was it the loon he had heard earlier in the evening?

III. Danny and the Government Ranger

Danny was wide awake now. Again came the cry—once, twice, thrice. It came again and again, taken up by other voices. Now he knew it was not a loon's cry. The dogs were howling. They were in danger. Danny could tell by their high-pitched cries that something was the matter.

Danny threw off his blanket and ran out the door. It was very light all around. He thought he had never seen such bright moonlight. Then his heart almost stopped beating. It was not moonlight that made everything so bright. It was fire—forest fire! The thing people who live in the North Woods dread most of all! Danny could see now that the fire was coming towards the Reservation. It was on the Island. Why had they not heard the siren warning them with its long, strange wail?

The siren was in the tall tower that stood on top of the hill. At the first sign of fire, Captain Jim, the government ranger, always sounded the siren to call the fire boats from the mainland. Where could Captain Jim be tonight that the siren was silent? Thoughts raced around and around in Danny's head till all seemed a jumble —that is, all but one thing—and that stood out clearly. The siren must sound! The siren must sound! The ranger had once told Danny that if a fire wasn't stopped at once, the whole Reservation might be wiped out.

Up, up the hill towards the tower Danny hurried as fast as he could go. The hill had never seemed so steep before. Up, up the ladder of the tower, then through a door into the little room where he could pull the handle of the siren. How glad Danny was that he had often visited Captain Jim so that now he knew just how to climb the tower! At last he had reached the handle which would set the siren screaming. He pulled with all his might.

"Fire!" screamed the siren. "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Danny knew that the sound would be heard on the mainland and soon the fire boats would be coming.

Wherever could Captain Jim be, Danny wondered,

as he climbed back down the ladder. Danny went out of the fire tower and looked around.

"Captain Jim!" he called loudly. "Captain Jim!"

Suddenly he heard a faint sound.

Someone was calling, "Help! Help!"

Danny ran around back of the tower in the direction from which the voice had come. There, a few feet away, lay Captain Jim. His leg was pinned under a tree. He couldn't move. Danny

tried to lift the tree, but it was too heavy for him.

"Go back to the Reservation and send one of the rangers when the fire boat comes," said Captain Jim. "I've only twisted my foot, and he will reach me long before the fire gets this far." Danny started off obediently, but Captain Jim called after him.

"Who blew the siren?" Captain Jim asked.

"I did," said Danny.

"You!" cried Captain Jim in amazement. "You're a brave Indian, Danny," he added after a moment. "As brave as the tallest Indian on the Reservation."

With Captain Jim's words ringing in his ears, Danny turned and ran down the hill towards where the fire boat was coming in. It had come in plenty of time to save the Reservation and to put out the fire before it destroyed the forest.

IV. A Shining Red Canoe

By the next day everyone had heard from Captain Jim about the part Danny had played the night before. Throughout the Reservation Danny was hailed for his bravery.

One evening he was summoned to a council held by the Indian braves. They were all seated around a big camp fire when Danny approached.

He wondered why the council had summoned him. He really would have been much more frightened, but he kept telling himself that a big Ojibway Indian mustn't be afraid of anything.

Big Brownbear came forward and led Danny into the circle.

"My son, the council of braves has decided that you are to be rewarded for your courage in saving the Reservation from fire," Big Brownbear said. "We cannot decide what your reward shall be, so you are to name the thing you want."

Then Charging Moose, the oldest brave on the Island, suggested that Danny should have a dog team and sleigh of his own. Danny shook his head.

Laughing Wolf, who was young and fleet, asked Danny if he would like to be allowed to go with the young braves of the hockey team when they went to the great city of Montreal for the big game. Again Danny shook his head.

Then Fleet Arrow told Danny he thought a rifle would be just the thing. At the mention of a rifle, Danny shook his head harder than ever.

Finally, Big Brownbear laid a hand on Danny's shoulder. Danny looked at the faces around the camp fire. He made a large circle on the ground with the toe of his moccasin. Then he pulled his father's sleeve and whispered close into his father's ear.

"I want a canoe!" he said. "A long, shining, red canoe! I do not want a rifle."

The very next day when Danny went to the trading post, he did not buy peanuts in a striped bag. He received the thing he had wanted for so *long—the red canoe* that stood in the corner!

HARRIET EVATT
From *The Red Canoe.*

BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER

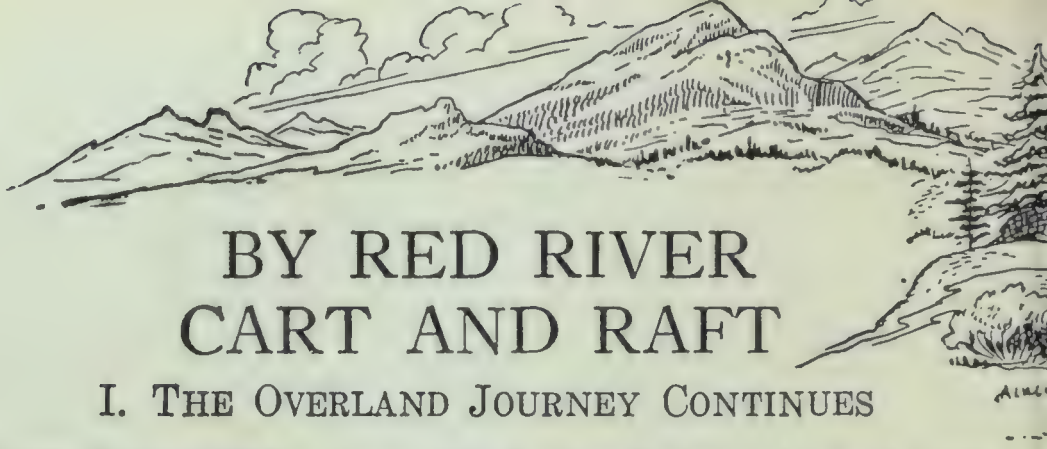
They're building a skyscraper
Near our street.
Its height will be nearly
One thousand feet.

A swarm of workmen
Strain and drive
Like busy bees
In a honey hive.

Building the skyscraper
Into the air
While crowds of people
Stand and stare.

Higher and higher
The tall towers rise
Like a Jacob's ladder
Into the skies.

JAMES S. TIPPETT



BY RED RIVER CART AND RAFT

I. The Overland Journey Continues

Gus Schubert, an excited small boy, looked out of the window of his home in Fort Garry one day in June 1862. Later, Fort Garry would become the city of Winnipeg, but then it was only a handful of houses. Gus could see crowds of men moving about. Everyone was excited, for everyone was getting ready for a great journey, the search for gold.

Wonderful stories had come from British Columbia about the gold to be found in the rivers and creeks there. Hundreds of people, hoping to find such treasure, crowded into Fort Garry to get ready for the long overland trip across the Rocky Mountains. They banded together in parties, called the Overlanders.

Gus, aged seven, called to his mother, "Look, Mother, look! Those men must be Overlanders. They are bargaining with the Indians for horses. There goes a cowboy, Mother. Aren't his chaps wonderful? Just see the cowboys' deer-hide jackets! O Mother, how I wish I had clothes like theirs!"

When his father came in, Gus ran to him. "O Father, are we going to be Overlanders, too?"

"That is a big idea for a small boy, Son," laughed his father. Gus looked quickly at his mother. Catherine Schubert's cheeks were pink and her eyes were shining, for Gus's mother was a born pioneer. She wanted all the family, even four-year-old Mary and little Jimmy, to be Overlanders. August Schubert was afraid of the dangers of the trip for them.

"There are no women and no children in any of the Overland parties," he told his wife.

"We are a pioneer family, August," Catherine said firmly. "Looking for gold is a fine thing and just think of the new country to be seen beyond the mountains. I am sure we can arrange something satisfactory."

"There will not be any milk for the children," said August. "No cow can climb the passes of the Rocky Mountains."

"We shall buy a Red River cart and a cow," said Catherine. "The cow can draw the cart as far as Fort Edmonton. That will take care of milk for the children. We can make other plans when we get there."

"Mother," said Gus quickly, "I can look after

the cow. If I am your cowboy, may I wear a cowboy suit instead of an ordinary suit?"

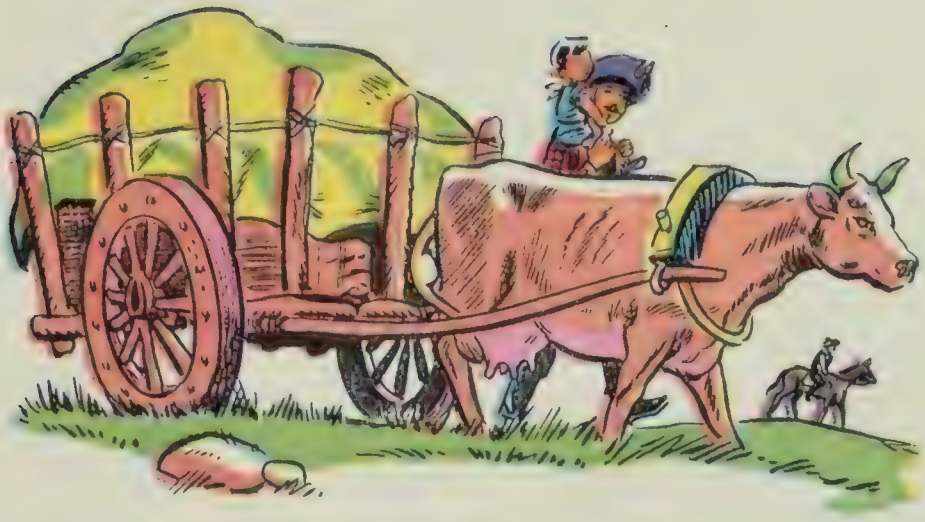
"I shall see, Gus," replied his mother. "Perhaps I can find you a suit in the Cariboo country."

"Now, Catherine, I don't know what Mr. McMicking is going to say about this. He has been captain of the Overlanders from the time they started the trip in Ontario and went to the United States. They never had a woman Overlander before."

"Don't worry, August," said his wife. "I must go treasure-hunting and seek success."

II. Across the Prairie

When the Overlanders left Fort Garry, the Schuberts left with them. What a trip it was! Catherine rode horseback and Gus and Mary sat in baskets slung on each side of her saddle. Their father walked and carried Jimmy. The family's goods were packed in a Red River cart drawn by a cow. On and on they went across the prairie. The wooden wheels of the carts squeaked and groaned. Now and again the cart pitched awkwardly as it hit a hole in the trail. The wooden wheels of the carts creaked and



groaned. The oxen often stuck fast in the mudholes. Ten days, twenty days passed.

Gus learned on that hard journey how important it is for men to work together. He learned to hunt for wood even when he was very tired. He learned to push hard at the wheel when the cart was stuck. He also learned to help when bridges had to be built across the rivers. He learned to eat pemmican which was made from buffalo meat. "Perhaps it would taste better if I had a cowboy suit," Gus would say. He thought Mr. McMicking was a wonderful captain. "He says, I should look just right in a cowboy suit," said Gus, who respected him greatly.

The trip was not all hardships. In some places the ground was covered with wild strawberries.

In the evenings the people would visit and sing around the camp fires. After forty-five days, Mr. McIntyre, one of the leaders, and Gus pushed through the dense bushes above the Saskatchewan River.

"Look! Look! There are camp fires on the other side of the river," cried out Gus.

"There's the fort! Shout, Gus, shout! Tell the camp that we have at last reached Fort Edmonton," said Mr. McIntyre.

Gus was very happy at Fort Edmonton. His mother was so pleased with her little pioneer that she bought him a cowboy suit made by an old squaw. Proudly wearing the suit, Gus marched out of Fort Edmonton on the day the Overlanders started for the distant Rockies.

III. On to Fort Kamloops!

This was the hardest part of the journey. Only pack horses and mules could be used and everyone had to walk. Catherine and August took turns carrying Mary and Jimmy. There were hills to climb and rivers to cross. Everywhere the dense forests held them back.

"I see clouds, wonderful clouds floating and shining in the blue," said Catherine one sunny

day, as she gazed at the beautiful scene around her.

"No, Madame," said their new guide, André. "Not clouds but the great snow-covered caps of the Rockies. Look again and you will see below them the long dark line of the mountains."

"The Rockies!" breathed Catherine. "And the farthest west beyond them! August, they are really there! And what a height they are!"

Then began the great effort to climb the Rockies. Up the travellers toiled, following the steep paths which led them over the shoulders of the mountains. At last they were through Yellowhead Pass, and had crossed the mountain. Food was running short. Everyone was bruised and worn out.

Now began the last stage of the long journey. The party with whom the Schuberts stayed tried to cut their way through the forest. They were hoping to build a trail to Fort Kamloops along the bank of the Thompson River. It took seventeen days to travel sixty miles. It was in June when the Overlanders had left Fort Garry. Now it was October. The people knew that the only way to reach Fort Kamloops before winter was to descend the Thompson River on rafts.

The travellers found out that the Thompson River was full of rapids and whirlpools. Gus helped

his father and mother carry their goods over a nine-mile portage which took three days because of the rain and snow. Then they had to build new rafts again.

The Schuberts had packed their goods in a canoe fastened to their raft. One day the rope broke. The canoe got out of control and was lost in a whirlpool.

"There it goes. Smashed on a rock. Did you have much stuff in the canoe?" asked Mr. McIntyre.

Gus, beginning to cry, moaned, "My suit, my cowboy suit. It was in the canoe."

"I'm sorry, Son," said August, comforting him. "You mustn't cry now."

"I'm not crying," said Gus, between sobs. "Overlanders do not cry. But that—was—my—cowboy suit that was lost in the whirlpool!"

"Surely we must come to Fort Kamloops soon," said Catherine a little while later. "See how level the lands are here. Men must have settled in this rich country. See over there, there is smoke yonder in the sky."

"Come on, everyone," commanded Mr. McIntyre. "A long pull will take us round the bend. All together now."

"It is, it is! I see the Fort," murmured Catherine. She put her arms around her half-starved children. "Thanks be to God."

SALLY CREIGHTON

THE PRAIRIES

The blue and gold—the blue and gold expand,
They floor and roof this smiling new-born land;
The wheat and sky so rich in hope and love,
The gold of God below, the blue above.

ROBERT K. KERNIGHAN

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

LONG before the White Man came, the Indians called these snow-capped peaks "The Shining Mountains."

The first white men looked upon "The Shining Mountains" with wonder. Some peaks stood out like castles with white-capped towers. Others were like great churches they had known in the Old World, reaching towards the stars. Some were like giants, asleep under a covering of snow. Others looked like huge lions, guarding the way to the Western Sea.

The white men came at first in twos and threes, and these brave pathfinders gave their names to mountains, lakes and rivers. Then in later years they came in growing numbers.

Friendly Indians led them through the

mountain passes and down the valleys to the far-off sea. It was a world of magic and beauty—gleaming white peaks and shooting waterfalls, lakes like green jewels, and broad valleys clothed with endless forests. In the mountains were coal and gold, fur-bearing animals, timbers for houses and ships, rivers teeming with salmon. There were parks, and farms, and orchards. And beyond, there were harbours for ships from all the seas of the world.

The highest peaks are named after missionaries and explorers, and after great leaders of the Canadian people. "The Shining Mountains" bear proud names. They are the names of those who shine forever in the story of this fair land.

VIOLA L. PRATT

VANCOUVER

There the adventurous ships come in
With spices and silks of the East in hold,
And coastwise liners down from the North
With cargoes of furs and gold.

BLISS CARMAN

BOOKS ARE BRIDGES

Books are bridges shining free
Which link us to ourselves to be.
Who would hunt with Robin Hood
Deep within an English wood?

Who would ride a sturdy roan
To the rescue of Saint Joan?
Books are bridges, cross and see
The mighty land of chivalry.

Cross and conquer every foe
All your lifetime needs to know.
Cross—for heroes left behind
Golden spurs for you to find.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

This Little Dictionary lists 317 of the difficult or unusual words in this book. It gives you the meaning of the words as they are used here; other meanings may be found in your class dictionary. The page numbers show where the word occurs for the first time in this book. Syllables and accents are given to help you pronounce the words.

A

ab'di cates (p. 316): gives up throne to someone else.
a bid'ing (p. 322): staying.
ab'so lute ly (p. 313): completely. "Absolutely nothing" means "nothing at all."
ac'tive (p. 281): moving rather quickly much of the time, lively.
A di os' (p. 287): goodbye. "Go with God."
ad mit'ted (p. 50): agreed.
a dore' (p. 320): love deeply, worship.
air'port (p. 139): station with runways for airplanes.
al'gae (p. 75): seaweeds.
a maze'ment (p. 326): great surprise.
an'te lopes (p. 264): animals something like deer.
a-plait'ing (p. 315): braiding, "A-plaiting of her hair" means "braiding her hair."
ap'pe tite (p. 112): desire for food.
ap plause' (p. 93): praise or approval, usually shown by clapping of hands.
ap pren'tices (p. 172): persons who are learning a trade or art, beginners, learners.
ar'cher (p. 255): one who shoots with bow and arrows.
arm'our (p. 4): a coat or suit of mail worn by soldiers long ago.
ar rang'ed (p. 55): put in correct or proper order.
ar rest'ed (p. 76): seized or taken by the police.
as sem'bled (p. 77): gathered together.
as ton'ish ing (p. 57): very surprising.
a stride' (p. 218): riding a horse with one leg on each side.
at tempt' (p. 127): a try, an effort.
at tend'ants (p. 344): those who help or serve.
at tract'ed (p. 130): drew.
awk'ward (p. 135): clumsy.

B

bal'anc ing (p. 107): keeping steady, not falling over.
birch (p. 40): a tree with smooth, white bark.
black'smith (p. 279): a man who makes things of iron by heating and hammering; one who shoes horses.
bobb'ing (p. 31): moving his head up and down.
brag (p. 257): to boast.
bun'ting (p. 304): a small bird, something like a sparrow.
buoy (p. 219): a marker on the water.
busi'ness (p. 325): work.
butt'ing (p. 28): arguing.

C

ca'bles (p. 36): great metal ropes helping to support the bridge.
cac'tus (p. 299): a prickly plant with thick stem and no leaves which grows in hot dry countries.
cal'i co (p. 72): cotton cloth.
cal'li o pe (p. 218): a musical instrument consisting of a series of whistles played by steam.
can'yon (p. 14): a deep, narrow valley.
car'go (p. 83): goods on a ship.
cat'boat (p. 36): a sailboat with a single mast and a large sail.
ca the'dral (p. 338): a great church.
cel'e brate (p. 261): remember a special time, often by having a party.
chaff (p. 307): husks or bits of straw.
chal'lenge (p. 134): a dare to fight.
cham'pi on (p. 156): the winner of a contest.
chiv'al ry (p. 392): ideals of fair dealing and conduct held by knights of old.
chrys'a lis (p. 86): the third stage in the life of an insect.

cin'na mon (p. 149): a spice.
cir'cu lar (p. 314): round, like a circle.
claim (p. 357): have a right to.
clenched (p. 235): hands closed tightly together, like a fist.
clinch (p. 244): a tight hold in fighting or wrestling.
coil (p. 50): wind round and round.
com plain' (p. 240): to find fault.
con grat'u late (p. 248): to say how pleased you are at the good fortune or success of someone else.
con'quer (p. 163): get the better of.
con sent'ed (p. 75): agreed.
coun'cil (p. 377): a meeting of the rulers of the tribe.
cour'ti ers (p. 313): those who wait on the king in his court.
coy o'te (p. 47): a prairie wolf.
cred'it (p. 60): an honour.
crest (p. 77): the very top of a hill or of a wave.
crew (p. 203): the men who do the work on a ship.
croaked (p. 42): made a deep, hoarse sound.
cruis'er (p. 36): a large warship.
cu'bit (p. 156): a measure of length used in olden times.
curd (p. 325): the thick part of sour milk.
cu'ri ous (p. 240): eager to know.

D

dame (p. 160): woman.
dan'gling (p. 336): hanging loosely and swinging back and forth.
de clares' (p. 72): speaks clearly and firmly.
dec'or ate (p. 253): give someone a badge, ribbon or medal.
de fend' (p. 51): protect.
del'i cate (p. 128): soft, dainty.
de li'cious (p. 62): pleasing to taste.
dell (p. 46): a small shady valley.
de mand'ed (p. 50): ordered.
dense (p. 250): thick.
de part'ment (store) (p. 147): a store which sells many different things in separate parts of the store.
de scend' (p. 387): go down.
des'ert (p. 211): a hot land without water and trees.
de sire' (p. 258): to wish or ask for.
des'per ate (p. 76): almost without hope.
Dip'per (p. 83): a group of seven stars in the shape of a dipper.
di rect'ly (p. 68): immediately, as soon as.
dis ap pear (p. 27): go out of sight.
dis tress' (p. 61): great trouble.
dis turb' (p. 352): trouble, or bother.
Djinn (p. 212): a spirit.
dor'y (p. 219): a kind of flat-bottomed boat.
doubt (p. 296): without belief, unsure. "No doubt" means "surely."
draw'bridge (p. 5): a bridge in front of a castle, spanning a moat. It can be raised or lowered.
due (p. 52): expected.
du'el (p. 72): a fight between two.

E

e clipse' (p. 82): a blotting out of the light of the sun.
ef'forts (p. 200): hard tries.
em barked' (p. 82): went on board ship.
em'blem (p. 350): sign or token.
em ploy' (p. 325): give work and pay to.
em ploy'ing (p. 73): using.
en dur'eth (p. 319): lasting, continuing.
en ter tain'ing (p. 309): amusing and interesting.
eu ca lyp'tus (p. 310): a tree common in Australia.
ex act'ly (p. 50): without any mistake, perfectly.
ex ag'ger ate (p. 73): to say something which is greater than the truth.
ex am'ine (p. 60): to look carefully.
ex change' (p. 63): trade.
ex claim'ed (p. 49): cried out or shouted.
ex e cu'tion (p. 76): putting to death.
ex'it (p. 30): goes out; leaves the stage.
ex plor'er (p. 23): a person who travels in little known countries to make discoveries.
ex tra or'di nar y (p. 75): very unusual.

F

fan tas'tic (p. 75): unreal, strange.
fa'vour ite (p. 178): the one liked best.
fe ro'cious (p. 315): fierce, savage.
fer'ry (p. 36): a boat which makes a trip back and forth across a river, bay or small lake.
fi'nal ly (p. 55): at last.
fiord (p. 288): a long narrow bay with high cliffs on each side.
fleet (p. 80): swift.
Fleur-de-lis' (p. 351): a kind of iris, French flower emblem.
flight (p. 131): flying away, running away, escape.
foe (p. 192): enemy.
fore'paws (p. 106): front paws.
freigh'ter (p. 36): a ship that carries goods.
fret'ted (p. 70): worried.
fu'ri ous ly (p. 98): with anger or rage.

G

gar'ner (p. 363): gather and put away.
gen er a'tions (p. 319): people who are born at different times.
ges'tures (p. 76): movements of the hands.
ging'ham (p. 72): cotton or linen cloth.
glar'ing (p. 101): shining fiercely.
gleam'ing (p. 40): shining brightly.
glimpse (p. 23): a quick look or glance.
glis'tened (p. 45): shone brightly.
glow'ing (p. 103): shining.
gnat (p. 46): a small fly.
gor'geous (p. 131): richly coloured.
gos'siped (p. 70): chatted, told tales.
gri mace' (p. 218): to make faces.

H

hatched (p. 51): young brought out from an egg.
ha'zel (p. 103): a shrub or small tree whose nuts are good to eat.
hear'ti ly (p. 34): with all his might.
hel'met (p. 4): a covering protecting the head.
hick'o ry (p. 142): a tree whose nuts are good to eat.
home'sick ness (p. 250): longing for home.
hud'dled (p. 206): crowded close together.

I

ice'-floes (p. 270): great pieces of floating ice.
il'lus trate (p. 294): to draw pictures which explain.
im'age (p. 282): a statue or idol.
im pa'tient ly (p. 166): not willing to wait, restlessly.
in ces'sant ly (p. 88): without stopping.
in def'i nite ly (p. 74): for a very long time.
in'jure (p. 88): harm or hurt.
in'no cent (p. 79): free from wrong.
in'stru ment (p. 325): something used; here, a violin.
in tend'ed (p. 101): planned, meant.
in vad'ed (p. 165): attacked and entered.

J

jeal'ous y (p. 71): a strong desire for something that belongs to someone else.
jest (p. 34): a joke, something to be laughed at.

K

knead'ing (p. 160): mixing dough with the hands.
ko a'las (p. 309): native bears of Australia.

L

lagged (p. 198): moved too slowly.
le'gal (p. 260): lawful, according to law.
len'tils (p. 282): vegetables much like beans.
li'cence (p. 186): a legal fee or permit.
life'buoy (p. 204): a life preserver, something to keep a person afloat in the water.
lin'er (p. 36): a ship that crosses the ocean or sea.
link (p. 392): join.
lit'tered (p. 72): scattered about.
lo co mo'tive (p. 297): railroad engine.

lodges (p. 145): places to live in.
loy'al (p. 197): true and faithful.
lye (p. 144): a liquid used in making soap.

M

main tains' (p. 313): keeps up.
maj'es ty (p. 30): the title used in addressing a king.
Mars (p. 82): a heavenly body that travels around the sun.
may'or (p. 51): the head of a city government.
med'al (p. 52): a piece of metal used as a reward.
men'tioned (p. 88): said.
mer'cy (p. 166): kindness more than is deserved. "Oh, mercy" here means "Have mercy on me."
Mil'ky Way (p. 83): a band of stars seen at night stretching across the sky.
mis'er a ble (p. 251): poor, mean, unworthy.
mis treat' (p. 208): to use badly.
moat (p. 5): a wide, deep ditch around a castle.
moc'ca sins (p. 143): soft shoes, often made from the skin of a deer.
moul'ding (p. 325): forming into shape.
muf'fled (p. 46): deadened or smothered.
mul'ti tude (p. 322): a great number.
musk'-ox en (p. 306): animals of the cold north.
mus'lin (p. 285): fine cotton cloth.
mys'ter y (p. 127): something hidden or unknown.

N

nat'u ral (p. 17): belonging to nature; not unusual.
nat'u ral ist (p. 23): one who studies nature.
Nav'a jo (p. 226): a tribe of Indians.
nec'es sar y (p. 139): must be done.
nec'tar (p. 353): a sweet liquid found in many flowers.
net'tle (p. 46): a plant that has stinging hairs.
night'in gale (p. 32): a European bird that has a very sweet song.
non'cha lant (p. 313): carefree, easy, not worried.

O

o be'di ent ly (p. 142): doing what one is told.
oil'skins (p. 222): waterproof coat.
o mit' (p. 94): leave out.
op'po site (p. 64): on the other side.
or'ches tra (p. 341): a group of men who play musical instruments together.
out'line (p. 168): a line showing the shape of an object.

P

Pa'dre (p. 57): a Spanish word meaning father or priest.
par tic'u lar (p. 89): hard to please.
pem'mi can (p. 385): dried meat.
per spire' (p. 217): to sweat.
pet'als (p. 42): the showy parts of a flower.
pho'to graph ing (p. 132): taking pictures with a camera.
pierce (p. 221): to see through.
pig'ment (p. 170): colouring matter.
pi'o neers (p. 139): the first people to settle in a new country.
pla teau' (p. 299): a broad high plain.
plume (p. 4): a large beautiful feather.
por'tage (p. 388): a place where canoes and boats must be carried from one lake or one part of a river to another.
pouch (p. 311): a fold of skin that is like a bag. A koala carries its young in a pouch.
prai'rie (p. 298): a large tract of level land with grass but few trees.
prob'a bly (p. 134): more likely than not.
proj'ect (p. 295): a plan, or piece of work.
prompt'ly (p. 75): immediately, quickly, at once.
pro tect' (p. 117): to keep from harm or danger.
prowl'ing (p. 138): hunting quietly and secretly.
Psalm (p. 319): a sacred song or poem.
pul'pit (p. 92): the place from which the minister preaches.

R

range (p. 134): a part of the forest.
rang'er (p. 374): a person who guards the forest.
ra'ven (p. 165): a large black bird like a crow.
ra'zor (p. 272): a tool with a sharp blade to shave with.
red'dish (p. 112): somewhat red in colour.
re flec'tion (p. 45): an image or likeness.
re hear'sal (p. 243): going over an act of a play for practice.
re hearse' (p. 243): to practise an act (before a play).
re joic'ing (p. 166): being glad.
re lief' (p. 248): freedom from care or worry.
re quest' (p. 171): what is asked for, an order or wish.
res'cue (p. 57): saving from danger or harm.
res er va'tion (p. 374): land kept for a special purpose.
res'in (p. 258): a gum used on the strings of a violin.
re spect'ed (p. 189): felt a high regard for.
rhyme (p. 318): words or lines of a verse ending with the same sound.
rick'sha (p. 274): a small two-wheeled carriage pulled by one or more men, used in China and Japan.
roan (p. 392): a horse with a mottled coat.
ruf'fled (p. 328): annoyed, rather angry.
ruf'fling (p. 97): making rough or uneven.
ru'in (p. 56): an old building or wall that has fallen to pieces.

S

sae'ter (p. 292): a mountain pasture in Norway.
sage (p. 88): a wise man.
scent (p. 118): smell.
scow (p. 36): a large flat boat used to carry things.
scowls (p. 30): frowns in anger.
sem'i circle (p. 244): a half circle.
sen'si ble (p. 103): wise.
serv'ice (p. 251): work for others.
sheath (p. 158): the covering for the blade of a sword or knife.
shek'els (p. 156): an ancient silver coin.
shil'ling (p. 89): a British silver coin.
shred'ded (p. 281): torn into fine strips.
shrieked (p. 251): made a loud sharp sound.
sim'ple ton (p. 29): a person who does foolish things.
Sire (p. 30): a title of respect used in addressing a king.
si'ren (p. 180): a whistle with a loud, piercing sound.
ski (p. 288): to travel over the snow with long narrow pieces of wood fastened to the shoes.
skill (p. 170): ability.
skim'ming (p. 288): move lightly over.
skip'per (p. 36): captain of a ship.
sled'ges (p. 304): sleighs or sleds.
slight'ly (p. 97): a little.
smote (p. 157): hit hard.
so'lo (p. 341): a piece of music for one voice.
sou'wes'ter (p. 222): a fisherman's waterproof hat.
sprawl'ing (p. 92): spreading out in an awkward manner.
spurs (p. 347): something sharp worn on a horseman's heel to urge a horse on.
staff (p. 158): stick or cane. Staves are sticks or canes.
stalk (p. 105): stem of a plant.
strand (p. 46): a fine thread.
strid'ing (p. 336): walking with long steps.
stud'i o (p. 302): place where moving pictures are made.
stur'dy (p. 23): strong and healthy.
sum'mon (p. 166): to call, send for.
swad'dling (p. 322): tight clothes.
swarm (p. 380): a crowd, a great number.
sym'pho ny (p. 343): a piece of music written for a full orchestra.

T

tack'le (p. 370): fishing tackle. Means the rod, line, hooks, etc.
tam'a risks (p. 211): small trees.

terms (p. 248): rules, or conditions of an agreement.
thresh (p. 307): to separate grain or seeds.
tim'id ly (p. 89): frightened, shyly.
toil (p. 323): hard work.
tour'ist (p. 364): one who travels for pleasure.
treas'ure (p. 64): wealth or riches.
treas'ur y (p. 258): the place in which money or wealth is stored.
tre men'dous (p. 19): very great.
trop'i cal (p. 270): in the hottest part of the earth (near the equator).
trud'ged (p. 11): walked as if tired.

U

un com'fort a bly (p. 50): without comfort or pleasure, not comfortable.
ush'ers (p. 248): persons who show people to their seats in a theatre or church.

V

vain (p. 102): "in vain" means "without results."
var'i ous (p. 23): many and different.
vil'lains (p. 255): wicked persons.
viv'id (p. 94): brightly coloured.

W

wad'dles (p. 135): walks with short steps.
wal'lowed (p. 73): rolled about.
wal'rus es (p. 306): large sea animals of the cold north.
wares (p. 82): goods for sale.
wea'sel (p. 106): a small animal that eats smaller animals and birds.
weath'er cock (p. 303): a figure, usually on the top of a building, which turns with the wind and shows which way it is blowing.
whim'per (p. 182): to cry as a sick child or dog cries.
whirl'pool (p. 387): water whirling round and round rapidly.
wick'ing (p. 143): the loose string around which a candle is formed.
wind'pipe (p. 57): the passage from the throat to the lungs.
wit'ness (p. 77): see.

Y

yacht (p. 36): a boat used for pleasure or racing.

Z

zig'zag (p. 121): dodge from side to side.

WORD LIST

Over the Bridge introduces 1,059 new words. The Vocabulary analysis is based largely on *A Canadian Word List*, by Stothers, Jackson and Minkler (Toronto: Ryerson, 1947). All words appearing in the Canadian Word List below the Grade IV level are considered as known words. Words are not classified as new words if they end in: s, es, ies, d, ed, ing, er (comparative), est, ly and y. The following inflected forms are classed as new words: known words prefixed with, dis, un, im, extra, a; known words with the following suffixes added, en, ful, er (agent), ness, less, ment, ous, ish; compound words in which either part is new to the grade or which have meanings new to the grade. All capitalized words, with the exception of 81 easy names, are listed.

All words of both prose and poetry selections are given in the list.

Words are listed according to the page and the form in which they appear for the first time in this book.

Part I

2 greet
view
wondrous
3 knights
shield
4 armour
centre
doorkeeper
helmet
mist
plume
5 drawbridge
gateway
guard
lord
moat
Sir Roland
7 forth
8 bugle
10 Marcos
woven
11 murmured
slung
trudged
14 canyon
cluster
lightning
nightfall
plucked
15 blindfolded
easily
sash
spun
16 clasped
swayed
17 chuckled
firmly
natural
19 Africa
Chee-Chee
Dr. Dolittle
famous
sickness
tremendous
20 Gub-Gub
hastened
medicine bag
21 Jolliginki
Kingdom
22 gazed
height
rage
23 Biddy
explorers
glimpse
Gotham
Hodge
lain
naturalist
sturdy
various
William
26 wretched
27 disappears
28 butting
29 excited
shawl
simpletons
30 exit
Majesty
scowls
Sire
31 bobbing
sieve
32 feeble
nightingale
33 nonsense
rob
34 heartily
jest
lugging
royal
sense
split
weight
35 folly
natives
presently
36 cables
cat boat
cruiser
extremely
ferry
freighter
liner
scow
skipper
yacht

Part II

39 handsome
40 birch
gleaming
41 trimmed
42 cot
croaked
darken
lonely
pattering
petals
slumbered
44 hoarse
45 cedar
glistened
reflection
46 dell
gnat
moaning
muffled
nettle
strand
weary
47 coyote
fact
48 dreadfully
49 charmed
exclaimed
reward
Senor
strength
uncoiled
50 admitted
coil
demanded
exactly
squirming
uncomfortably
51 defend
determined
governor
hatched
Mayor's
Pablo
52 due
fortunate
goslings
medal
miracle
strutting
53 bracelet
fringe
nicknamed
spectacles
tobacco
54 continued
creature
disappointed
drooping
55 arranged
candle
cure
evil
finally
ill-natured
skeleton
Teresa

56 breathing
Roman
ruin
skilfully
57 astonishing
death
guide
nimble
Padre Porko
Professor
rescue
triangle
trousers
windpipe
59 cornmeal
current
supplies
surface
trotting
60 credit
eager
examine
tonic
vanishing
61 distress
Hercules
62 chatter
crocodile
delicious
dwelt
Kistna
mango
Moti
Mugger
63 exchange
64 opposite
treasure
65 impossible
scoffed
66 certainly
67 comfortable
commanded
cunning
68 annoyed
directly
precious
unfortunately
69 faithless
stupid
70 cruel
forgiveness
fretted
gossiped
prevented
tempted
71 discover
jealousy
somersaults
72 calico
Chinese
declares
dreaded
duel
fate
gingham
littered
spat
73 employing
exaggerate
unto
wallowed
74 indefinitely
rare
75 algae
attention
condition
consented
extraordinary
fantastic
promptly
76 arrested
condemned
desperate
execution
forced
gestures
movements
77 assembled
crest
decided
witness
79 innocent
possible
80 fleet
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